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THE NEW YORKER

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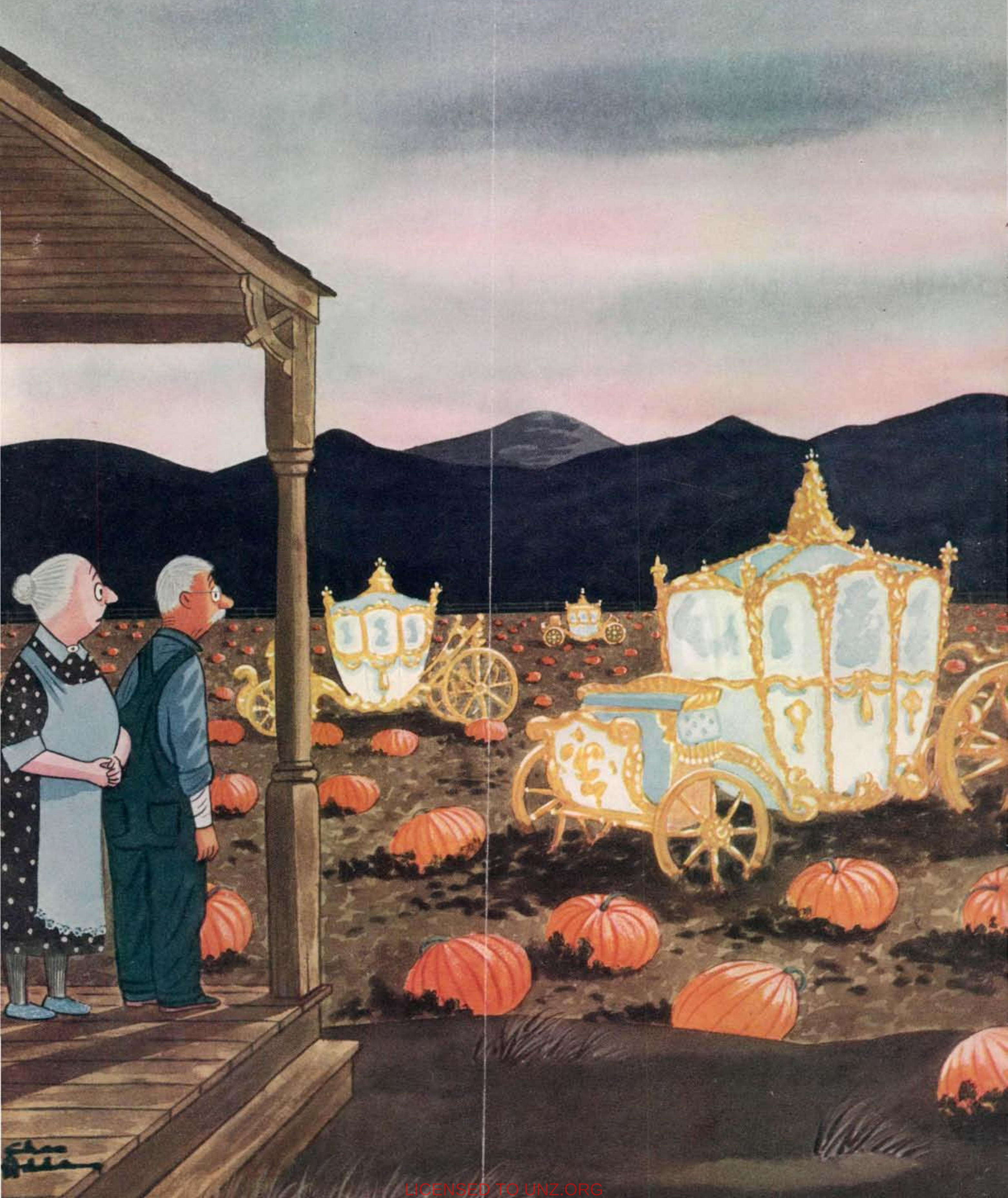
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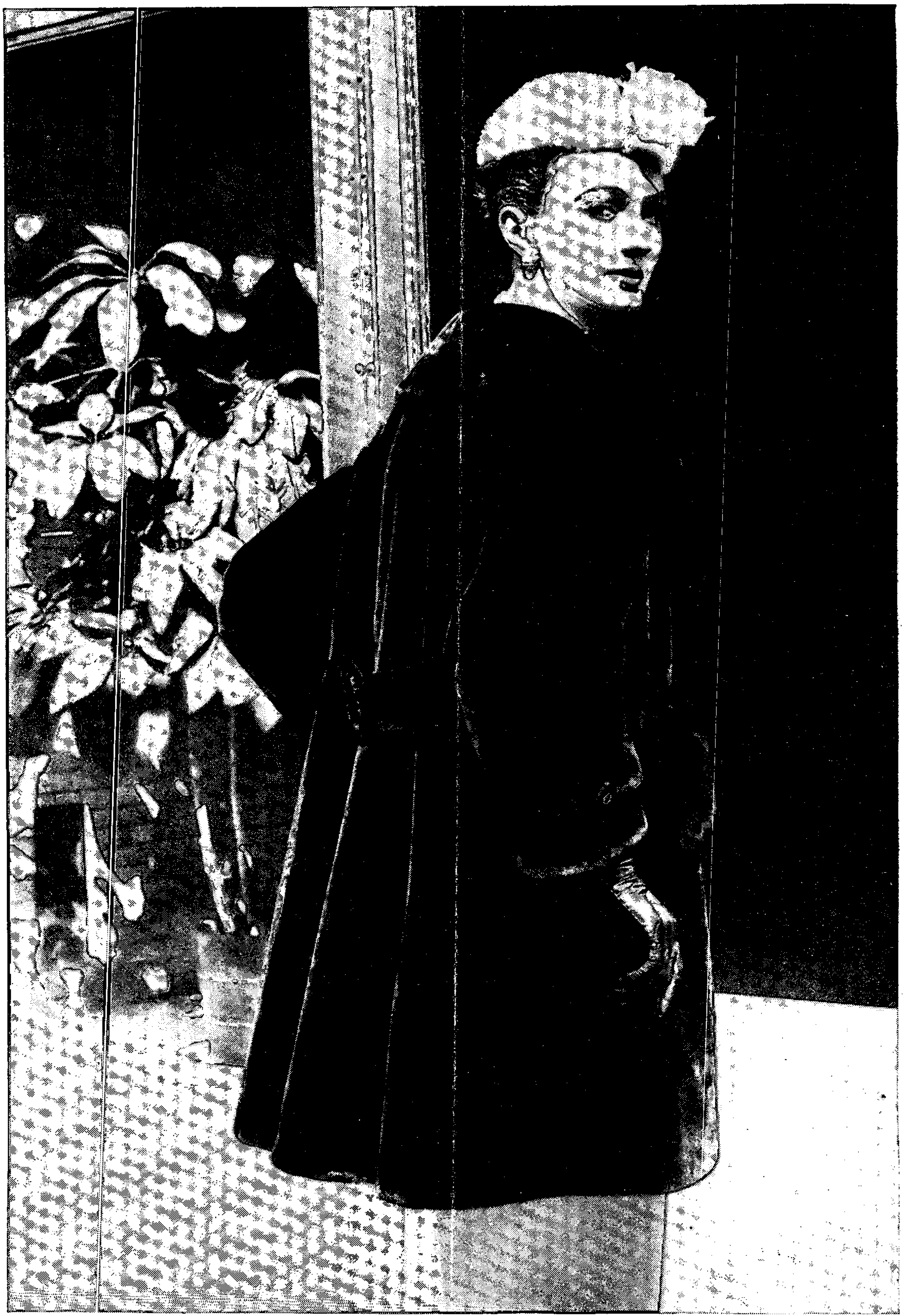

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				28	29	30
31	1	2	3	4	5	6

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

All Summer Long—The second installment of Robert Anderson's story of the war between sensitive youth and corrupt age. Although of somewhat higher quality than his "Tea and Sympathy," it is still not a very mature play. John Kerr and Clay Hall are both admirable as the representatives of the younger generation, and June Walker and Ed Begley perform nicely as their elders. (Coronet, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Moves on Monday, Nov. 1, to the Booth, 45th St., W., CI 6-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:35. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:35.)

Anniversary Waltz—Kitty Carlisle and Macdonald Carey do what they can with this comedy by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields, but the remarkably primitive nature of the humor is against them. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. CI 6-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Dear Charles—Tallulah Bankhead roistering her way through a new version of a 1944 comedy about illegitimacy. She sees to it that the play, which hasn't improved with age, never gets in her way. With Fred Keating, Hugh Reilly, Werner Klemperer, and Robert Coote. (Morosco, 45th St., W. CI 6-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fragile Fox—There is a satisfactory amount of gunfire but not much characterization in this melodrama about the Battle of the Bulge. Dane Clark and Don Taylor are principally involved. (Belasco, 44th St., E. JU 6-9750. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

King of Hearts—While this unobtrusive item by Jean Kerr and Eleanor Brooke may lack substance, it has enough real comedy to compensate for its defects. It's about an egocentric comic-strip artist, Lord help us. Donald Cook, Cloris Leachman, and Jackie Cooper are in the cast. (National, 41st St., W. PE 6-8220. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Reclining Figure—Harry Kurnitz has written some funny scenes in this comedy about art dealers and their clients, but on the whole the proceedings are fairly elementary. Percy Waram, Martin Gabel, Mike Wallace, and Georgiann Johnson are in a cast directed by Abe Burrows. (Lyceum, 45th St., E. LU 2-3897. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Tender Trap—Whether to get married or not seems to be the theme of this play, and you are apt to wind up not caring much one way or the other. With Robert Preston, Kim Hunter, and Ronny Graham. (Longacre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**THE CAINE MUTINY COURT MARTIAL:** Herman Wouk's dramatic version of a section of his novel, with Lloyd Nolan, John Hodiak, and Barry Sullivan. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. CI 6-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **OH, MEN! OH, WOMEN!:** Lloyd Bridges is currently playing a psychoanalyst who gets caught in his own net, and Joan Gray, Dody Heath, Tony Randall, and Larry Blyden are among those who conspire to complicate his life. (Henry Miller, 43rd St., E. BR 9-3970. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40. Closes Saturday, Nov. 13.) . . . **THE SEVEN YEAR ITCH:** Elliott Nugent at the moment has the leading role in George Axelrod's comedy concerning a man who gets mixed up with a beautiful girl (Sally Forrest) while his wife is away for the summer. (Fulton, 46th St., W. CI 6-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **THE SOLID GOLD CADILLAC:** A satire by George S. Kaufman and Howard Teichmann, on the business world of today. Josephine Hull is still out of action, but Loring Smith is around at the head of the cast. (Music Box, 45th St., W. CI 6-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **TEA AND SYMPATHY:** At present, Joan Fontaine is playing the part of the understanding older woman and Anthony Perkins that of the sensitive boy accused of homosexuality in this play by Robert Anderson. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. CI 6-0390. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **THE TEAHOUSE OF THE AUGUST MOON:** John Patrick's comedy about Okinawa under the American Occupation. Burgess Meredith, Scott McKay, Paul Ford, and Mariko Niki are importantly involved. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. CI 6-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Scheduled to open too late for review in this issue:

The Traveling Lady—A play by Horton Foote, with Kim Stanley, Jack Lord, and Lonny Chapman. Produced by the Playwrights' Company and directed by Vincent J. Donehue. (Playhouse, 48th St., E. CI 5-6060. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

MUSICALS

The Boy Friend—This satire on 1920 musical comedy is one of the funniest and liveliest of our imports from London. Sandy Wilson and Vida Hope are mainly responsible for the form and content of the entertainment, and Julie Andrews is wonderful as the blond heroine of the preposterous story. (Royale, 45th St., W. CI 5-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

By the Beautiful Sea—Although Shirley Booth is entrancing and Wilbur Evans and Mae Barnes are a big help, too, the show's book is a serious handicap, and Arthur Schwartz's music is by no means memorable. Helen Tamiris provided the dances, and Jo Mielziner designed the pleasant, nostalgic Coney Island setting. (Imperial, 45th St., W. CO 5-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

On Your Toes—Vera Zorina is lithe and lovely in the famous "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet, the Rodgers and Hart songs are still charming, and there is some nimble dancing, but the 1936 book shows painful symptoms of its great age. George Abbott is the director, George Balanchine did the choreography, and the cast includes Bobby Van, Elaine Stritch, Ben Astar, and Kay Coulter. (46th Street Theatre, 46th St., W. CI 6-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Pajama Game—A comedy about romance and confusion in a pajama factory that makes an absolutely splendid musical. John Raitt, Janis Paige, Eddie Foy, Jr., and Carol Haney have leading roles; George Abbott and Richard Bissell wrote the book; Richard Adler and Jerry Ross handled the music and lyrics; the scenery and costumes are by Lemuel Ayers; and Bob Fosse worked out the dances. (St. James, 44th St., W. LA 4-4664. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Peter Pan—Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard in probably the best rendering of the Barrie fantasy in the history of our theatre. Jerome Robbins is the director, and there is quite a lot of new incidental music by various hands. Kathy Nolan, Margalo Gillmore, and Joe E. Marks are in the cast. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. CI 5-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Long Runs—**CAN-CAN:** Cole Porter did the music and lyrics for this spectacle set in the Paris of 1893, and Norwood Smith and Lilo are among those in the cast. (Shubert, 44th St., W. CI 6-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.) . . . **COMEDY IN MUSIC:** Victor Borge in a one-man show. (Golden, 45th St., W. CI 6-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.) . . . **KISMET:** Alfred Drake is the vagabond poet in this adaptation of Edward Knoblock's comedy-melodrama, and his leading associates include Doretta Morrow, Richard Oneto, Joan Diener, and Henry Calvin. Robert Wright and George Forrest pieced together a score from the music of Alexander Borodin, and Jack Cole did the choreography. (Zieg-

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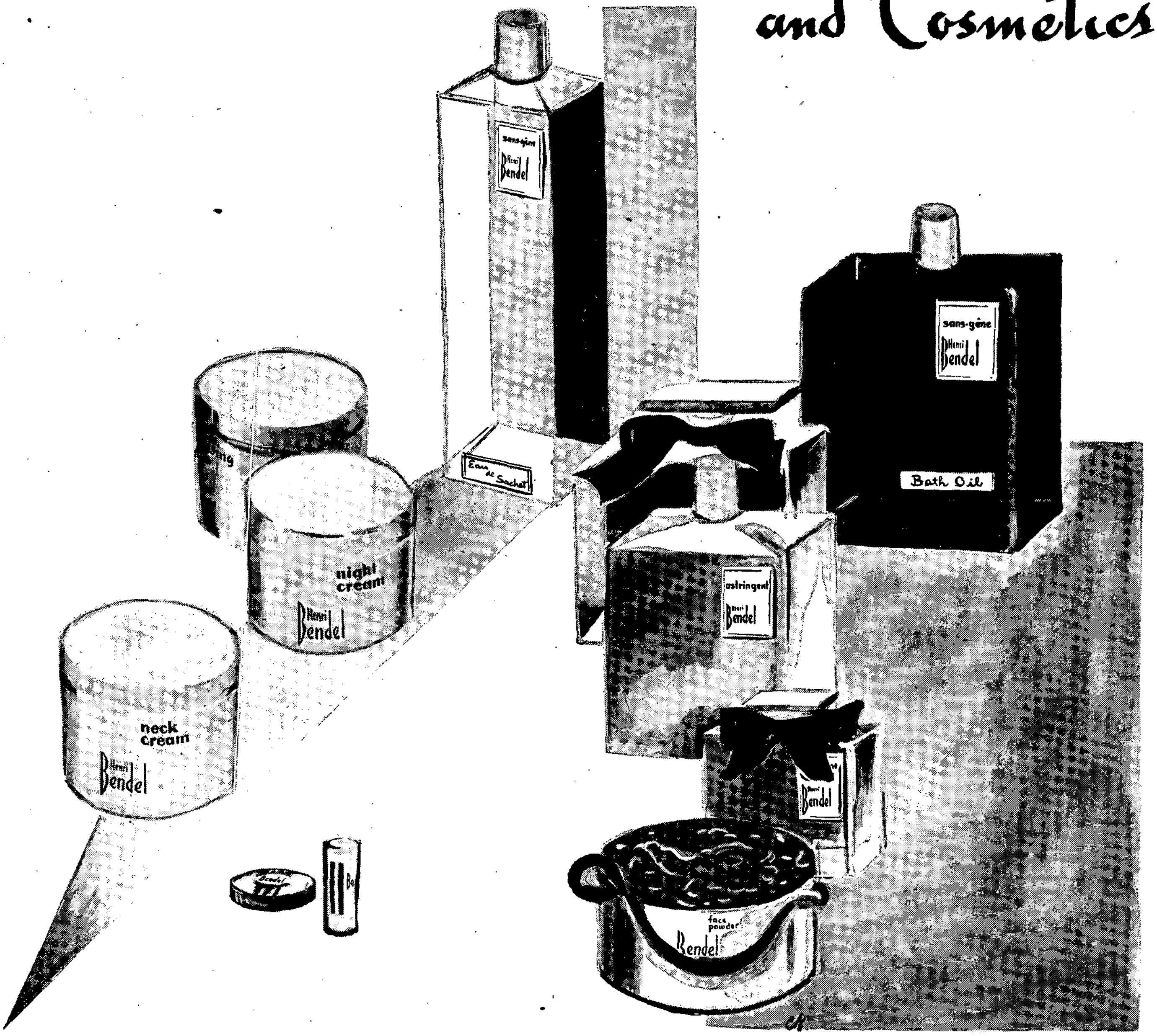
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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feld, Sixth Ave. at 54th St. CI 5-5200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

OPENINGS

(There are often last-minute changes in dates and curtain times, so it is a good idea to verify them before starting out.)

The Rainmaker—A play by N. Richard Nash, with Geraldine Page, Darren McGavin, and Richard Coogan. Directed by Joseph Anthony and produced by Ethel Linder Reiner in association with Hope Abelson. Opens Thursday, Oct. 28. (Cort, 48th St., E. CI 5-4289. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Quadrille—Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, Brian Aherne, and Edna Best in a new comedy by Noel Coward. Directed by Mr. Lunt and presented by John C. Wilson and H. M. Tennent, Ltd. Opens Wednesday, Nov. 3. (Coronet Theatre, 49th St., W. CI 6-8870. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Thursdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Fanny—A musical play by S. N. Behrman and Joshua Logan, based on Marcel Pagnol's trilogy. Ezio Pinza and Walter Slezak head a cast under the direction of Mr. Logan; Harold Rome did the music and lyrics; and the producers are David Merrick and Mr. Logan. Opens Thursday, Nov. 4. (Majestic, 44th St., W. CI 6-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:25; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:25.)

OFF BROADWAY

Amato Opera Theatre—Friday through Sunday, Oct. 29-31: "Don Pasquale," in English.... ¶ Starting Friday, Nov. 5: "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Pagliacci." (Amato Opera Theatre, 159 Bleecker St. GR 7-2844. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8:15. Admission is free, but reservations should be made in advance.)

Cherry Lane Theatre—Congreve's "The Way of the World," with Louis Edmonds and Gerry Fleming. Directed by Warren Enters. (Cherry Lane Theatre, 38 Commerce St. CH 2-9583. Wednesdays through Sundays at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Phoenix Theatre—Robert Ardrey's play "Sing Me No Lullaby" has a great deal to say, but technically it is almost as bad as it can be. Richard Kiley, Beatrice Straight, and Jessie Royce Landis are in the cast. (Phoenix Theatre, Second Ave. at 12th St. AL 4-0525. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40. Through Sunday, Nov. 14.)

President Theatre—"Sands in the Negev," an Israeli play (the first to be presented here in English) by Yigal Mossensohn. Celia Adler and Peter Capell head a cast directed by Boris Tumarin. (President Theatre, 48th St., W. CI 6-5595. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

Provincetown Playhouse—David Garrick's Restoration comedy "The Clandestine Marriage," directed by Jack Landau. (Provincetown Playhouse, 133 Macdougal St. GR 7-9894. Nightly, except Monday, at 8:45. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:45. Closes Sunday, Nov. 7.)

Theatre de Lys—A revue, "I Feel Wonderful," with music and lyrics by Jerry Herman and sketches by Barry Alan Grael. The cast, directed by Mr. Herman, includes Phyllis Newman and John Bartis. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:40. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

BALLET

Ballets Espagnols Teresa and Luisillo—A company of thirty-six Spanish dancers, which is appearing here for the first time. Presented for a four-week engagement by Michaux Moody in association with Jules Borkon. Opens Sunday, Oct. 31, and will run through Sunday, Nov. 28. (Mark Hellinger, 51st St., W. PL 7-7064. Nightly at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:40.)

New York City Ballet—A five-week engagement of the company's full-length ballet, "The Nutcracker." Opens Wednesday, Nov. 3, and will run through Sunday, Dec. 5. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays, Sundays, and (primarily for children) Thursday, Nov. 4, at 2:30.)

NIGHT LIFE

(Some places at which you will find music or other entertainment. They are open every evening, except as indicated.)

DINNER, SUPPER, AND DANCING

Ambassador, Park Ave. at 51st St. (PL 5-1000)—The Embassy Club, the newest addition to the *toujours-la-politesse* circuit, is a delusion of grandeur come beautifully true. Viennese dinner music by Jani Sarkozi's band until ten; then dance music by it and the orchestra of the veteran Chauncey Gray. Closed Mondays.

Biltmore, Madison Ave. at 43rd St. (MU 7-7000)—Friends, Romans, and countrymen gather in profusion in the Palm Court at the cocktail hour to listen to soft music every day but Sunday, and for the same purpose in the Madison Room from seven to nine Mondays through Fridays. No dancing in either place.

El Morocco, 154 E. 54th St. (EL 5-8769)—A famous house by the side of the road, but the principal transients are more Carl Van Vechten than Howard Johnson. Dancing to Charles Holden's orchestra and Chiquito's rumba band.

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000)—Hildegarde, long-time queen of the garden-party sort of musicale, now has a man on the string—Jack Whiting, a fine figure of a singing, dancing, top-hatted *boulevardier*. Two seem to be much better company, at least in the Cotillion Room. As usual, Stanley Melba's and Chico-Relli's bandsmen are sounding off, too. Only a dinner show Sundays; closed Mondays.... ¶ A small orchestra, generally Stanley Worth's, plays for dancing from cocktails through supper in the sedate Café Pierre.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 58th St. (PL 9-3000)—French songs of passion, which are always lightly flavored with doom and the death wish, are the preoccupation of Geneviève, who has the awkward grace of a field-hockey forward and the worldly charm that is apparently the dowry of all Parisian young womanhood. She's in the Persian Room, where John and June Belmont execute a few Highland flings. Ted Straeter's band, whose dance measures are vintage *vin rosé* and whose vocal interludes are full of bounce, accompanies all of them, as well as the footwork of the house guests. Mark Monte's instrumentalists are also on hand. Closed Sundays.... ¶ After eight-thirty in the Rendez-Vous Room, which is to the manner born, Maximillian Bergere's and Nicolas Matthey's dance orchestras sprint from one familiar tune to another.... ¶ At cocktails, Leo LeFleur's music ornaments the Palm Court. No dancing.

Roosevelt, Madison Ave. at 45th St. (MU 6-9200)—The Grill has dancing to Guy Lombardo's orchestra, which, in accordance with its custom, carefully observes all speed restrictions. Closed on the Sabbath.

St. Regis, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, *on* also *parle français*, for Fernanda Montel is delivering her laments of the lovelorn at dinner and supper, which otherwise are as festive feasts as you'll find in town. The bands of Milt Shaw and Ray Bari do the dance music. Closed Sundays.

Savoy-Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2600)—Irving Conn's dance music pervades the Café Lounge every afternoon and evening.

Statler, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (PE 6-5000)—Vaughn Monroe, a voice that can be heard around the world, is thundering in the Café Rouge, where Richard Hayman's orchestra occupies the bandstand. Closed Sundays.

Stork Club, 3 E. 53rd St. (PL 3-1940)—Night life as you see it on television, right down to the very last guest shot, commercial, and malapropism. Payson Ré's orchestra and a rumba band.

Versailles, 151 E. 50th St. (PL 8-0310)—The retrospective show of Howard Dietz-Arthur Schwartz music in residence here suggests that people just don't write such songs any more. The interspersed humor, some of which is just Nesselrode pudding, is well handled by Paul Gray, who's been around a long time (mostly at Lindy's, on a guess), and by Louise Hoff, and the interspersed dancing is well handled by Tommy Wonder and a fey hoyden named Rain Winslow. Salvatore Gioë's band and Panchito's rumba men dream up dance music after nine and between shows.

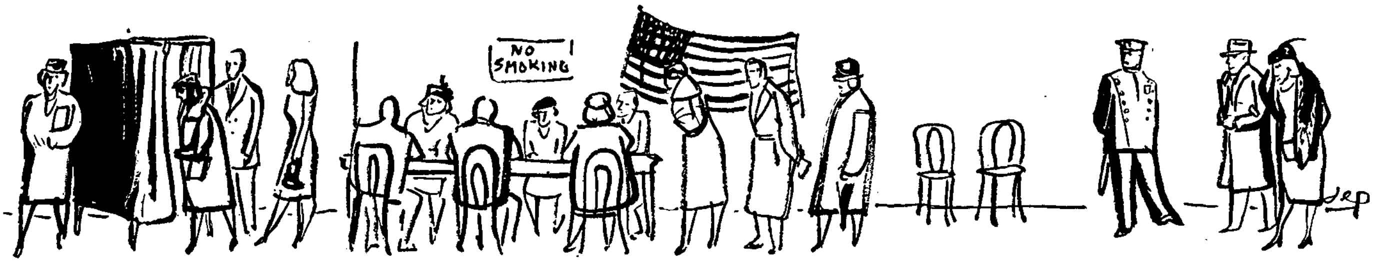
Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Like the King of Spain, Los Chavales de España march up the hill of the Empire Room's bandstand and march right down again, singing and playing a wild variety of instruments as they go. Their maneuvers, and the coincidental dancing of Trini Reyes, are all slick showmanship and all pretty exciting. Nat Brandwynne's dance band is still top echelon. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Alex Fogarty's piano embellishes an alcove of Peacock Alley from six to twelve, and Michael Zarin's dance orchestra is at work from eight-thirty to one; on Sundays, Mischa Borr's dance orchestra does all the honors, from six to twelve.

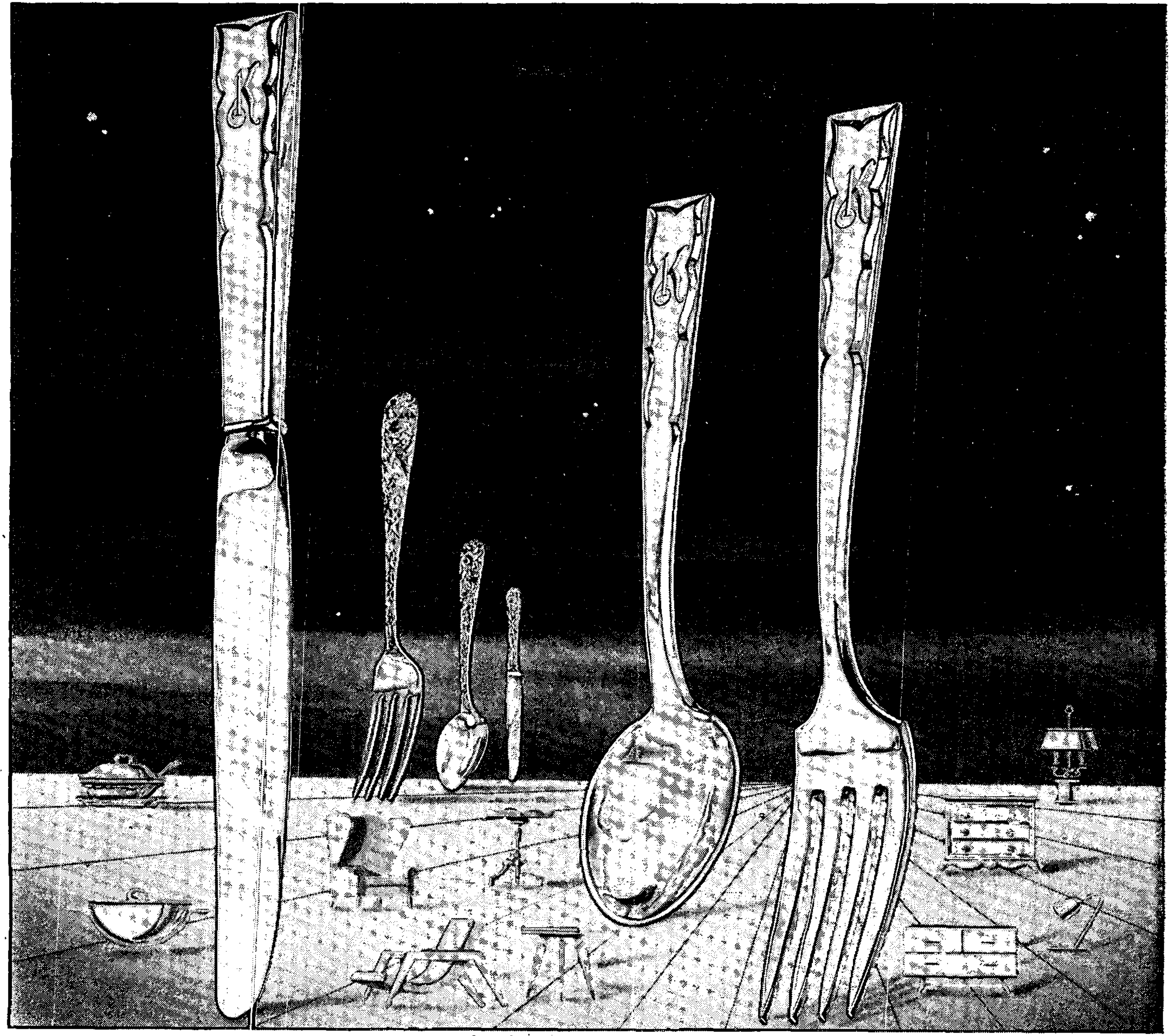
Note—The eagle's nest called the Rainbow Room serves (from four-thirty to nine, except Sundays) as a lounge where, over cocktails and frequent swatches of non-dance music, one may do a comprehensive job of window-shopping midtown Manhattan. The address, 30 Rockefeller Plaza; the phone, CI 6-5800.

SMALL AND CHEERFUL

(No dancing, unless noted.)

Little Club, 70 E. 55th St. (PL 3-9425): An olio of the lively days when America was techni-





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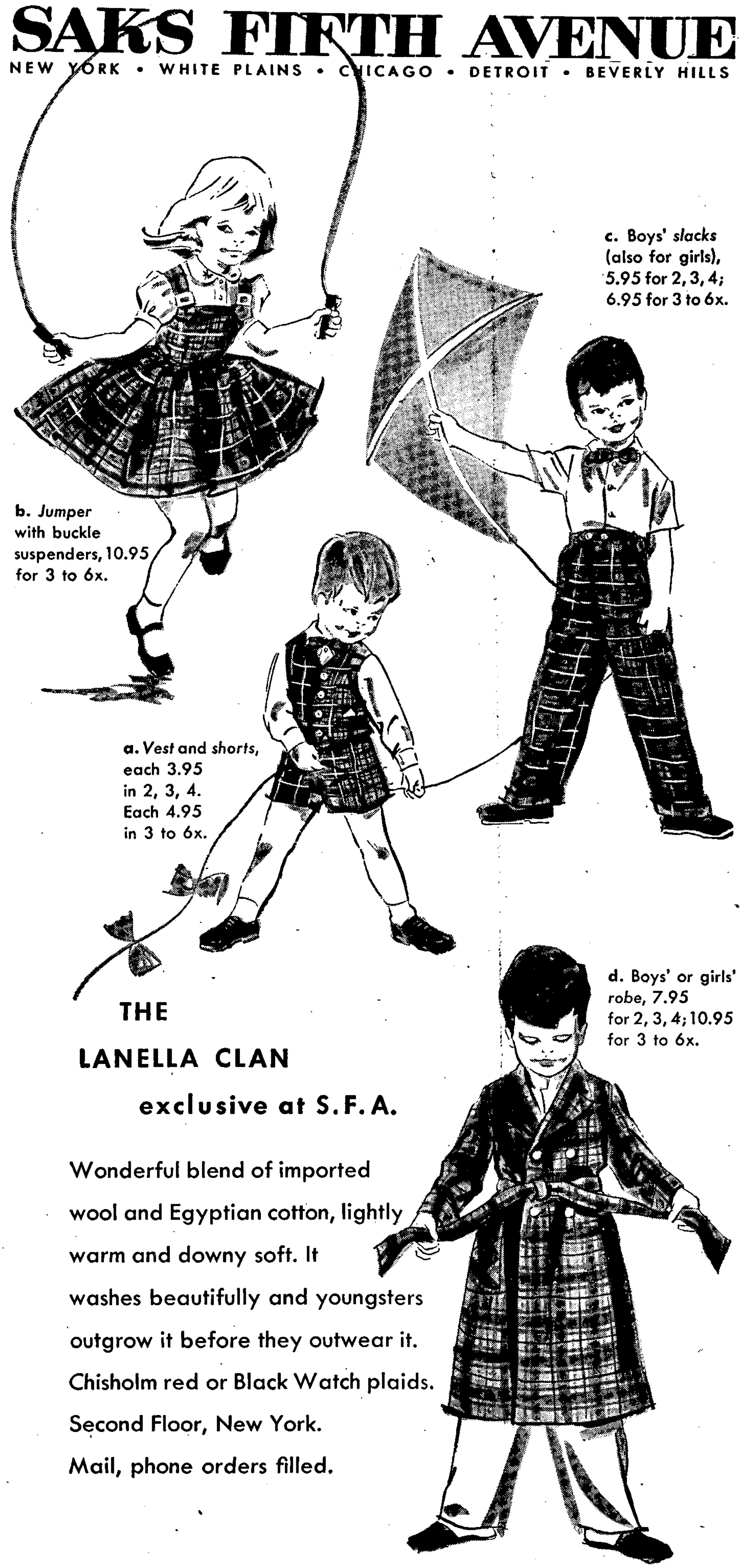

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

cally dry territory, and done to the life. Except Sundays, there's Continental piano at dinner, and at supper Norbert Faconi, master of the nobody-really-matters-but-you brand of tableside violin, prowls the room. Bud Gregg makes quiet piano music at supper on Sundays. . . . WEYLIN ROOM, 40 E. 54th St. (PL 3-9100): The piano recitals of Cy Walter, which run from six to eight and from ten to two every evening but Sunday, manage to be crisp and cool and at the same time full of joy. . . . DRAKE ROOM, 71 E. 56th St. (PL 5-0600): An ornate assortment of armchairs in which to listen to the calm, collected piano of Addison Bailey during cocktails, dinner, and supper. Sunday is his day of rest. . . . LE COQ ROUGE, 65 E. 56th St. (PL 3-8887): The lays of that ancient minstrel Eddie Davis and his helpmeets take care of the dancers after nine. Closed Sundays. . . . EL CHICO, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (CH 2-4646): A sort of permanent picnic (Latin-American style), with all the appropriate words and music. Dancing. Closed Sundays. . . . CAFÉ NINO, 10 E. 52nd St. (PL 3-9014): Herman Arminski softly strokes a piano at cocktails and Rudy Timfield does the same at dinner and supper in the bar, which is decorated in a pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey manner. Closed Sundays. . . . CHAMPAGNE GALLERY, 135 Macdougal St. (GR 7-9221): An old favorite of the small fry that is a mixture of restaurant and off-Broadway theatre workshop. Someone or other always seems to be at the piano, or singing, or both. . . . CHEZ CARLO, 120 E. 40th St. (MU 5-1011): From five-thirty to ten, except Sundays, Norbert Faconi (*q. v. supra*) plays violin, and there is further music, plus a song or two in the grand-opera voice of Stephen Ballarini, later on.

BIG AND BRASSY

COPACABANA, 10 E. 60th St. (PL 8-0900): An amphitheatre dedicated to nationally advertised products and, paradoxically, strictly regional humor. The most prominent inmate of the current hurly-burly is Nat King Cole, whose obbligato jazz singing so wonderfully expresses the oh, such a hungry yearning burning inside of almost all of us restless moderns. Dancing. . . . LATIN QUARTER, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1737): The imperishable Mae West has brought her medicine show to town. Her particular elixir of life is men (there are plenty of samples onstage, in various conditions of strip tease); her particular form of banter is the single-entendre quip. Dancing.

SUPPER CLUBS

(No dancing, unless noted.)

BLUE ANGEL, 152 E. 55th St. (PL 3-5998): George La Faye's little people (it's hard to believe that they're just puppets) begin with some quiet folklore and wind up with a real surprise ending. They depart on Wednesday, Nov. 3. There are big people here, too—Dwight Fiske, whose *contes drolatiques* are flavored with Richard Brinsley Sheridan and delivered with satanic majesty; Susan Johnson, a saffron-haired slip of a balladeer who should be among the finalists in the singer-of-the-year awards; and Dick Drake, a strolling guitarist of bone-dry humorous persuasion. The fervent background music is the work of Bart Howard, Otis Clements, and Jimmy Lyons' trio. . . . LE RUBAN BLEU, 4 E. 56th St. (PL 3-6426): Irwin Corey's footnotes on Shakespeare offer an eerie insight into the Bard's collected works; Dorothy Loudon, a healthy blond mockingbird, takes some Hit Parade ballads for a death ride, and Marshall Izen does an expert demolition job on several world-famous operas. The cajoling music of Julius Monk, master and mentor of this merry household, and the unique Norman Paris Trio bring out the best in all parties. Closed Sundays. . . . VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355): Robert Clary, a Pogo stick with a miraculously mobile face and voice attached, does a merry hop-skip-and-song act all over this small cave. Ada Moore, a fine, rangy jazz singer, is only a beginner, but a promising one. Clarence Williams' trio, with Carl Lynch on guitar, plays for kicks and for dancing. Closed Mondays. . . . ONE FIFTH AVENUE, Fifth

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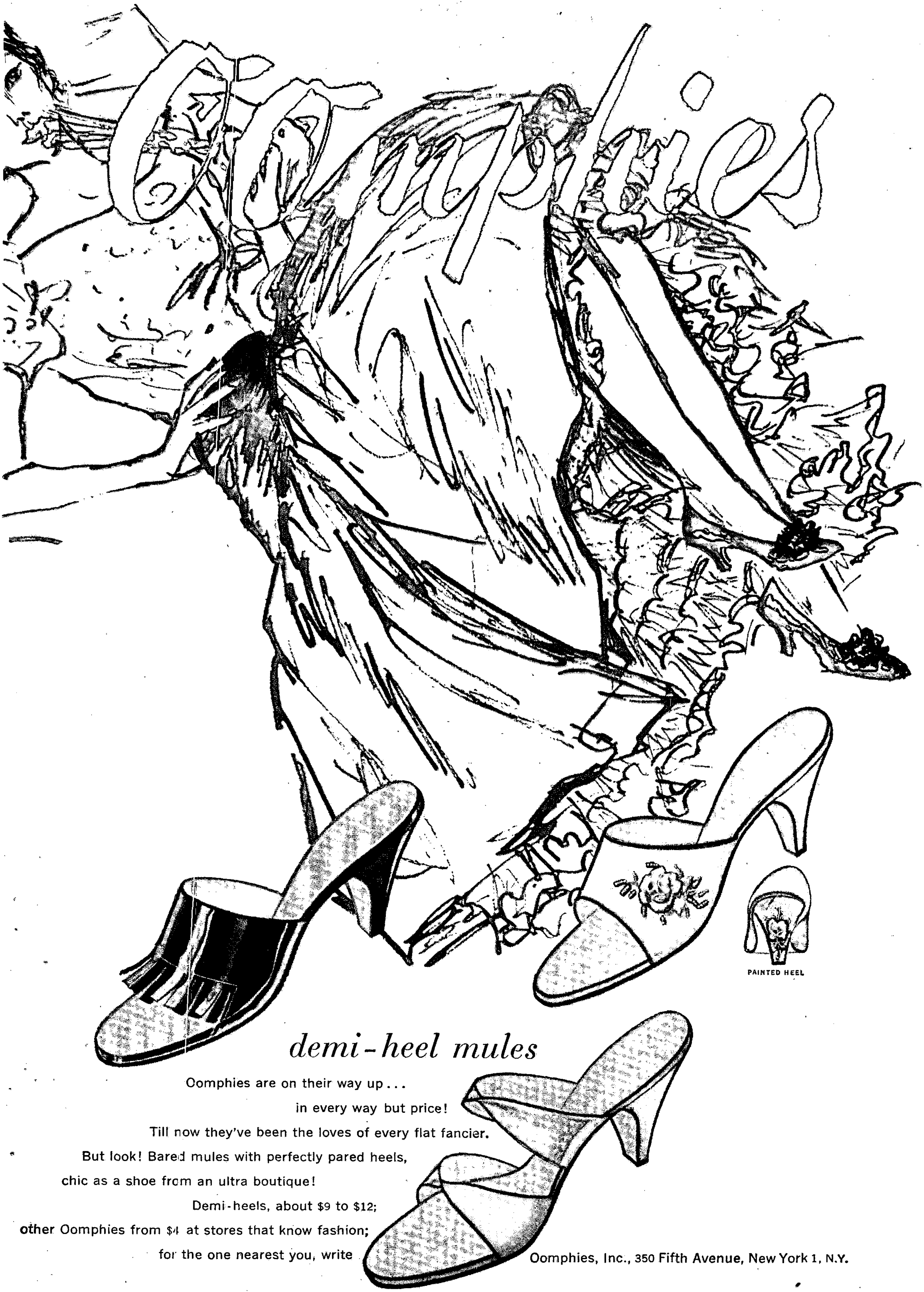
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Ave. at 8th St. (SP 7-7000): Helena Bliss, a young lady with a real voice, sings about love and such; Bernie West, a busy chatterbox, provides the humor. She's off Sundays, he's off Mondays. (A new show may or may not be arriving on Wednesday, Nov. 3.) There is also vigorous double piano by Bob Downey and Harold Fonville, as well as solo piano by Hazel Webster. Bygone movies are added Sundays; Mondays are amateur nights.... **BYLINE ROOM**, 137 E. 52nd St. (EL 5-8324): Mabel Mercer's peaceful at-homes, which occur every night but Sunday, are monologues on the place (if any) of love in the great metropolis. The words are those of the brightest of the young composers; the music is Sam Hamilton's piano. Miss Mercer's salon is over the often restless Show Spot Lounge, where Laurie Brewis, the little Londoner, trots forth agreeable piano every night but Monday.... **BON SOIR**, 40 W. 8th St. (OR 4-0531): Perhaps the funniest girl in town (junior misses' section, anyway) is Ceil Cabot, who rewrites the nation's songs to suit herself. The other merriment ranges from pseudo-romantic (the songs of Jimmie Daniels and Thelma Carpenter) to full-blown rumpus (the music of Tiger Haines and the Three Flames, plus the mimicry of Tony and Eddie, whose act seems to have picked up a bit too much salt on its recent ocean voyage). On Tuesday, Nov. 2, Mae Barnes, the inimitable thundering herd, replaces Miss Carpenter. Closed Mondays.... **JORIE'S PLAYGOERS CLUB**, Sixth Ave. at 51st St. (CI 5-9465): Practically all the problems womankind is heir to are mordantly discussed in this Left Bank cellar by Jorie Remes as she engages in a Laocoön waltz with an amazingly alive stole. The mood and surroundings are air-conditioned Jean-Paul Sartre. Closed Tuesdays.

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(Open later than most places, and no dancing, unless noted.)

EDDIE CONDON'S, 47 W. 3rd St. (GR 5-8639): The New York sales office of a long-established Dixie enterprise in which Wild Bill Davison, Cutty Cutshall, Gene Schroeder, George Wettling, Edmond Hall, Walter Page, and Mr. Condon are anything but silent partners. Ralph Sutton is at the piano during intermissions. On Tuesday nights, the racket is increased by a group of guest hot shots. Closed Sundays.... **THE EMBERS**, 161 E. 54th St. (PL 9-3228): The trios owned by Bill Taylor and Dorothy Donegan keep this palace of the fine arts jumping till all hours. Mr. Taylor, whose fingers are no more than butterfly wings on the keys, is vanguard piano at its technical and inventive best; Miss Donegan is a dynamic modern pianist who, so to speak, leads from strength. They start at nine. The dinner music is the casual, artful work of the Don Shirley duo (piano and bass), which gives a chamber-music reading of jazz classics from seven to one. The Donegan and Taylor groups stay home Sundays, when the piano is run by Jack Elliot, a light-fingered progressive, who has a trio in tow, and Don Shirley. The Shirley pair stays home Mondays.... **BASIN STREET**, Broadway at 51st St. (PL 7-3728): Just about the best of the West Side foxholes. The pile-driving is done by Gene Krupa's trio (Teddy Napoleon, Eddie Shu), the more intricate melodics by Don Elliot's quartet, and the words by the suddenly celebrated Billy Ward (on piano) and his jump-tune Dominoes. Closed Mondays.... **NICK'S**, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (CH 2-6683): Pee Wee Erwin's band gives the dust little chance to settle anywhere. Jam sessions on Sunday afternoons. Closed Mondays.... **JIMMY RYAN'S**, 53 W. 52nd St. (EL 5-9600): Those who are willing to accept no substitutes for the real original jazz may as well accept the band of Wilbur de Paris, which includes Omer Simeon, Sidney de Paris, and Eddie Gibbs. Don Frye is the solo pianist. Jam sessions Monday nights. Closed Sundays.... **THE COMPOSER**, 68 W. 58th St. (PL 9-6683): A new, comfortable, and reasonably sedate music room, offering, after ten, the illustrious Eddie Heywood's restrained but hep piano and the odd but



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

interesting music of the young Hollander named Mat Mathews and his quartet. On Wednesday, Nov. 3, Matt Dennis, the West Coast composer and singer, will replace the Mathews crew. Mr. H. is off Sundays; all other hands are off Mondays. . . . **BIRDLAND,** 1678 Broadway, at 52nd St. (JU 6-1368): On lodge nights, you can't always tell the players from the customers, even with a score card. Through Wednesday, Nov. 3, Chet Baker's quartet, Arnett Cobb's orchestra, and Wini Brown will be in the ring. Next evening, Tito Puente's mambo marauders will replace everything but the Baker boys. Mondays, when these operators are at rest, are jam-session nights. . . . **CHILDS PARAMOUNT,** Broadway at 44th St. (CH 4-9440): The Grill comes wide-awake when Conrad Janis and his tailgaters tee off. They get to work early (six-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays, five-thirty Sundays). This Sunday afternoon, Oct. 31, Buck Clayton, Sol Yaged, Ken Kersey, and Milt Hinton will be sitting in. Dancing after nine-thirty. No music Mondays. . . . **HICKORY HOUSE,** 144 W. 52nd St. (CI 7-9524): After nine, Marian McPartland, one of the least showy but most imaginative of the girl pianists, applies a light touch to some progressive gymnastics. She's backed by a two-man rhythm section. The interlude piano is provided by Johnny Mehegan, who shuttles from Juilliard to jazz without ever losing sight of either. No action on Mondays. . . . **WAVERLY LOUNGE,** 103 Waverly Pl. (AL 4-0776): In the bar of the Hotel Earle, the trio headed by Herman Chittison, professor emeritus of the keyboard, begins playing good, steady rhythm music at nine-thirty every evening but Sunday. . . . **STUYVESANT CASINO,** 140 Second Ave., at 9th St. (GR 3-9742): A weekend gathering place for the topnotch hot-shot musicians. On Friday, Oct. 29, such pitchmen as Bobby Hackett, Max Kaminsky, Buck Clayton, Pee Wee Russell, Tony Parenti, Bud Freeman, Joe Sullivan, Zutty Singleton, and Jimmy Rushing are expected. Dancing. . . . **CENTRAL PLAZA,** 111 Second Ave., at 6th St. (AL 4-9800): Another all-year weekend resort. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 29-30, Charlie Shavers, Henry Goodwin, Tyree Glenn, Art Trappier, Eddie Barefield, Willie the Lion Smith, and Cecil Scott should be comparing hot notes.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

ALEXANDER ARCHIPENKO—A big retrospective show of his sculpture, with examples covering the last fifty years; through Nov. 13. (Associated American Artists, 711 Fifth Ave., at 55th St.)

GIORGIO CAVALLON—Abstract oils in which the designs are largely carried out by the use of color; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Egan, 46 E. 57th St.)

ESTHER DAVIS—A first solo exhibition of abstract paintings by an artist of unusual originality and perceptiveness; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (New Gallery, 601 Madison Ave., at 57th St.)

JIMMY ERNST—New abstractions, done with a fine sense of rhythmic pattern; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Borgenicht, 61 E. 57th St.)

SEYMOUR FRANKS—Twelve oils, all abstract and all painted within the past two years; through Nov. 13. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

HEPWORTH, SCOTT, AND BACON—Three English artists: drawings and sculptures by Barbara Hepworth, and paintings by William Scott and Francis Bacon. Through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Jackson, 22 E. 66th St.)

JOHN KOCH—New oils, displaying this artist's crisply meticulous, if at times slightly glittery, technique; through Nov. 13. (Kraushaar, 32 E. 57th St.)

ETHEL MAGAFAN—Semiabstract paintings dealing principally with mountains and children; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Ganso, 125 E. 57th St.)

PICASSO—A group of oils, water colors, and

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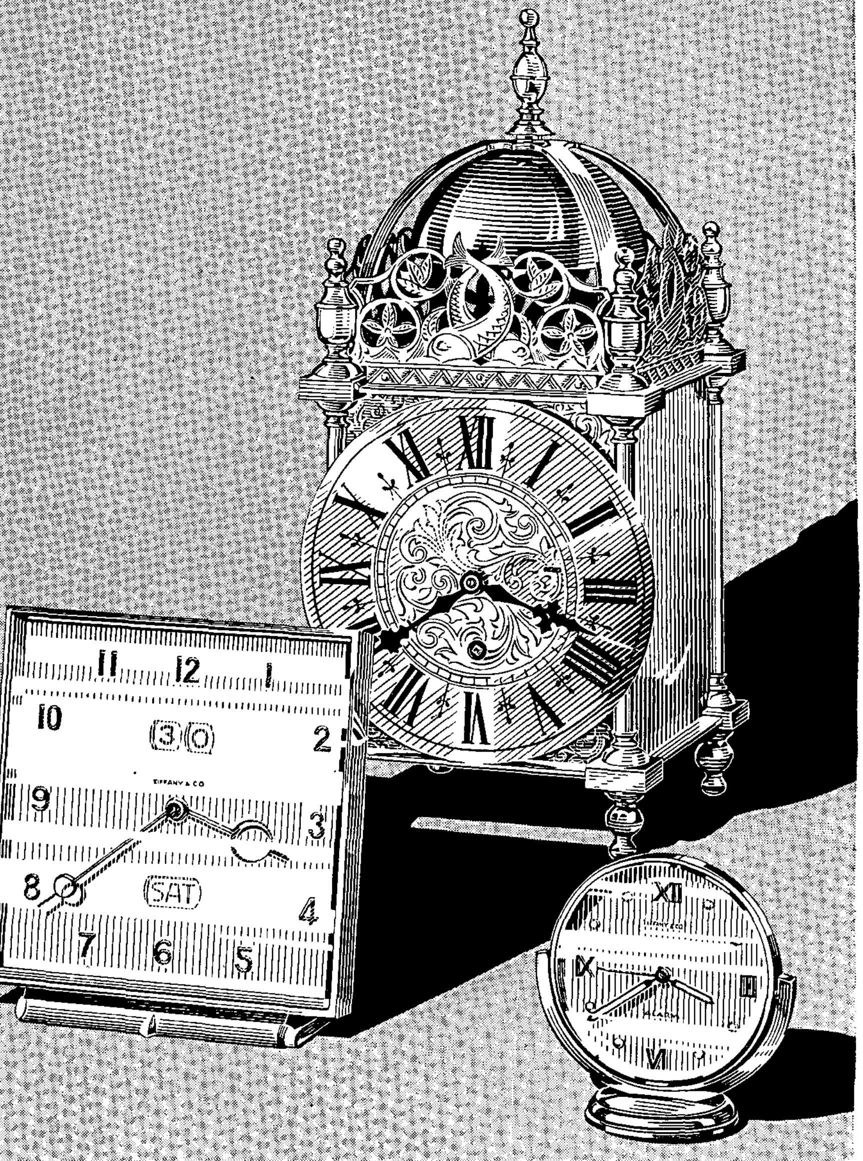

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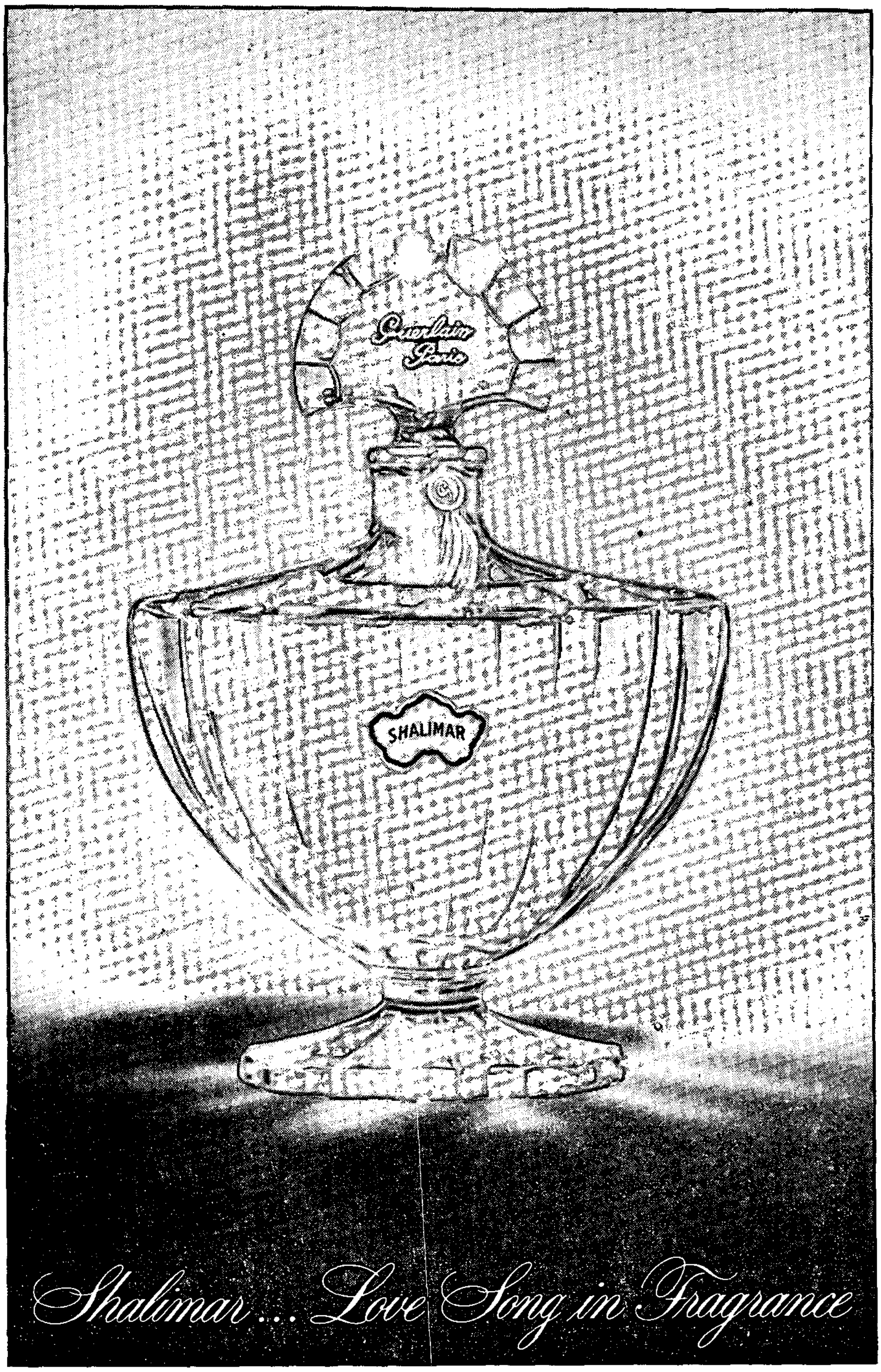

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

drawings, 1900-52; through Nov. 20. (Saidenberg, 10 E. 77th St. Weekdays, 2 to 5:30.)

Gregorio Prestopino—Recent oils and water colors, done with all his usual boldness and sensitivity; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (A.C.A., 63 E. 57th St.)

Charles Shaw—A selection of about twenty oils, mainly abstract; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Passedoit, 121 E. 57th St.)

Hedda Sterne—New oils, abstract in manner and highly personal in atmosphere; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Parsons, 15 E. 57th St.)

Anthony Thieme—Mountains, villages, and children, painted along the Mediterranean coast of Spain; through Saturday, Nov. 6. (Grand Central, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.)

Robert Vickrey—Paintings in tempera, most of them with a hauntingly Surrealist flavor; through Nov. 13. (Midtown, 17 E. 57th St.)

Dutch and Flemish Masters—Drawings and water colors by Rembrandt, Pieter Brueghel the Elder, and other old masters, all loaned by the Royal Museum of Belgium; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

Tibetan Paintings—The initial showing here of a loan exhibition that includes a number of fifteenth- to eighteenth-century tankas, or scroll paintings; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Wildenstein, 19 E. 64th St.)

College Art—Paintings, sculptures, and graphics by students at the University of California art school make up the current show; through Nov. 15. (Forum, 822 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

Americans; Group Shows—At the DOWNTOWN, 32 E. 51st St.: New paintings and sculptures by Stuart Davis, William Zorach, and others; through Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . GRAND CENTRAL, 15 Vanderbilt Ave., at 43rd St.: The Thirty-second Annual Founders' Exhibition, composed of paintings and sculptures by, among others, Anthony Thieme, Robert Brackman, Paul Manship, and Gordon Grant; through Thursday, Nov. 4. . . . NEW YORK CITY CENTER GALLERY, 131 W. 55th St.: The city's own art gallery has opened its second season with an exhibition that includes works by Buffie Johnson, Colleen Browning, and a copious selection of others; through Friday, Oct. 29. (Mondays through Fridays, 1 to 6.)

Americans and Europeans; Group Show—The present show, in memory of Curt Valentin, comprises about thirty paintings and sculptures, loaned by various museums throughout the country, and includes works by Auguste Rodin, Juan Gris, and Oskar Kokoschka; through Saturday, Oct. 30. (Valentin, 32 E. 57th St.)

French; Group Shows—At the PERLS, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Paintings by Modigliani, Klee, Soutine, and others, from the collection of the late William March; through Nov. 13. . . . ROSENBERG, 20 E. 79th St.: Nineteenth-century paintings, some never before seen in this country, by Monet, Corot, Degas, and others; through Nov. 13.

Village Art Center, 44 W. 11th St.—Conwell Savage, Domenico Facci, and Thomas Laidman are a few of the artists exhibiting in the tenth annual sculpture and drawing show; through Nov. 12. (Daily, 1 to 6; Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday evenings, 8 to 10.)

Some of Next Week's Openings—At the GALLERY 75, 30 E. 75th St.: De Hirsh Margules; starting Tuesday, Nov. 2. (Daily, 11 to 5:30.) . . . NIVEAU, 962 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: Marc Chagall; starting Tuesday, Nov. 2. . . . PASSEDOIT, 121 E. 57th St.: John von Wicht; starting Monday, Nov. 1. . . . JACQUES SELIGMANN, 5 E. 57th St.: Cleve Gray; starting Tuesday, Nov. 2. . . . VALENTIN, 32 E. 57th St.: Henry Moore; starting Tuesday, Nov. 2. . . . ¶ Group shows at the GRAND CENTRAL MODERNS, 120 E. 57th St.; starting Monday, Nov. 1. SEGY, 708 Lexington Ave., at 57th St.; starting Thursday, Nov. 4.

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—European and American costumes and accessories, dating from the late sixteenth century to the first decade of the twentieth century. . . . ¶ About a hundred Dutch masterpieces—Rembrandt, Hals, Vermeer, and others—loaned primarily by European museums and private collectors; starting Saturday, Oct. 30. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—A hundred prints by twentieth-century North and South American artists, including John Marin, George Bellows, and José Guadelupe Posada; through Nov. 14. . . . ¶ A display, in celebration of the Museum's twenty-fifth year, of some three hundred paintings owned by the Museum, plus forty new acquisitions; through Jan. 30. (Weekdays, noon to 7; Sundays, 1 to 7.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—Cézanne, Bonnard, and Degas are a few of the artists represented in a show of French Impressionist paintings from the Museum's collection; through Jan. 2. . . . ¶ African art, with examples of native sculptures, goldwork, and textiles; through Jan. 2. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Election Day, 1 to 5.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The fourth selected display of the Museum's twentieth-century paintings and sculptures, these done for the most part between 1907 and 1914; through Nov. 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 22 W. 54th St.—An exhibition of twentieth-century American paintings, sculptures, drawings, and water colors from the permanent collection, marking the opening of the Museum's new quarters; through Nov. 14. (Daily, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Carnegie Hall is CI 7-7460 and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

New York City Opera—Final performances of the season—Thursday evening, Oct. 28: "Show Boat.". . . ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 29: "The Marriage of Figaro," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 30 (primarily for children): "Hansel and Gretel," in English. . . . ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 30: "Carmen." . . . ¶ Sunday matinée, Oct. 31 (primarily for children): "Show Boat.". . . ¶ Sunday evening, Oct. 31: "The Love for Three Oranges," in English. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Evenings at 8:15. Matinées at 2:30.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

Philharmonic-Symphony—At Carnegie Hall—Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting on Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:45, and Friday, Oct. 29, at 2:30 (both with Raya Garbousova, cello); Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:45 (with Ania Dorfmann, piano); Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2:30 (with Raya Garbousova, cello); and Thursday, Nov. 4, at 8:45, and Friday, Nov. 5, at 2:30 (both with Pietro Scarpini, piano). . . . ¶ Franco Autori conducting on Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:45 (with Ruggiero Ricci, violin).

Juilliard Orchestra—Jean Morel conducting. (Juilliard Concert Hall, 130 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets are available on request.)

Saidenberg Little Symphony—Daniel Saidenberg conducting. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:15. For tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

Obernkirchen Children's Choir—A group of thirty-six German children, under the direction of Edith Moeller. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 2:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

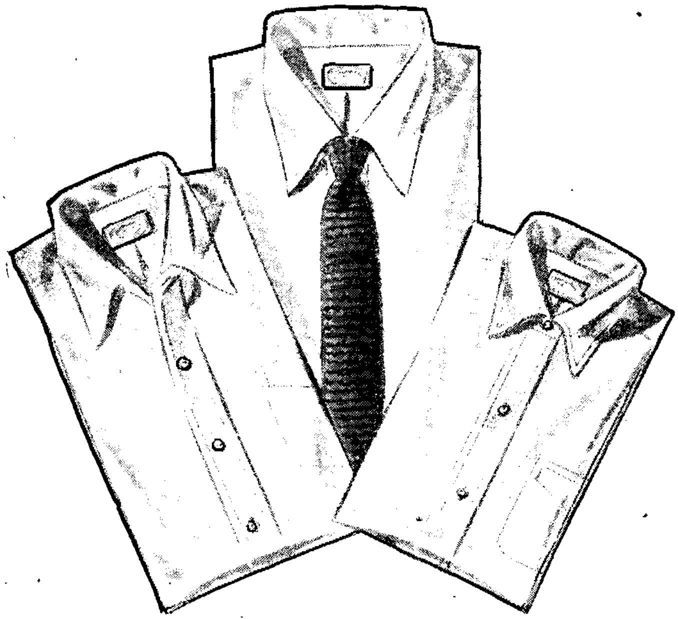
RECITALS

Pete Seeger—Folk singer. The second in a series of six programs. (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:30.)

Quartetto Italiano—Chamber music. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Thursday, Oct. 28, at 8:40.)

Albeneri Trio—Chamber music. (Town Hall. Friday, Oct. 29, at 8:30.)

Quintetto Boccherini—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 8:15. For tickets,



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

call GR 3-1391. . . . ¶ McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. UN 5-4000, Ext. 2461. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Concert Society of New York—The Quintetto Boccherini. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 5:30.)

Erna Sack—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Leonard Pennario—Piano. (Town Hall. Monday, Nov. 1, at 8:30.)

Sari Biro—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8:30.)

Cesare Valletti—Tenor. (Town Hall. Tuesday, Nov. 2, at 8:40.)

Alexander Uninsky—Piano. (Town Hall. Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8:30.)

Oscar Shumsky—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:30.)

Walter Hautzig—Piano. (Town Hall. Friday, Nov. 5, at 8:40.)

Elisabeth Schwarzkopf—Soprano. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. RE 7-8490. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is CO 5-6811.)

Boxing—Vince Martinez vs. Carmine Fiore, welterweights, 10 rounds. (Madison Square Garden. Friday, Oct. 29. Preliminaries at 8:30; main bout at 10.)

College Football—SATURDAY, OCT. 30: Columbia vs. Cornell, at Baker Field, at 2. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Ohio University, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Penn State, at Philadelphia, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Temple, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Dartmouth, at New Haven, at 1:30. . . . SATURDAY, NOV. 6: Cornell vs. Syracuse, at Ithaca, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Columbia, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Pennsylvania vs. Notre Dame, at Philadelphia, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Harvard, at Princeton, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Lafayette, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Williams vs. Wesleyan, at Williamstown, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Army, at New Haven, at 1:30.

Hockey—Rangers vs. Chicago. (Madison Square Garden. Sunday; Oct. 31, at 8:30.)

Horse Shows—Pennsylvania National Horse Show. (Harrisburg, Pa. Through Saturday, Oct. 30.) . . . ¶ National Horse Show. (Madison Square Garden. Tuesday, Nov. 2, through Tuesday, Nov. 9. Competitions daily at 2 and 7:45.)

Hunt Racing—Essex Fox Hounds Race Meeting Association. (Far Hills, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 30.) . . . ¶ Montpelier Hunt Race Meeting. (Montpelier Station, Va. Saturday, Nov. 6.)

Racing—At JAMAICA: Weekdays at 1: through Monday, Nov. 15. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:45 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . GARDEN STATE PARK, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, Nov. 6. The Garden State, Saturday, Oct. 30, and the Vineland Handicap, Saturday, Nov. 6. (A train leaves Penn Station at 9:30 and connects with a train for the track in North Philadelphia.) . . . LAUREL, Laurel, Md.: Weekdays at 1:45; through Wednesday, Nov. 3. The Washington, D.C., International, Wednesday, Nov. 3.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the NEW YORK CITY OPERA (performances primarily for children): "Hansel and Gretel," in English, Saturday, Oct. 30. . . . ¶ "Show Boat," Sunday, Oct. 31. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Afternoons at 2:30.) . . . COMIC OPERA GUILD: A one-hour version of Gilbert and Sullivan's "The Pirates of Penzance." (McMillin Theatre, Broadway at 116th St. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 3. Tickets at the box office only, after 2 on the day of the performance. Children under four not admitted.)

Plays—By the PLAYMART CHILDREN'S THEATRE: "Pinocchio." (Carl Fischer Concert Hall, 165

W. 57th St. Saturdays at 1:30 and 3:15 and Sundays at 3:15. For tickets, call PL 3-0746.) . . . **CHILDREN'S WORLD THEATRE:** "The Red Shoes." (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Sunday, Oct. 31, at 3:30. . . . ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Nov. 6, at 3.)

BALLET—The New York City Ballet presenting a performance, primarily for children, of "The Nutcracker." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Thursday, Nov. 4, at 2:30.)

MOVIES—Cartoons and, sometimes, feature pictures. (Trans-Lux 85th Street Theatre, Madison Ave. at 85th St. BU 8-3180. Saturdays at 11.) . . . ¶ "Rob Roy," with Richard Todd and Glynis Johns. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-6700. Saturday, Oct. 30, at 3.)

NOTE—The Wollman Memorial Skating Rink, in Central Park, is open (free) exclusively to ice skaters of fourteen and under every Saturday and on Election Day from 10 to 12.

OTHER EVENTS

ELECTION DAY—The hours for voting on Tuesday, Nov. 2, are from 6 A.M. to 7 P.M.

UNITED NATIONS—Visitors are admitted every weekday to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and various other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before the start of each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.) . . . ¶ United Nations meetings are shown Mondays through Fridays, on WCBS-TV, generally from 5 to 5:30. . . . ¶ Hour-long tours, conducted by the American Association for the United Nations, leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so, daily from 9 to around 4:30. . . . ¶ Questions about the United Nations will be answered, Mondays through Fridays, by the Information Center for the United Nations, 345 E. 46th St., MU 2-2658.

POETRY CENTER READINGS—Saturday, Oct. 30: Marianne Moore. . . . ¶ Saturday, Nov. 6: Wallace Stevens. (Kaufmann Auditorium, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. TR 6-2366. Evenings at 8:40.)

CHRYSANTHEMUM SHOW—A display entitled "A Reflection of Old Japan." (New York Botanical Garden, Bronx Park. Saturday, Nov. 6, through Sunday, Nov. 28. Daily, 10 to 4:30.)

TREASURES OF THE NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY—A special hundred-and-fiftieth-anniversary exhibition, featuring paintings (including an original Audubon water color), old silver, prints, rare books, manuscripts (among them that of James Fenimore Cooper's novel "Precaution"), and a letter from General Ulysses S. Grant to General Robert E. Lee; through Dec. 31. (New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

HAYDEN PLANETARIUM, Central Park W. at 81st St. (TR 3-1300)—The current show, "Vagabonds of the Solar System," deals with asteroids, comets, and meteors; through Nov. 30. (Mondays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 8:30. Saturdays, Sundays, and Election Day at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 8:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 11. . . . ¶ Half-hour conducted tours of the Planetarium start every night at 8.)

AUCTIONS—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Saturday, Oct. 30, at 1:45: English eighteenth-century furniture, including a Sheraton serpentine sideboard, a mahogany break-front bookcase, and card tables; Oriental Lowestoft, Spode, and other porcelains; and eighteenth-century English sporting prints. Owned by the Saint James's Gallery. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Nov. 3, at 8: Paintings by Jan Steen, Pieter Brueghel the Elder, David Teniers, and other old masters, in addition to works by eighteenth-century artists, among them, Nattier and Canaletto; from the collections of the late Alan Rutherford Stuyvesant, Mrs. Frank V. Storrs, and others. Exhibition starts Saturday, Oct. 30.

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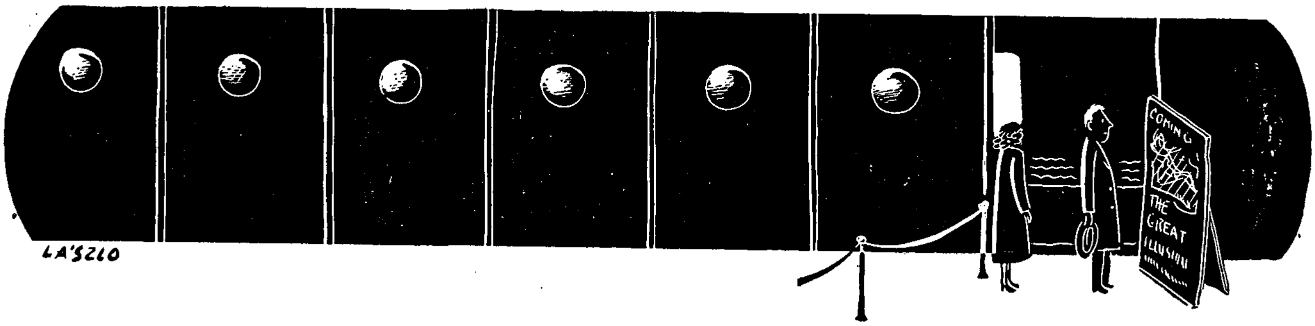
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN



MOTION PICTURES

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST ARE DESCRIBED IN THIS SECTION

Beat the Devil—A dishevelled, hilarious description of the antics of a gang of lunatic crooks who are out to get control of a big uranium field in Africa. Written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter, the film is fortunate in its cast, which includes Humphrey Bogart, Robert Morley, Peter Lorre, Marco Tulli, Ivor Barnard, and such handsome ladies as Gina Lollobrigida and Jennifer Jones. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; through Oct. 30.)

Bread, Love and Dreams—Vittorio De Sica and Gina Lollobrigida in a diverting Italian film dealing with the frustrations of a middle-aged marshal of the police as he goes about wooing a bumptious peasant girl who has little respect for anybody, let alone amorous elders. (Paris, 4 W. 58th, MU 8-0134.)

The Caine Mutiny—Queeg and the mutinous lads stalwartly enacted by a cast led by Humphrey Bogart and Van Johnson. (Lexington, Lexington at 51st, PL 3-0336; Loew's 72nd St., 3rd Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-7222; Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th, AT 9-4607; Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, WA 9-2166; Loew's 83rd St., B'way at 83rd, TR 7-3190; and Olympia, B'way at 107th, UN 5-8128; through Nov. 2.)

High and Dry—A group of carefree Scottish mariners making a hash of the plans of an American shipping magnate whose cargo of household effects is accidentally entrusted to them. Alex Mackenzie, Paul Douglas, James Copeland, Abe Barker, and Tommy Kearins figure pleasantly. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Little Kidnappers—A delightful team of small fry, aged five and eight, make this story of Nova Scotia in 1904 a memorable item. Vincent Winter is the younger of the pair and Jon Whiteley the older. They are aptly supported by Duncan Macrae, Jean Anderson, Adrienne Corri, and Theodore Bikel. An English film. (Trans-Lux 60th St., Madison at 60th, PL 5-2746.)

Mr. Hulot's Holiday—A fitfully funny romp at a seaside resort with the solid French comedian Jacques Tati. The dialogue, in both French and English, is held to a minimum. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Nov. 3.)

On the Waterfront—A fine, dramatic interpretation of Malcolm Johnson's Pulitzer Prize-winning report on labor conditions on the docks of New York. Written by Budd Schulberg and directed by Elia Kazan, the picture has as its leading character Marlon Brando, whose performance can't be faulted. Neither can the work of his associates, among them Eva Marie Saint, Karl Malden, and Lee J. Cobb. (Astor, B'way at 45th, JU 6-2240.)

Sabrina—Audrey Hepburn's celebrated charm is rather overworked in this exercise about a chauffeur's daughter who is anxious to play Cinderella to a Long Island princeling. However, a notable performance by Humphrey Bogart shores up the film, and there are funny scenes here and there along the line. (Criterion, Broadway at 44th, JU 2-1796.)

The Vanishing Prairie—The birds and the beasts fighting for survival, as Walt Disney turns his cameras loose on the great American prairie. The animals do pretty well, considering the odds. And the prairie dogs, incidentally, are cute as all getout. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, PL 5-6030; through Oct. 31.)

REVIVALS

The African Queen (1952)—Down an African river with Humphrey Bogart and Katharine Hepburn. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 3.)

A Nous, la Liberté (1932)—René Clair deals, to very good effect, with prison life and factory life, which seem to be similar. (Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; through Nov. 2.)

The Astonished Heart (1950)—Noel Coward on the perils of adultery. A British film, with Celia Johnson and the author. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; starting Nov. 3.)

Come Back, Little Sheba (1952)—Shirley Booth in the adaptation of the play built around the misfortunes of an alcoholic and his slatternly spouse. (Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd, WA 9-8038; through Oct. 29. . . . ¶ Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th, WA 9-3350; through Oct. 30.)

The Cruel Sea (1953)—Jack Hawkins in an English film based on the Monsarrat novel about the fight against U-boats during World War II. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

Genevieve (1954)—Some ancient automobiles in transit from London to Brighton. John Gregson, Dinah Sheridan, Kay Kendall, and Kenneth More enliven this English film. (York, 1st Ave. at 64th, RH 4-5779; through Oct. 29.)

Gilbert and Sullivan (1953)—Robert Morley and Maurice Evans as G. and S., with the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company rendering excerpts from the operettas in the background. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; through Nov. 2.)

Hamlet (1948)—Laurence Olivier is the melancholy Dane in this English picture. (Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, EL 5-1663; through Oct. 30.)

High Noon (1952)—Cow-country stuff, with Gary Cooper mixing it up with malefactors. (68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th, RE 4-0302; through Nov. 3.)

The Informer (1935)—Dublin and the revolution. With Victor McLaglen. (Beverly, 3rd Ave. at 50th, EL 5-8790; Oct. 31-Nov. 2.)

Martin Luther (1953)—Niall Mac Ginnis plays the monk from Wittenberg. (Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Panic in the Streets (1950)—Richard Widmark as a United States Public Health doctor trying to head off a plague in New Orleans. Paul Douglas is in it, too. (Trans-Lux Colony, 2nd Ave. at 79th, BU 8-9468; Oct. 31-Nov. 1.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1943)—A Hitchcock job about a mild little family and a mysterious uncle. With Teresa Wright and Joseph Cotten. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 3.)

Shane (1953)—How the wicked cattle raisers tried to keep the noble homesteaders from settling on their range. With Alan Ladd, Jean Arthur, and Brandon de Wilde. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 29.)

Suspicion (1941)—Francis Iles' "Before the Fact," done, as is proper, by Hitchcock. Joan Fontaine and Cary Grant. (8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th, GR 7-7874; starting Nov. 3.)

A Woman's Face (1941)—Deformity and violence. Joan Crawford, Melvyn Douglas, and Conrad Veidt. (Trans-Lux 72nd St., 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304; through Nov. 3, tentative.)

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Through Oct. 31: "Bombshell" (1933), with Jean Harlow, Lee Tracy, and Franchot Tone. . . . ¶ Starting Nov. 1: "The Lost Squadron" (1932), with Richard Dix, Erich von Stroheim, and Mary Astor. (Showings at 3 and 5:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after noon on the day of the showing.)

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THE BROADWAY AREA

FILMS OF MORE THAN ROUTINE INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED IN THE SECTION ABOVE

Astor, B'way at 45th. (JU 6-2240)
ON THE WATERFRONT.

Broadway, B'way at 53rd. (CI 7-7992)
"Hansel and Gretel," a film with a cast of electronic puppets.

Capitol, B'way at 51st. (JU 2-5060)
"The Barefoot Contessa," Humphrey Bogart, Ava Gardner, Edmond O'Brien.

Criterion, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
SABRINA.

Globe, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-5555)
"The Black Knight," Alan Ladd, Patricia Medina.

Mayfair, 7th Ave. at 47th. (CI 5-9800)
"Suddenly," Frank Sinatra, Sterling Hayden.

Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th. (CI 6-4600)
"White Christmas" (in VistaVision), Bing Crosby, Danny Kaye, Rosemary Clooney.

Paramount, B'way at 43rd. (LO 3-1100)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (CI 7-1633)
From Oct. 28, at 8:30: "Carmen Jones" (in CinemaScope), Harry Belafonté, Pearl Bailey.

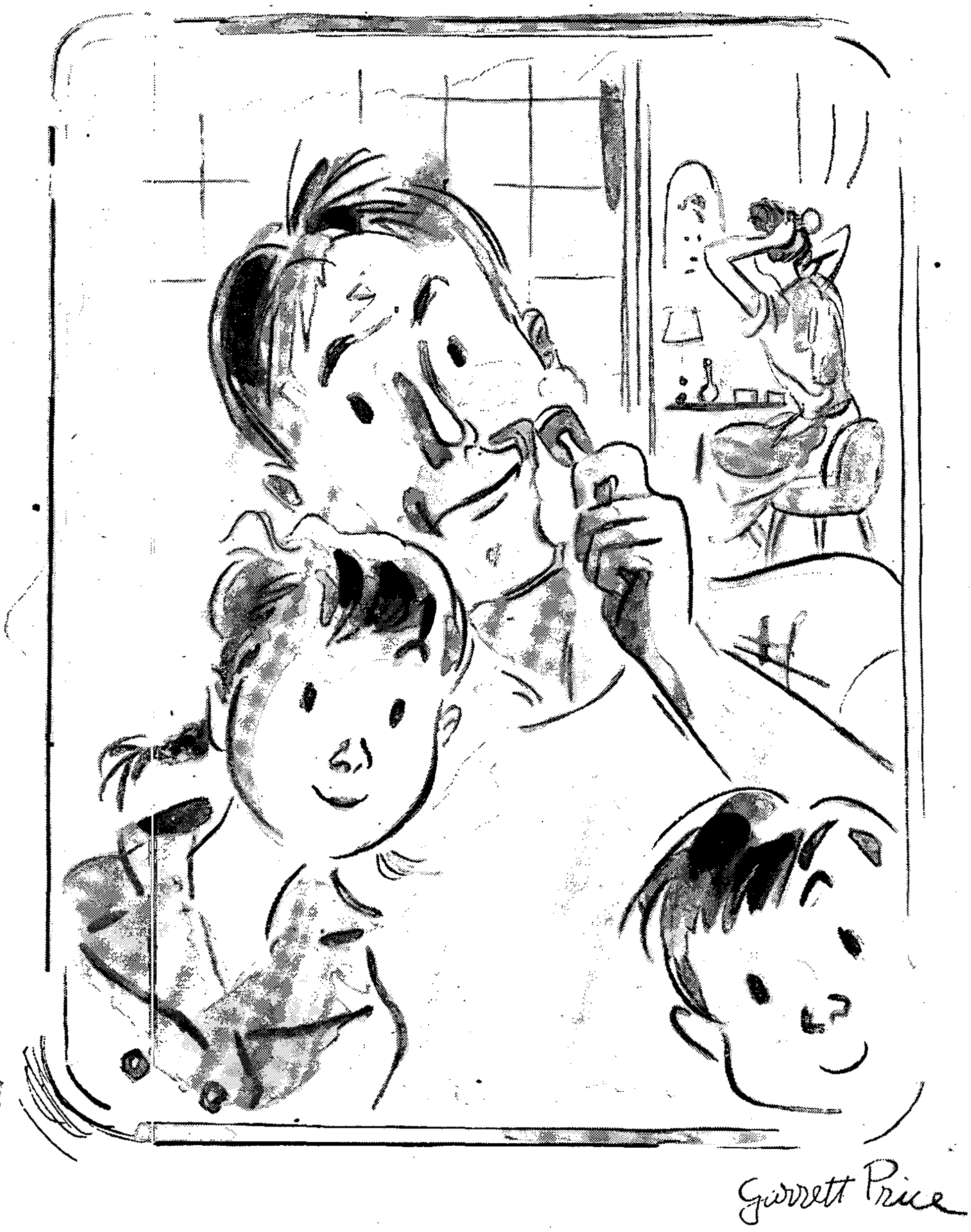
Roxy, 7th Ave. at 50th. (CI 7-6000)
"Black Widow" (in CinemaScope), Ginger Rogers, Gene Tierney, George Raft.

State, B'way at 45th. (JU 2-5070)
"Beau Brummell," Stewart Granger, Elizabeth Taylor.

Victoria, B'way at 46th. (JU 6-0540)
"A Star Is Born" (in CinemaScope), Judy Garland, James Mason.

Warner, B'way at 47th. (CO 5-5711)
"Cinerama." (Mondays through Thursdays at 2:40 and 8:40; Fridays at 7:30 and 10:30; Saturdays at 2, 5, 8:40, and 11:40; and Sundays at 2, 5, and 8:40. Reserved seats only.)

World, 153 W. 49th. (CI 7-5747)
"The French Touch" (in French), Fernandel.



Garrett Price

The children's hour

The modern children's hour theme
Is different from the poet's dream.

Togetherness, in the family sense
Creates the vital difference.

Today, a child may speak his piece—
If he makes sense, who'll tell him "cease"?

Toothbrush in mouth, he talks to Pop
Of power saws and sports and bop.

While sister Sue with rapt devotion
Comments on sprays and shaving lotion.

Pop tells his plans of house repairing
In terms of work they'll all be sharing.

Meanwhile, to Mom in dressing gown,
Come thoughts on what to buy in town.

This capsule of our national scene
Is mirrored in one magazine.

The ladies of our changing nation,
No longer stand in isolation.

You have to think of reaching Mother
In terms of Pop and Sis and Brother.

To speak your piece within their walls
You simply have to use

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...the one designing woman in the world of men's affairs of whom all other women approve.

Illustrated: Fall interpretations — exclusive Italian Silks destined to cast a glow of color over the male world. From $7.50 to $20.00. After-shave lotion in presentation flagon $10.00... regular bottle $3.50. Cologne in presentation flagon $12.50... regular bottle $5.00. Available at stores of pre-eminence including the Countess Mara Shop, 338 Park Ave., N.Y. Add fed. and local tax.

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Hathaway, those great and famous shirtmakers, give Viyella the superb tailoring it deserves. Cast an eye at the angler below. Notice the roomy cut of his shirt. Note how precisely the pattern is matched on collar points and pockets.

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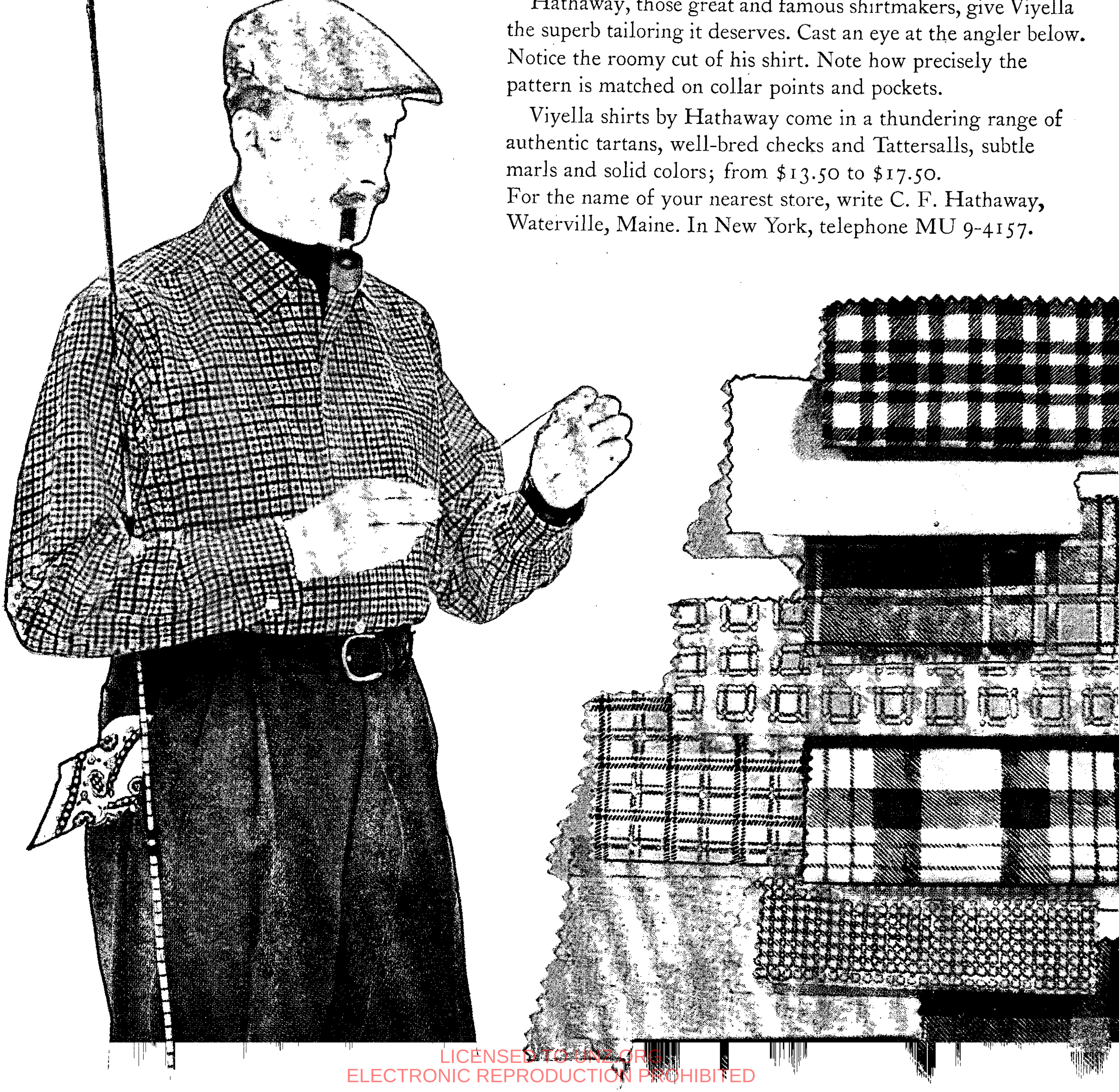

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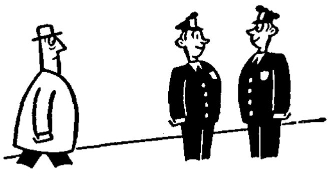
THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

AGE is relative, and the ways in which people become aware of their own accumulating years vary a good deal. For a number of men we know, the first time they heard themselves addressed as "Pop" was the signal, and another chap told us that his warning came when someone got up and offered him a chair at a cocktail party, and he found himself taking it. Still another says his realization came when he began noticing that the city's policemen, whom he'd always regarded as almost overpoweringly mature and awesome creatures, had somehow been transformed into a bunch of pink-cheeked youngsters. At the moment, though, our favorite description of the turning point comes from a friend of ours who has recently acquired, as a summer place, an old farmhouse in upper New York State. He was showing some visitors around it the other day, and one of them, in the course of the inspection, remarked, "Why, this place must really be quite old, isn't it? Must be close to a hundred years old." Before he could think, he replied, "Oh, no, no. Not nearly. As a matter of fact, it wasn't built till around 1860." It was then that he knew he was getting old. A century ago, to him, perhaps because it was so when he was learning his dates in school, is still somewhere in the eighteen-twenties.



Discrepancies

THE Election Frauds Bureau, an agency of the State Attorney General's office, operates permanently out of a corner of the fourth floor of the State Office Building, at 80 Centre Street. Its permanent staff, which is considerably augmented each campaign time, consists of one assistant attorney general, Miss Eleanor Uris, whom we visited one busy campaign-time day last week. After passing the office door of Nathaniel L. Goldstein, the retiring Attorney General, and proceeding down a long corridor, we found Miss Uris, an exceedingly peppery brunette, in a room full of filing cabinets and maps of election districts, where she was talking to a gentleman with whitish hair and a black mustache. Miss Uris introduced him to us as David W. Kirschen, a special assistant attorney general. "What a year!" exclaimed Miss Uris. "A record number of apparently fraudulent registrations, a record number of temporary deputy attorneys general assigned to this office. We're subpoenaing people and registration books right and left. There are going to be at least fifteen thousand challenges in New York City alone if everybody who registered tries to vote on Election Day. At *least* fifteen thousand. That's double the challenges we had in 1952, the previous record year. What's going on? Well, politics, that's what."

Miss Uris turned to Mr. Kirschen and said, "By the way, Dave, how about calling up some more of those police precincts and prodding them to turn in their false-registration reports?"

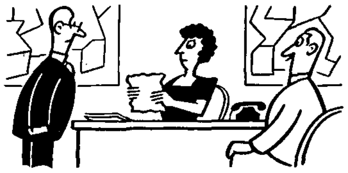
Mr. Kirschen nodded, and made for a telephone.

Miss Uris raised her hands from her desk and let them drop. "What'll they think of next?" she said to us. "Somebody registered giving the Chatham Square cemetery as his address. It slipped past the inspectors in the last-minute rush. The other day, we spotted a registration under the name of Grace N. Bank. Somehow that sounded kind of funny. Well, the address given was 7 Hanover Square, which is the address of the Grace National Bank. Right now, we've got a staff of several hundred working on election frauds, including volunteers provided by six bar associations and six law schools. This is the first time we've asked the law schools to help out. The Attorney General has given me permission to take over as much space on this floor as I need, and to enlist the services of every lawyer and stenographer he's got, if I have to. For the past month, we've been working fifteen hours a day, including Saturdays and Sundays. The last time we worked Sundays was 1950. That was the year Governor Dewey went on television and asked for volunteers to help us. It kept us busy just accepting the volunteers."

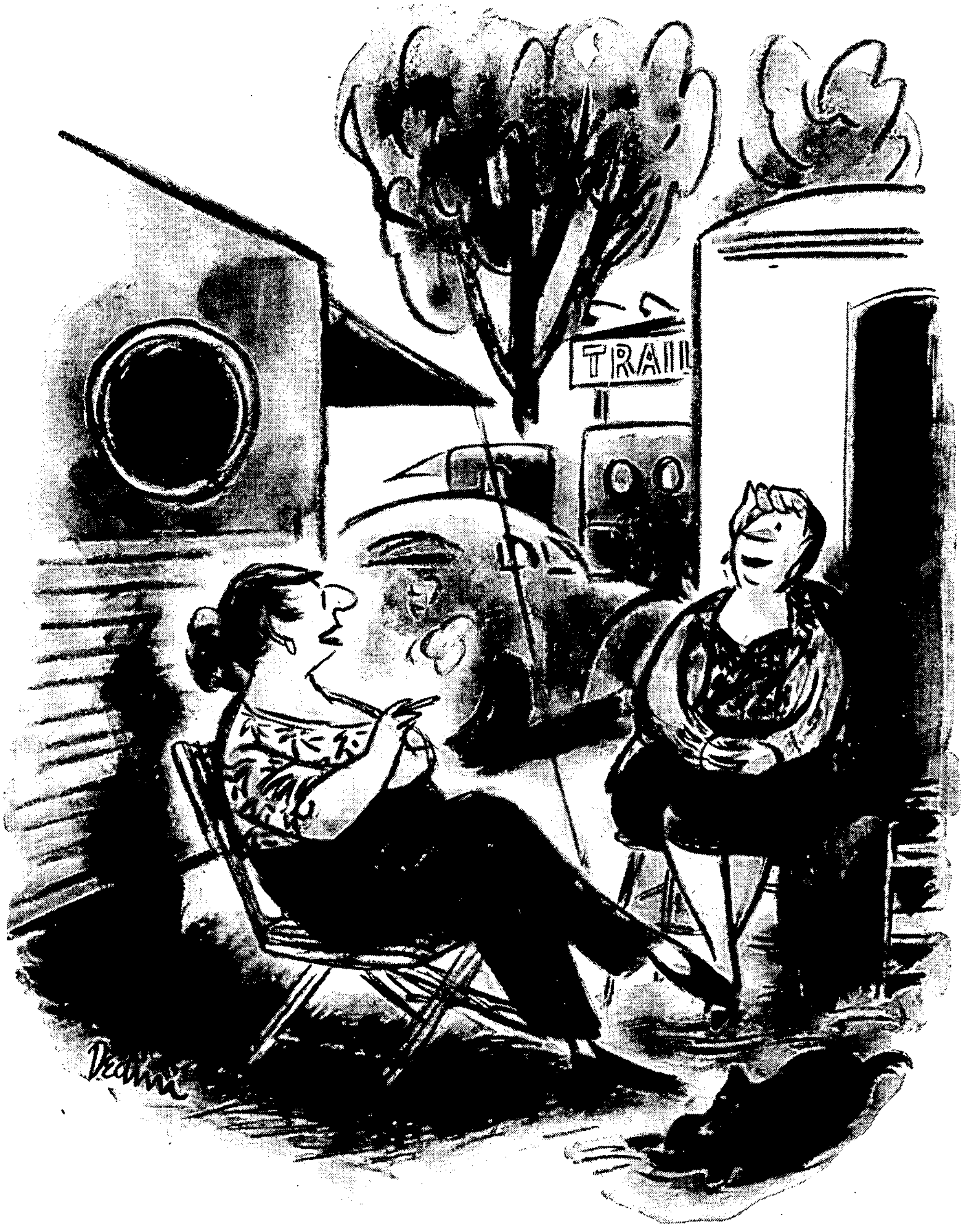
A man came up and threw a paper on Miss Uris's desk. She glanced at it, then impulsively crumpled it up.

"Police report only four discrepancies in the Bowery district," the man said.

"Only four?" cried Miss Uris, uncrumpling the paper and looking at it again. "Ought to be more than that. Call them back! Call them back!" She settled herself in her chair. "On Election Day, we'll be here at five A.M. We'll have a man at each borough police headquarters, police cars available to send out investigators, and fifteen hundred volunteer lawyers in the polling places seeing that the challenges are being made properly."



We asked Miss Uris for a word about herself, and between brisk phone conversations she told us that she was born in Manhattan, that she graduated from N.Y.U. School of Education, and



"Oh, every state is nice to visit, but I wouldn't want to live in any of them."

• •

taught school in Harlem for seven and a half years, and that she then went to N.Y.U. Law School, graduated first in her class, and came to the Attorney General's office in 1946. She was made head of the Election Frauds Bureau in 1947, the first woman to be head of a bureau in the State Department of Law. "Between elections, I keep busy training volunteers and subpoenaing lodginghouse owners who fail to file proper reports," she told us. "Sometimes it's kind of slow. I always look forward to this madhouse period."

Mr. Kirschen came over to Miss Uris's desk, shrugging his shoulders. "No more reports from the police?" she demanded. "Wait a minute." She grabbed her telephone and dialled. "Inspector?" she said a few seconds later. "Listen, Inspector, we've had practically no discrepancies in those registration rolls reported by the Police Department. Now, that's impossible. The Attorney General is blowing his top. Where are those discrepancies, Inspector?"

Waving goodbye to Miss Uris, we headed for the door, and as we went, we heard her saying into the phone, "You're a darling, Inspector. A real doll."

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LATIN-AMERICAN INTELLIGENCE: The letterhead on the stationery of the Hotel de Soto Arms, Mexico City, proclaims, "100 Rooms with Bats & Telephone."

Charms

PURSUING our researches into some of the more up-to-the-minute branches of medicine—they began a couple of weeks ago, when we visited the annual meeting of the Academy of Psychosomatic Medicine—we dropped in last week at the annual conference of the National Association for Music Therapy, at the Henry Hudson. When we arrived, we were ushered into a room where a man was beating out rhythms on an assortment of drums, tambourines, and gourds, to the evident edification of several dozen people seated on folding chairs. Various other people were standing around in groups, conversing. Upon approaching one of these groups and asking what was going on, we learned that the performer was a percussion-instrument salesman demonstrating his wares to the music therapists. Then we were placed in the hands of Mrs. Myrtle Fish Thompson, director of music therapy at Essex County Overbrook Hospital, in Cedar Grove, New Jersey, and the Association's outgoing president; Arthur Flagler Fultz, chairman of the Department of Music Therapy at the New England Conservatory of Music, and the Association's incoming president; and a dark-haired lady, whose name and credentials escaped us.

"Music therapy is in its infancy," Mr. Fultz told us, in a therapeutically musical baritone. "Nevertheless, it's already in use as an adjuvant in all of the Veterans Administration's hundred and seventy-two hospitals, and in many state hospitals all over the country, including twenty-seven in New York."

" 'Adjuvant' means 'auxiliary,' " the dark lady advised us.

"The Association is five years old today," said Mrs. Thompson. "We want the American Medical Association Educational Committee to give music therapy the same status as occupational and physical therapy. We have five hundred members, and about two hundred of them are here."

"Don't make the mistake of thinking that music therapy is used only for mental patients," said Mr. Fultz. "It's useful in tuberculosis and cerebral palsy, not to mention geriatrics and orthopedics. In fact, I suspect its future lies chiefly in general medicine, rather than in psychiatry as such. All forms of music are helpful. For example, Sousa marches used to be used to help bring patients out of certain forms of shock, but now it's been found that Louis Armstrong works faster."

The dark lady began tapping her foot in time with the salesman and his percussion instruments. "That rhythm induces a mild manic state in me," she remarked.

Between rattles and bongos, we caught the phrases "dynamic of the relation" and "positive transference" out of the air. "When the Association was first formed, everybody in it talked his own private language," said Mr. Fultz. "Now that we're somewhat over the communications hump, we've got schools."

"Schools?" we inquired.

"Music therapy already has two schools, and they're at each other's throats," Mr. Fultz said. He nodded toward a man and a woman standing nearby, who, if not at each other's throats, were evidently exchanging emphatic views. "The lady believes in patient participation, while the gentleman is an adherent of passive listening," he explained. "The Association doesn't take sides."

Mrs. Thompson nodded in hearty agreement with that, and we were joined by E. Thayer Gaston, Ph.D., chairman of the Department of Music Education at the University of Kansas. "Dr. Gaston is one of the Association's heroes," Mrs. Thompson told us. "He's responsible for Kansas being the first university to give a graduate degree in music therapy."

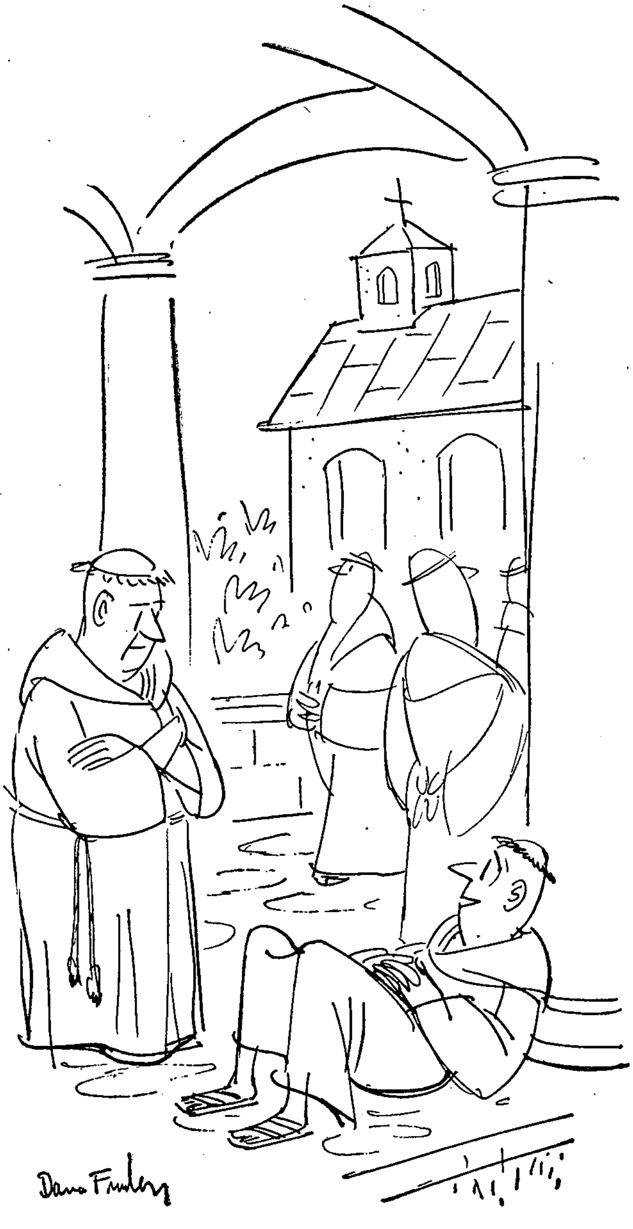
"We've got some extremely good research out of student theses," said Dr. Gaston. "Did you know music can influence the kind of picture you draw while you listen? A student developed that point."

Presently, we stepped into an adjoining room, where a lecture was being delivered by Theodor Reik, Ph.D., a noted psychoanalyst and the author of, among other works, a book called "The Haunting Melody." "A year ago, I felt very tired, and I was resting on my couch," declared Dr. Reik, whose accent and mien were suitably Viennese. "While listening to the second movement of Haydn's Symphony No. 83, I found myself waving my arms as if I were the conductor. I spent many months trying to trace the source of this fantasy." The Doctor went on to say that he studied the whole history of conducting before he found the answer. "The conductor represents the return of the repressed," he concluded triumphantly.

" 'Music hath charms,' " said the dark lady as we were leaving. "We're trying to find out precisely what they are."

Portent

A LAD in his first year at prep school wrote his father that he liked the place well enough and that the meals were fine except Sunday-night supper, which was terrible. Mostly lettuce, he said, with half a canned peach and, on top of that, cream cheese colored pink. He has just got back a letter from his father, which reads, in part, "As for the pink cream cheese, I think that must be part of a character-development program. It will help you face things like that in later life."



"I am meditating."

Unpunctual

AS tall, handsome, and debonair a visitor from foreign shores as one could hope to meet is Sir George Barnes, Director of Television Broadcasting for the British Broadcasting Corporation and first head of the B.B.C.'s famous Third Programme, which consists mostly of superb music and superb talks. An admirer of Henry James, Palladio, and old French wines and churches, Sir George has been in town to look at our color television and make up his mind whether to recommend to the B.B.C. that England hurry up and have it, too. We buttonholed Sir George in a midtown club and put the question to him: What did he think of color TV? The admirer of Henry James recoiled as if stung by an asp. "Do you mean with respect to the programs I've seen in color or with respect to the invention itself?" he inquired. Mercifully, we said we would settle for the invention. "I find it great exercise," said Sir George. "All those knobs to be twiddled. One daren't sit still a moment."

In his earlier days, Sir George distinguished himself as Director of the Spoken Word at the B.B.C. He is, however, no slouch at the unspoken word, and, adding one silence to another, we got the impression that the color television Sir George has been seeing here, on a set installed in his hotel bedroom, has convinced him that while it is a most promising technical refinement and one that England and all other civilized countries are bound to come to sooner or later, nevertheless . . . "Extraordinary to think of how much skill and money are being expended in this country on a marvel that the public, so far as one can tell, is perfectly content to be without," he said. "At home, still more markedly, people have not yet got over their delight at having television in black-and-white, and if they look forward to anything, it is to larger screens and a choice of programs." Most English screens are in the twelve-to-fourteen-inch range, Sir George said, and the B.B.C. has but one television channel, over which it broadcasts six hours a day. At the moment, there are 3,750,000 television sets in operation in Great Britain, and new sets are being installed at the rate of twenty-five hundred a day. (In this country, it is estimated, there are 32,073,000 sets in operation.) A set owner pays the B.B.C. a television-and-radio license fee of three pounds a year. (The fee for radio alone is one pound.) Sir George holds that the question of color is largely a question of economics. "When shall we be able to afford it?" he asked. "Surely not until we have seen to it that very nearly the entire country is within reach of our transmitters—a goal we have set for 1956—and surely not until we have provided a second channel—a goal we have set for 1957. The country will then have a choice of three channels, since the Independent Television Authority, the new, commercially sponsored counterpart of B.B.C. Television, plans to be in operation by next autumn."

As for Sir George's *curriculum vitae*, he was born in Surrey ("Very like your Bronxville—Surrey") in 1904, the son of a retired governor of Burma; attended the Royal Naval Colleges at Osborne and Dartmouth, but was obliged to drop out because of eye trouble; attended King's College, Cambridge; returned to Dartmouth to teach; went from there to the Cambridge University Press; and in 1935 went from the Press to the B.B.C. He launched the Third Programme in 1946. "The fun it was!" he said. "We immediately established a reputation for unpunctuality. *We* didn't care whether a particular program started or ended at a particular time, and neither, it appeared, did our listeners. We thought we would be lucky to attract two or three per cent of the total possible radio audience, and that's what the Third Programme has done. The very first thing we put on was Bach's Goldberg Variations—a solid hour of harpsichord. Between programs, we used what we called buffers. Buffers, *not duffers*. Henry James was one of our buffers. We got Desmond MacCarthy to choose selections from James's 'Portraits of Places,' and whenever we had a few minutes to spare, the announcer would read from the Master. We covered a good deal of ground in my day on the Third, from a dramatization of 'The Canterbury Tales' to Sartre's 'Huis Clos.' " Not the least interesting thing about Sir George, who was made Director of B.B.C. Television in 1950, is the name of his country place, which sounds as if it had come straight out of vintage James. It is Prawls, in the village of Stone cum Ebony, near Tenterden, Kent.

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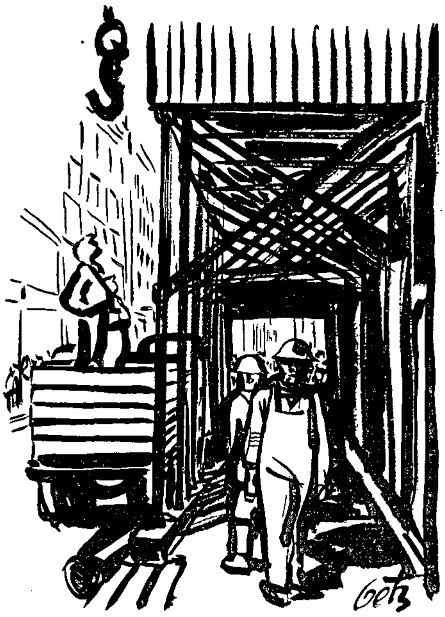
OVERHEARD in a box-office line at the Winter Garden, one thirtyish-looking man to another: "The trouble with my wife is that she's never understood that I'm very sophisticated."

Merged

WE went to a stockholders' meeting of the Corn Exchange Bank Trust Company the other morning, because a Wall Street friend had tipped us off that it promised to be of more than routine interest. It had been called so that the stockholders could vote on the largest bank merger in the history of New York City—that of the Corn Exchange with the Chemical Bank & Trust Co., a step already approved by the directors of both concerns. As of June 30th last, the Corn had deposits of $774,796,287.08 and capital funds of $52,315,472.34; the Chemical, deposits of $1,747,677,895.74 and capital funds of $133,705,732.41. A similar meeting was being held by the Chemical at the same time. So much for background.

Well, we found ourself in a large room at 13 William Street, where some eighty red-leather-seated folding chairs out of approximately a hundred and fifty were occupied by an assortment of ladies and gentlemen. The ladies were mostly well along in years; the men, many of whom were conversing with one another, mostly had very deep voices. A thin-lipped, dignified man in a dark suit—Mr. Dunham B. Sherer, Corn's seventy-seven-year-old board chairman—entered the room, shook hands with several stockholders, and sat down at a table at the front of the room, where he was flanked by John R. McWilliam, the bank's president, and Ford Wright, its secretary. A smaller table at their left was populated by three young men in dark suits, who had a great pile of proxies in front of them. Two of them were the tellers for the meeting and the other was the recorder. Don't ask us how we found all this out. Just trust us.



"Lots of chairs in here, but not many stockholders," Mr. Sherer said genially, and waited for noon, when the meeting was scheduled to open.

Our old friend Mrs. Wilma Soss, president of the Federation of Women Shareholders in American Business, who, by no coincidence, was sitting next to us (we had spotted her and deliberately planted ourself at her knowledgeable side), jumped up and shook hands with Mr. Sherer. "It's my duty, you know," we heard her say as she turned to come back to her seat. Mr. Sherer gave her a bland, bankerish look.

"I'm voting against the merger, because they're delisting the new company from the Stock Exchange," Mrs. Soss said to us. "They should have notified the stockholders. They should have mentioned it in the proxy statement. It's a legal point."

Noon struck, and Mr. Sherer asked Mr. Wright to state the purpose of the meeting, which he did.

"I rise to a point of order," said Mrs. Soss, rising to a point of order. She announced that two of the stockholders whose proxies she held were also stockholders in the Chemical. "Why did the Corn and the Chemical hold meetings at the same time?" she asked.

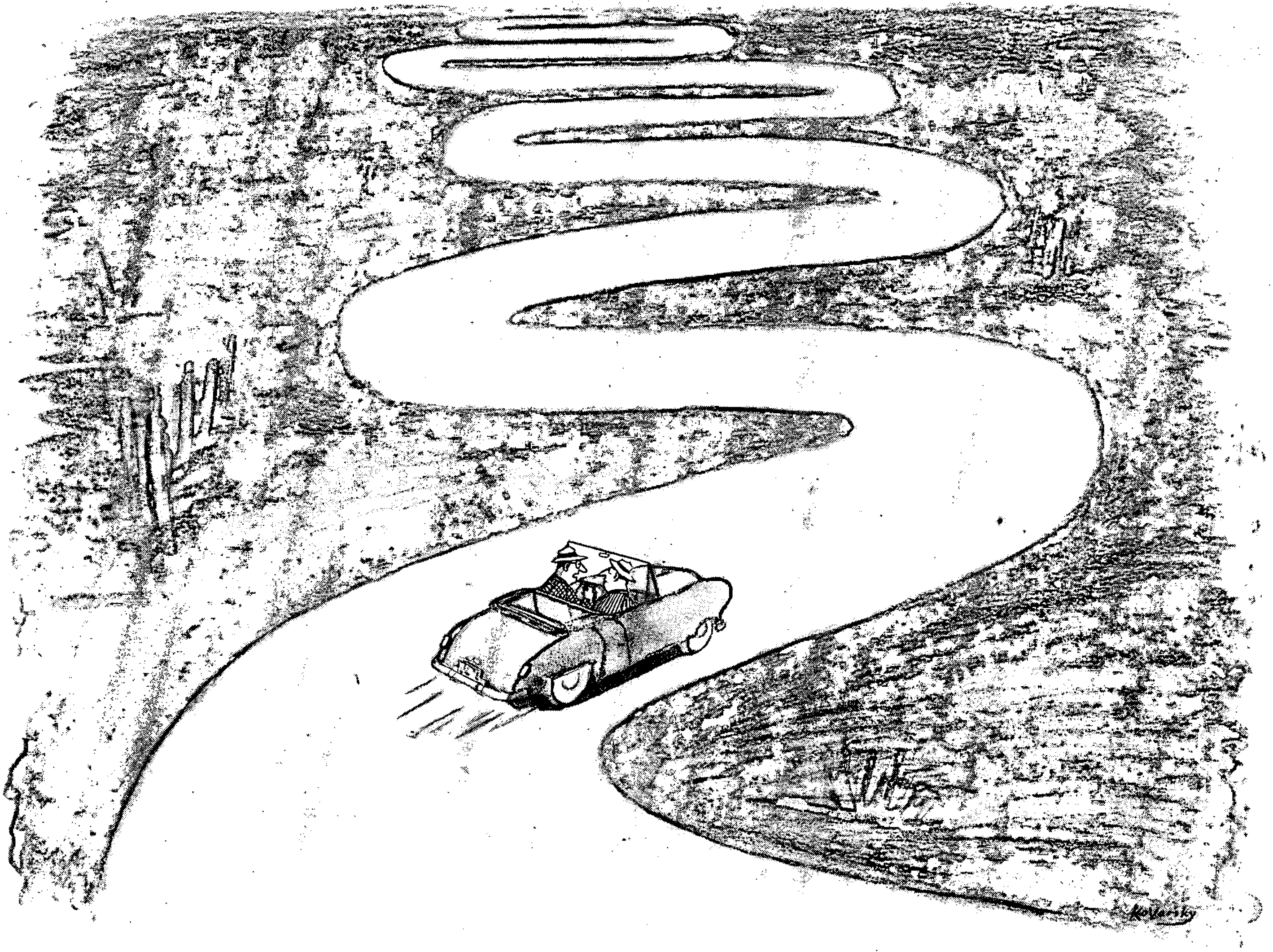
Mr. Sherer said he didn't know.

"My two stockholders feel somewhat disenfranchised," said Mrs. Soss.

Mr. Sherer asked for a motion to approve the merger.

Before anyone had a chance to make this motion, Mrs. Soss rose to another point of order and asked whether all the directors were present. "I think we'd like to meet them. It's always a pleasure to meet them," she said sweetly.

Mr. Sherer asked the directors to



"It wouldn't surprise me a bit to learn that there was graft connected with this highway."

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stand up, and as they did, in various parts of the room, he gave their names—five or six men and one woman, who was carrying a cane. Three or four of them smiled wryly at Mrs. Soss.

"Why, in the proposed merger, is there no woman on the board?" Mrs. Soss asked, and got no reply.

An enormous man in the front row, who had a white carnation in his buttonhole and an enormous cigar in his right hand, stood up and said he was Harry A. Kahn, of the Grand Concourse. "I want to discuss with my fellow-stockholders what this deal is about," he went on, brandishing his cigar at Mr. Sherer. "It seems to me this is only a camouflage, so to speak. The Corn Exchange's capital funds, listed on the proxy statement as fifty-two million dollars, are close to a hundred million."

Mr. Sherer's lips grew thinner.

Mr. Kahn, at what we think *must* have been the top of his voice, delivered a long speech against the merger, in the course of which he characterized Mr. N. Baxter Jackson, chairman of the board of the Chemical, as "a very shrewd cookie."

"You are entirely out of order," Mr. Sherer said. He tried to go on, but Mr. Kahn interrupted him.

"The sale of the Corn to the Chemical is for the benefit of only a few stockholders," Mr. Kahn said, in part.

"I don't think merging is selling," said a large lady in brown in the second row.

Mr. Sherer looked at her gratefully. "You're absolutely right," he said.

Mr. Kahn stared at the lady in brown.

Mr. Kenneth M. Spence, a tall, white-haired man, who is the Corn Exchange's lawyer, moved that the merger be approved, and the motion was seconded by several people.

"I'm Thomas V. Brosnahan, a stockholder," a man then said. "Why will the new company not be listed on the Stock Exchange, as the Corn Exchange was?"

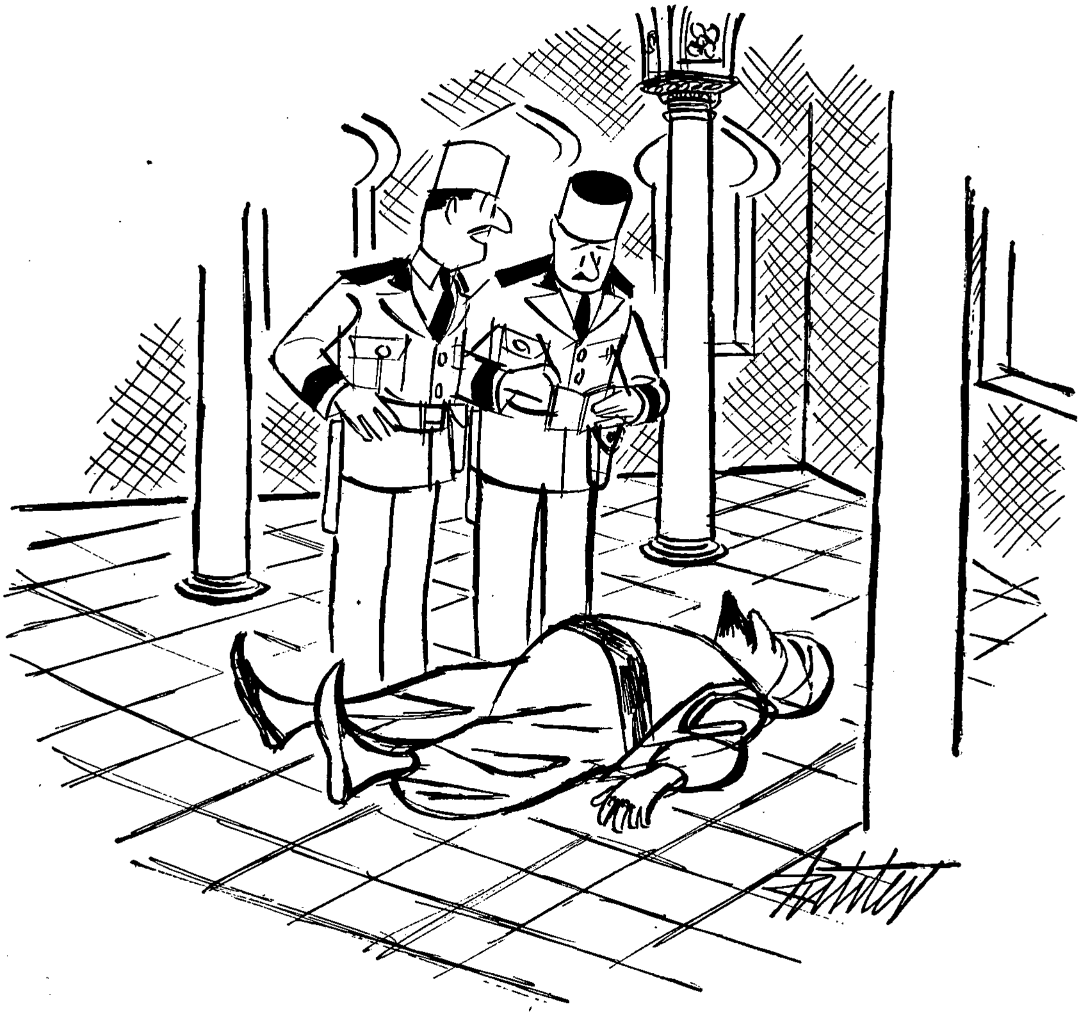
"I do not expect the Chemical Corn Exchange Bank stock will be listed," Mr. Sherer said. "Some people think it's good for a bank to be listed, others don't. The Corn Exchange is the only commercial bank listed at the present time."

"Corn has seventy-eight branches, Chemical has eighteen," Mr. Brosnahan said. "Why has Chemical greater deposits?"

"Our business is local," Mr. Sherer said. "Chemical's is nationwide. The businesses complement each other."

"We have a dissenter's right of appraisal in our bank," Mrs. Soss said, "but in the Chemical you don't, and in the merged bank you won't. We are moving into a delisted situation, which means the stockholders won't be able to ask the same questions they are asking here."

Mr. Sherer looked as though this



"Cherchez les femmes."

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would be heaven, Mrs. Soss moved that the meeting be adjourned until the Chemical's bylaws were produced, a Mrs. Leonore Z. Vreeland seconded the motion, Mr. Spence said his motion to merge took precedence, Mrs. Soss said it didn't, Mr. Kahn jumped up, and a stockholder from Hoboken told him to sit down.

"I'm a fighting man, my dear man," Mr. Kahn said to the Hoboken stockholder. "The Corn Exchange hasn't got the live manpower it should have. It's an old-fashioned bank, without streamlining."

Mr. Sherer smiled an old-fashioned smile.

"Parliamentary law!" Mrs. Soss shouted. "A motion for adjournment has precedence over every other motion!"

Mr. Sherer said that a motion for adjournment had been made and seconded, and asked for a proxy vote.

"I have proxies for five hundred and sixty thousand votes," Mr. Spence said meaningfully.

"Proxies have no right to vote on an adjournment motion," Mr. Kahn said.

"You are not disenfranchising us, are you, Mr. Chairman?" Mrs. Soss said quietly.

Mr. Sherer called for a rising vote, and asked for the ayes.

Mr. Spence stood up, by mistake, and hastily sat down. (Laughter.) Mrs. Soss, Mr. Kahn, and three others stood up. Mr. Sherer asked for the nays, and all the other stockholders stood up.

The motion for adjournment having been defeated, one of the tellers passed around voting blanks on the motion to merge, and then collected them.

While the tellers were counting the votes, Mrs. Soss said, "Mr. Chairman, we were talking about the delisting."

"How long have you been admitted to the bar?" Mr. Spence said to Mrs. Soss.

"I would like to remind the gentleman that he is our employee, and we pay him his salary," Mrs. Soss said with dignity. A bit later, she said, "I wish it to be spread on the record that there is no stenotypist here. How can the meeting be properly covered? Mr. Robert Drysdale is one of our directors. Will Mr. Drysdale be with us at Chemical?"

Mr. Sherer said he would.

"Mr. Drysdale is a stockbroker," Mrs. Soss said. "Stockbroker directors are obliged by law to protect the interests of stockholders in their companies. Did Mr. Drysdale speak out for the stockholders? What did Mr. Drysdale think of the merger?"

Mr. Drysdale, one of the directors who had been introduced to Mrs. Soss, and had smiled wryly earlier in the day, got up, without a smile. "I thoroughly believe in the merger," he said.

One of the tellers now rose to report 565,099 votes in favor of the merger and 2,983 against. "Or, to put it another way," he said, smiling at Mrs. Soss, "seventy-five and thirty-three-hundredths per cent in favor, and thirty-nine-hundredths of one per cent against."

There was scattered applause, and Mr. Sherer smiled, for the second time since noon. It was now a quarter past one. "Merger approved," he said.

We glanced at the *Times*' financial section the next day and learned that the Chemical meeting had also confirmed the merger. The *Times* didn't have a damn thing about Mrs. Soss and Mr. Kahn or any of the rest, which shows how easy it is for human nature to go unsung.

Seasoned Traveller

HOME is where you hang your hat, necessity is the mother of invention, and surprises abound underground. During the morning rush hour the other day, a well-turned-out man, sporting a black homburg, boarded a West Side I.R.T. express at 110th Street. Taking a firm stance in front of a row of seated passengers, he withdrew from his pocket a small hook attached to a suction cup, fastened this to the car window in front of him, and hung his hat on it, about six inches over the head of a seated lady, who looked astonished. At Times Square, he retrieved his hat, replaced the hook in his pocket, smiled at one and all, and departed.

FRIENDS FROM PHILADELPHIA

IT was close to five-thirty when he rang the Lutzes' doorbell. In the moment before the door was opened to him, he glimpsed a thigh below the half-drawn shade. Thelma was home, then. She was wearing the Camp Winniwoho T shirt and her quite short shorts.

"Why, my goodness—Janny!" she cried. She pronounced his name, John, to rhyme with Ann. During the summer vacation she had visited in New York City, and she tried to talk the way she thought people talked there. "What on earth ever brings you to me at this odd hour?"

"Hello, Thel," he said. "I hope— I guess this is a pretty bad time." She had been plucking her eyebrows again. He wished she wouldn't do that.

Thelma extended her arm and touched the base of his neck with the tips of her fingers. It wasn't a fond gesture—just a hostesslike one. "Now, Janny. You know that I—my mother and I—are always happy to be seeing you. Mother, who do you ever guess is here at this odd hour?"

"Don't keep John standing there," Mrs. Lutz said. She was settled in the deep, red settee, watching television and smoking. A coffee cup being used as an ashtray lay in her lap, and her dress was hitched so her knees showed.

"Hello, Mrs. Lutz," John said, trying not to look at her broad, pale knees. "I really hate to bother you at this odd hour."

"I don't see anything odd about it." She took a deep drag on her cigarette and exhaled through her nostrils. "Some of the other kids were here earlier this afternoon."

"I would have come in if anybody had told me."

Thelma said, "Oh, Janny! Stop trying to make a martyr of yourself. Keep in touch, they say, if you want to keep up."

He felt his face grow hot and knew he was blushing, and this made him blush all the more.

Mrs. Lutz shook a wrinkled pack of Herbert Tareytons at him. "Smoke?" she said.

"I guess not, thanks a lot."

"You've stopped? It's a bad habit. I wish I had stopped at your age. I'm not sure I even *begun* at your age."

"No, it's just that I have to go home soon, and my mother would smell the smoke on my breath. She can smell it even through chewing gum."

"Why must you go home soon?" Thelma asked.

Mrs. Lutz sniffled. "I have sinus. I can't even smell the flowers in the garden or the food on the table any more. Let the kids smoke if they want, if it makes them feel better. I don't care. My Thelma, she can smoke right in her own home, her own living room, if she wants to. But she doesn't seem to have the taste for it. I'm just as glad, to tell the truth."

John hated interrupting, but he was worried about the time. "I have a problem," he said.

"A problem—how gruesome," Thelma said. "And here I thought, Mother, I was being favored with a social call."

"Don't talk like that," Mrs. Lutz said.

"It's sort of complex," John began.

"Then let me turn this off," Mrs. Lutz said, snapping the right knob on the television set.

"Oh, Mother, and I was listening to it!" Thelma toppled into a chair, her legs flashing. John thought she was delicious when she pouted.

Mrs. Lutz ignored her daughter. She had set herself to give sympathy. Her lap was broadened and her hands were laid palms upward in it.

"It's not much of a problem," John assured her. "But we're having some people up from Philadelphia." He turned to Thelma and added, "If anything is going on tonight, I can't get out."

"Life is just too, too full of disappointments," Thelma said.

"Look—is there?"

"Too, too full," Thelma said.

Mrs. Lutz made fluttery motions out of her lap. "These Philadelphia people."

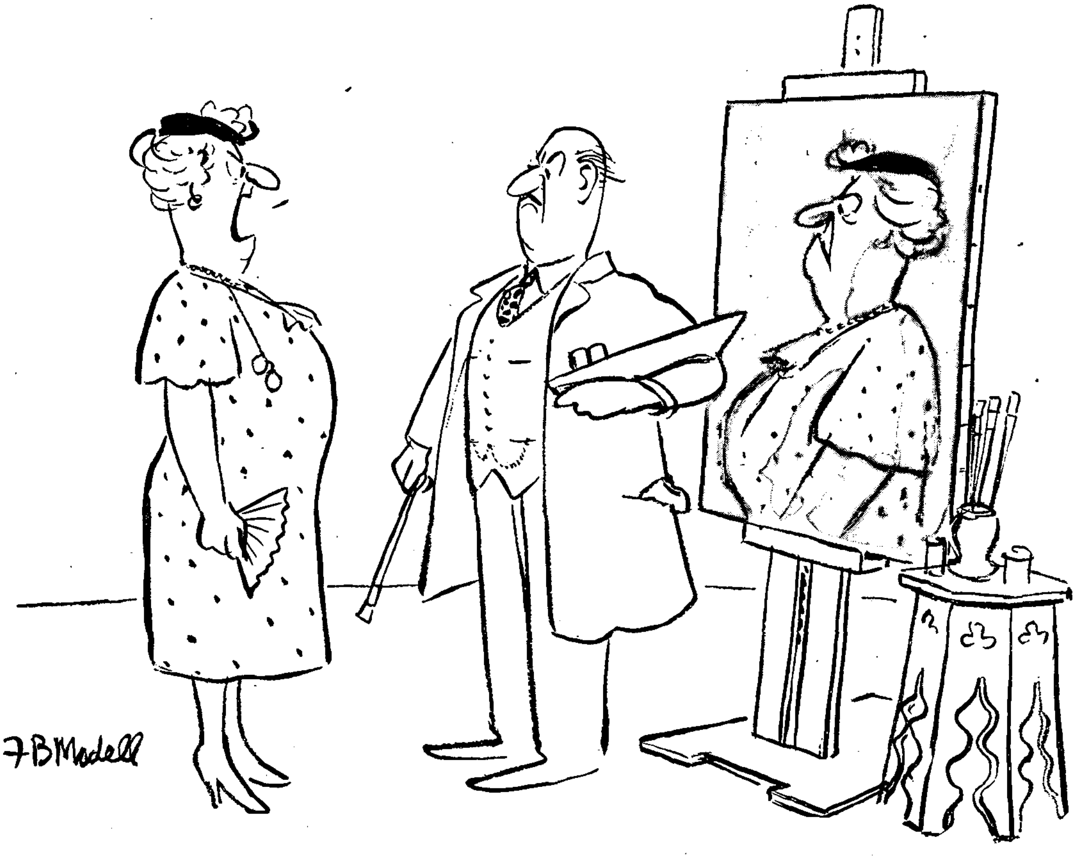
John said, "Maybe I shouldn't bother you about this." He waited, but she just looked more and more patient, so he went on. "My mother wants to give them wine, and my father isn't home from school yet. He might not get home before the liquor store closes. It's at six, isn't it? My mother's busy cleaning, so I walked in to the liquor store."

"She made you walk the whole mile? Poor thing, can't you drive?" Mrs. Lutz asked.

"*Sure* I can drive. But I'm not sixteen yet."

"You look a lot taller than sixteen," Mrs. Lutz said.

John looked at Thelma to see how she took that one, but Thelma was



"Well, then, why didn't you ask me to look pleasant?"

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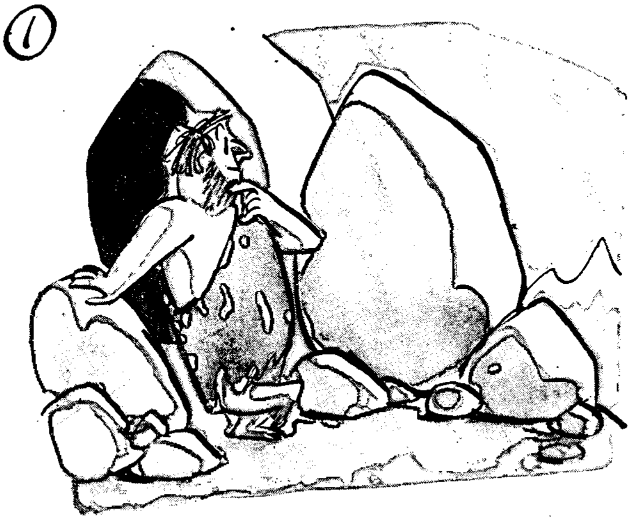

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pretending to read a rental-library novel wrapped in cellophane.

"I walked all the way in to the liquor store," John told Mrs. Lutz, "but they wouldn't give me anything without written permission. It was a new man."

"Your sorrow has rent me in twain," Thelma said, as if she were reading it from the book.

"Pay no attention, Johnny," Mrs. Lutz said. "Frank will be home any time. Why not wait until he comes and let him run you down to the liquor store?"

"That sounds wonderful. Thanks an awful lot, really."

Mrs. Lutz's hand descended upon the television knob. Some smiling man was playing the piano. John didn't know who he was; there wasn't any television at his house. They watched in silence until they heard the sound of heavy footsteps outside on the porch. The empty milk bottles tinkled. "Now, don't be surprised if he has a bit of a load on," Mrs. Lutz said.

Actually, Mr. Lutz didn't act at all drunk, John thought. He was like a happy husband in the movies. He called Thelma his little pookie-pie and kissed her on the forehead; then he called his wife his big pookie-pie and kissed her on the mouth. Then he solemnly shook John's hand and told him how very, very happy he was to see him here and asked after his parents. "Is that goon still on television?" he said finally.

"Daddy, please pay attention to somebody else," Thelma said, turning off the television set. "Janny wants to talk to you."

"And *I* want to talk to *Johnny*," Thelma's father said. He spread his arms suddenly, clenching and unclenching his fists. He was a big man, with shaved gray hair above his tiny ears.

⑤

John couldn't think of how to begin.

Mrs. Lutz explained the errand. When she was through, Mr. Lutz said, "People from Philadelphia. I bet their name isn't William L. Trexler, is it?"

"No. I forget their name, but it's not that. The man is an engineer. The woman went to college with my mother."

"Oh. College people. Then we must get them something very, very nice, I should say."

"Daddy," Thelma said. "*Please.* The store will close."

"Tessie, you hear John. People from college. People with diplomas. And it is very nearly closing time, and who isn't on their way?" He took John's shoulder in one hand and Thelma's arm in the other and hustled them through the door. "We'll be back in one minute, Mama," he said.

Mrs. Lutz followed them out onto the porch. "Drive carefully," she said.

Mr. Lutz's huge blue Buick was parked in front of the house. "I never went to college," he said as they started down the steps, "yet I buy a new car whenever I want." His tone wasn't nasty but soft and full of wonder.

"Oh, Daddy, not *this* again," Thelma said, shaking her head at John, so he could understand all she had to go through.

When she looks like that, John thought, I could bite her lip until it bleeds.

"Ever driven this kind of car, John?" Mr. Lutz asked as they reached the curb.

"No. The only thing I can drive is my parents' Plymouth, and that not very well."

"What year car is it?"

"I don't know exactly." John knew perfectly well it was a 1947 model. "We got it long after the war. It has gear shift. This is automatic, isn't it?"

"Automatic shift, fluid transmission, directional lights—the works," Mr. Lutz said. "Now, isn't it funny, John? Here is your father, an educated man, with an old Plymouth, yet at the same time I, who never read more than twenty, thirty books in my life . . . It doesn't seem as if there's justice." He slapped the fender, bent over to get into the car, straightened up abruptly, and said, "Do you want to drive it?"

John opened his mouth to answer, and no sound came out of it.

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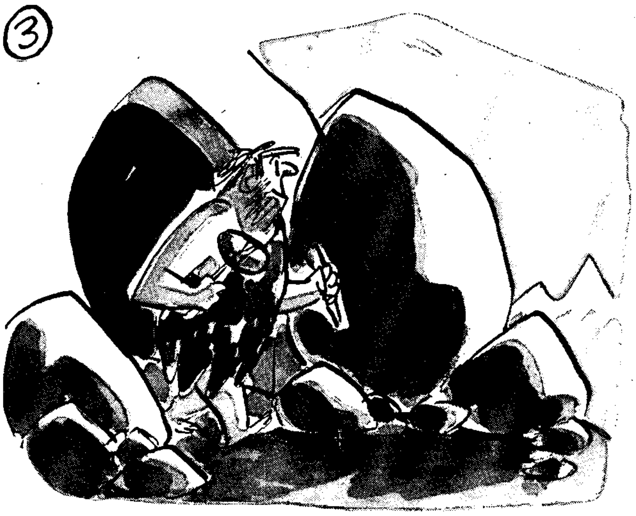

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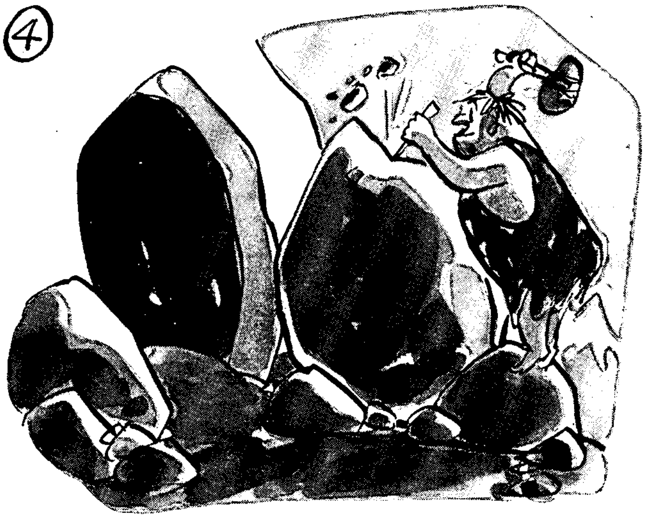

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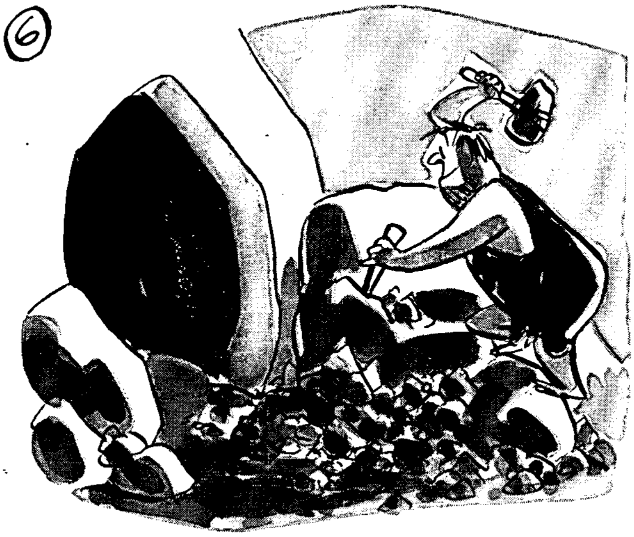

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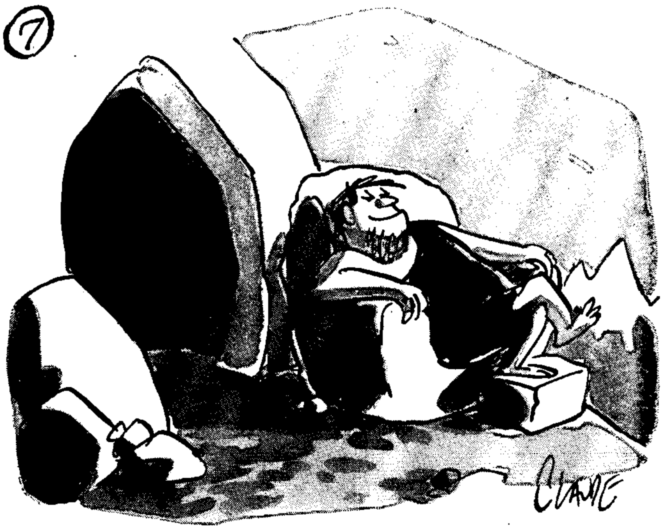


Thelma said, "Daddy's asking you something."

"I don't know how," John said.

"It's very easy to learn, very easy. You just slide in there. Come on, it's getting late." John got in on the driver's side. He peered out through the windshield—the hood looked wide as a boat.

Mr. Lutz told him to grip the little lever behind the steering wheel. "You pull it toward you like *that*—that's it—and fit it into one of these notches. 'P' stands for 'parking'—I hardly ever use that one. 'N,' that's 'neutral,' like on the car you have. 'D' means 'drive'—just put it in there and the car does all the work for you. You are using that one ninety-nine per cent of the time. 'L' is 'low,' for very steep hills, going up or down. And 'R' stands for—what?"

" 'Reverse,' " John said.

"Very, very good. Tessie, he's a smart boy. He'll never own a new car. And when you put them all together, you can remember their order by the sentence Paint No Dimes Light Red. I thought that up when I was teaching my oldest girl how to drive."

"Paint No Dimes Light Red," John said.

"Excellent. Now, let's go."

A bubble was developing in John's stomach. "What gear do you want it in to start?" he asked Mr. Lutz.

Mr. Lutz must not have heard him, because all he said was "Let's go" again, and he drummed on the dashboard with his fingertips. They were thick, square fingers.

Thelma leaned up from the back seat. Her cheek almost touched John's ear. She whispered "Put it at 'D.' "

He did; then he looked for the starter. "How does he start it?" he asked Thelma.

"I never watch him," she said. "There was a button in the last car, but I don't see it in this one."

Staring straight ahead and smiling, Mr. Lutz sang out, "Push on the pedal and away we go. And ah, ah, way we go."

"Just step on the gas," Thelma suggested. John pushed down firmly, to keep his leg from trembling. The motor roared, and the car bounded away from the curb. Within a block, though, he could manage the car pretty well.

"It rides like a boat on smooth water," he told his two passengers. The metaphor pleased him.

Mr. Lutz squinted ahead. "Like a what?"

"Like a boat."

"Don't go so fast," Thelma said.

"The motor's so quiet," John explained. "Like a sleeping cat."

Without warning, a truck pulled out of a side street. Mr. Lutz, trying to brake, stamped his foot on the empty floor in front of him. John could hardly keep from laughing. "I see him," he said, easing his speed so that the truck had just enough room to make its turn. "Those trucks think they own the road." He let one hand slide away from the steering wheel. One-handed, he whipped around a bus. "What'll she do on the open road?"

"That's a good question, John," Mr. Lutz said. "And I don't know the answer. Eighty, maybe."

"The speedometer goes up to a hundred and twenty," Thelma said.

Another pause; nobody seemed to be in a mood for talking.

John said, "Hell. A baby could drive one of these."

"For instance, you," Thelma said. That meant she had noticed how well he was driving.

THERE were a lot of cars in front of the liquor store, and John saw that he would have to double-park the big Buick.

"That's close enough, close enough," Mr. Lutz said. "Don't get any closer—whoa!" He was out of the car before John could bring it to a complete stop. "You and Tessie wait here," he said. "I'll go in for the liquor."

"Mr. Lutz. Say, Mr. Lutz," John called.

"Daddy!" Thelma shouted.

Mr. Lutz returned. "What is it, boys and girls?"

"Here's the money they gave me." John pulled two wadded dollars from the change pocket of his dungarees. "My mother said to get something inexpensive but nice."

"Inexpensive but nice?" Mr. Lutz repeated.

"She said something about California sherry."

"What did she say about it? To get it? Or not to?"

"I guess to get it."

"You guess." Mr. Lutz shoved himself away from the car and walked backward toward the store as he talked. "You and Tessie wait in the car. Don't go off somewhere. It's getting late. I'll only be one minute."

John leaned back in his seat and gracefully rested one hand at the top of the steering wheel. "I like your father."

"You don't know how he acts to Mother," Thelma said.

John studied the clean line under his wrist and thumb. He flexed his wrist and watched the neat little muscles move in his forearm. "You know what I need?" he said. "A wristwatch."

"Oh, Jan," Thelma said. "Stop admiring your own hand. It's really disgusting."

A ghost of a smile flickered over his lips, but he let his strong, nervous fingers remain as they were on the steering wheel. "I'd sell my soul for a drag right now."

"Daddy keeps a pack in the glove compartment," Thelma said. "I'd get them if my fingernails weren't so long."

"*I'll* get it open," John said. He did. They fished one cigarette out of the old pack they found, and took alternate puffs. "Ah," John said, "that first drag of the day, clawing and scraping its way down your throat."

"Be on the lookout for Daddy. They hate my smoking."

"Thelma."

"Yes?" She stared deep into his eyes, her face half hidden in blue shadow.

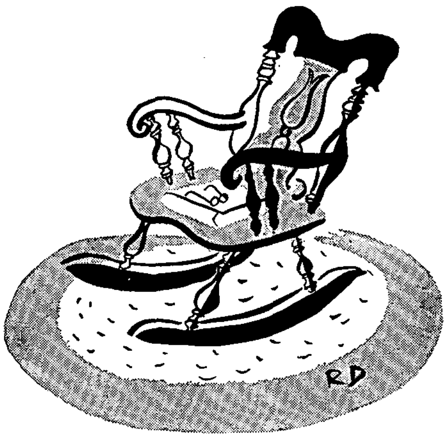
"Don't pluck your eyebrows."

"I think it looks nice."

"It's like calling me 'Jan.'" There was a silence—not awkward, a comfortable silence.

"Get rid of the rette, Jan. Daddy just passed the window."

When Mr. Lutz came out of the liquor store he was in a soberer mood. "Here you be, John," he said in a businesslike way, and handed John a wine bottle with a red foil cap. "Better let me drive. You drive like a veteran, but I know the roads."



"I can walk from your house, Mr. Lutz," John said, knowing Mr. Lutz wouldn't make him walk. "Thanks an awful lot for all you've done."

"I'll drive you up. Philadelphians can't be kept waiting. We can't make this young man walk a mile—now, can we, Tessie?"

Nobody knew what to say after this last remark, so they kept quiet all the way, although several things were bothering John.

When the car stopped in front of his house, he forced himself to ask, "Say, Mr. Lutz. I wonder if there was any change?"

"What? Oh. I nearly forgot. You'll have your Dad thinking I'm a crook." He reached into his pocket and without looking handed John a dollar, a quarter, and a penny.

"This seems like a lot," John said. The wine must be cheap. Maybe he should have let his mother buy it, like she had wanted to.

"It's your change," Mr. Lutz said.

"Well, thanks an awful lot."

"Goodbye now," Mr. Lutz said.

"So long." John slammed the door. "Goodbye, Thelma. Don't forget what I told you." He winked.

The car pulled out, and John walked up the path. "Don't forget what I told you," he repeated to himself, winking. The bottle was cool and heavy in his hand. He glanced at the label, which read "Château Mouton-Rothschild 1937."

—JOHN UPDIKE

ON ALLHALLOWS EVE

Under a mauve fluorescence, wired
With stars of fall, you skulk by cats
That crouch and crones that screech
Hoo-hoo on stoops. From roofs of flats,

Bird-gallowed with the video tree,
Sly Scorpio flirts his tail down stairs,
Down rails, down curbs, unroosts a twittering
Clutch of children—kids like tares

Flop-hatted, clog-shod Satan sowed,
Slouching across the city. They beg
For pennies, pipe Hee-hee, and flit
Away, their dancing flicks of leg

An *ignis fatuus* hurrying you
Past midnight Hallowmas to blue
Of undreamt mornings where the white
Cock on the gibbet crows Halloo!

—SHELDON FLORY

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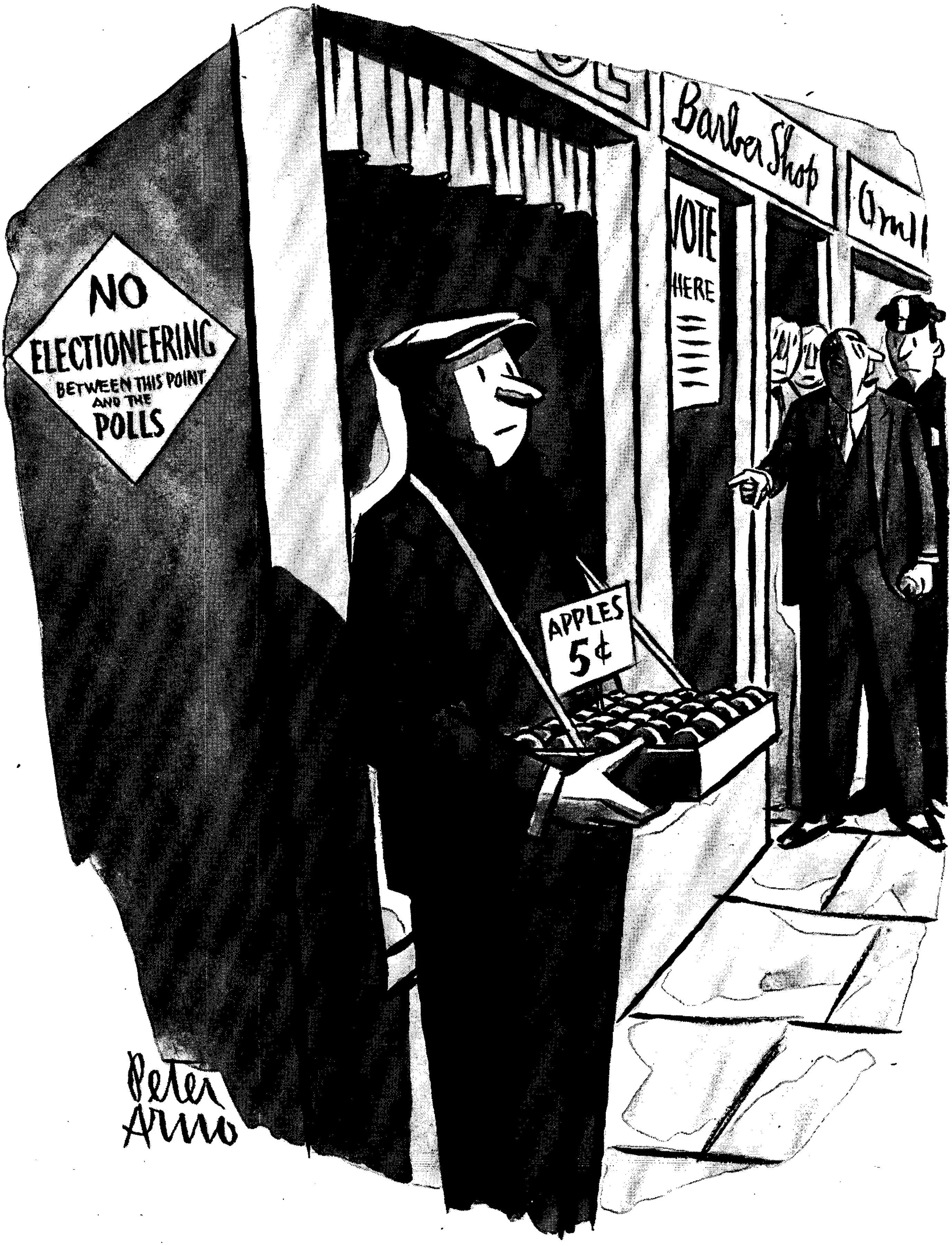

NO ELECTIONEERING BETWEEN THIS POINT AND THE POLLS
Barber Shop
Grill
VOTE HERE
APPLES 5¢
Peter Arno

"Don't tell me he's not electioneering."

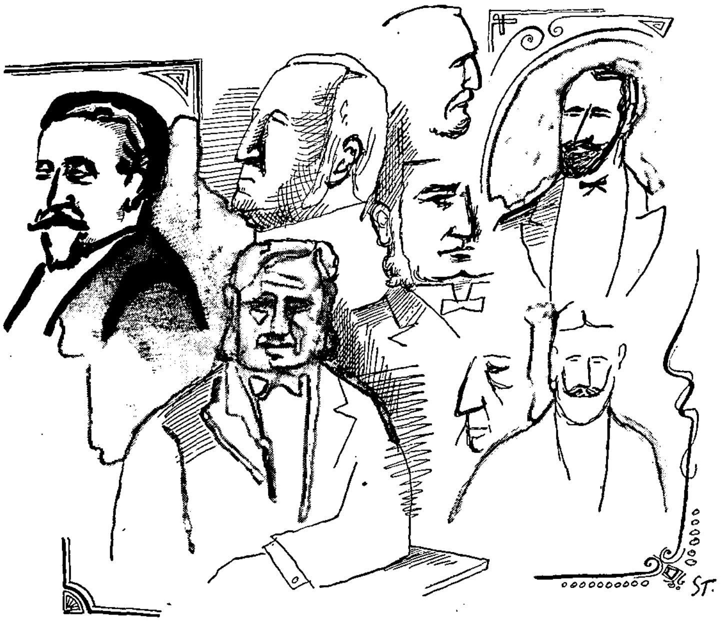
SORTING OUT THE SELIGMANS

OR—ALAS, THE GAZEBO!

SOME time ago, in the course of a treatise on the Guggenheims, I had occasion to mention the Seligmans, a family of bankers, one of whose daughters, Florette, married an ill-fated Guggenheim, Benjamin, who went down on the Titanic. This daughter's daughter, Peggy Guggenheim, wrote a book of memoirs, entitled "Out of This Century," in which she said:

> My grandfather, Mr. Seligman, came to America in steerage, with forty dollars in his pocket, and contracted smallpox on board ship. He began his fortune by being a roof shingler and later by making uniforms for the Union Army in the Civil War. Later he became a renowned banker. . . . Socially he got way beyond my other grandfather, Mr. Guggenheim. . . . Mr. Guggenheim far surpassed Mr. Seligman in amassing an enormous fortune and buying up most of the copper mines of the world, but he never succeeded in attaining Mr. Seligman's social distinction. In fact, when my mother married Benjamin Guggenheim, the Seligmans considered it a mésalliance. . . .
>
> By the time I was born, the Seligmans and the Guggenheims were extremely rich. At least, the Guggenheims were, and the Seligmans hadn't done so badly. My grandfather, James Seligman, was a very modest man who refused to spend money on himself and underfed his trained nurse. He lived sparsely and gave everything to his children and grandchildren. . . . Most of his children were peculiar.

I have been thinking about James and the rest of the Seligmans off and on ever since I read what Peggy wrote. This is not an easy thing to do with any degree of neatness, as there are, or have been, so many Seligmans, and so many with the same first name—in the course of boning up on this family I have run across six Davids, four Josephs, four Walters, three Isaacs, three Jameses, three Jesses, two Abrahams, two Henrys, and two Reginalds, and I may have missed a few—that the mind tends to boggle, and may end up by rejecting them altogether and settling on someone belonging to an entirely different crew, such as the double-"n" Kurt Seligmann, a Surrealist painter who wrote "Protubérances Cardiaques," which I must confess I have never read, or even leafed through, or Germain Seligman, one of the Paris and New York art-gallery Seligmans, whose books include "The Drawings of Georges Seurat" and "Oh! Fickle Taste." I think I will lay it down as a principle that in this study the names Seligman and Guggenheim, unless otherwise qualified, will refer exclusively to the relatives of James and Benjamin. Not only is Kurt a non-Seligman Seligmann but his mother, who was a Miss Guggenheim, was a non-Guggenheim Guggenheim. I am sorry to open on this note of confusion, but things are going to get much worse. Germain, like Kurt, was born a double-"n" Seligman but later switched to a single "n." His firm, founded by his father, is Jacques Seligmann & Co., and he lists himself under both spellings in the phone book, but in private life he is a single-"n"er. Talk about Shakespeare, Shakespere, Shakspere, Shakspunks, and all that jungle of spellings! This in-again, out-again second-"n" business seems to me far more annoying. Look at the people who own the Liebmann Breweries. Alfred Liebmann is a double-"n" Liebmann; his brother Julius is a single-"n" Liebman. The Seligmans I have been boning up on and trying to think about have exhibited a more helpful orthographical solidarity. They also used to spell their surname in a variety of ways—Seligmann, Seeligmann, Seeligman, and Seligman, if their seventeenth- and eighteenth-century tombstones in Bavaria can be believed—but by the time they came to this country they had settled on the present spelling.

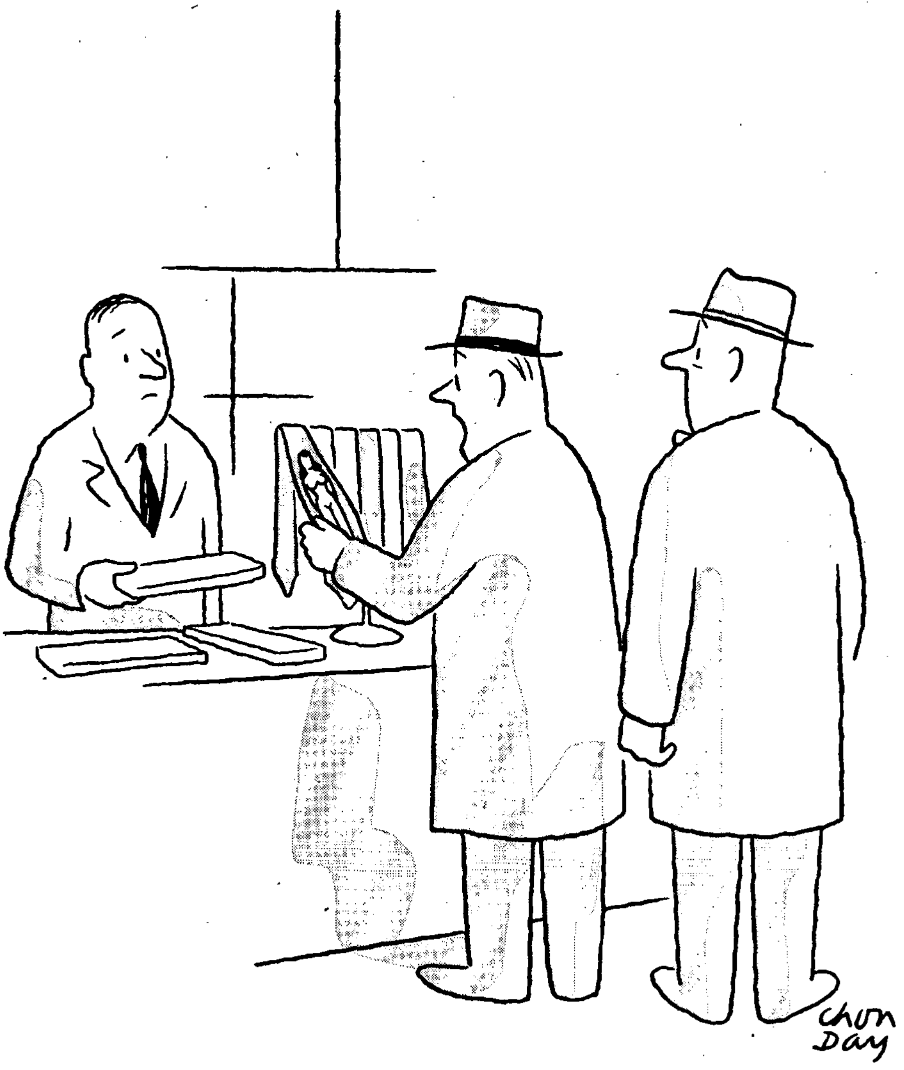


The Eight Seligman Brothers

Twelve Seligmans, aged from three to fifty-three, came here from Baiersdorf, Bavaria, between 1837 and 1843. One was the father of the eleven others—three girls and eight boys. All the brothers, after larval stages in the lace, linen, embroidery, hides, cigar, roof-shingling, peddling, or small shopkeeping business, emerged, if you will indulge me in a three-tiered lepidopterous figure, from the chrysalis of wholesale-clothing and Civil War-uniform manufacturing as the *Attacus edwardsi*, if not the Atlas moths, of merchant banking. The Atlas moth is the biggest moth in the world, with a wingspread of up to eleven inches, and the Edwardsi, its cousin, is almost as large. You can order Edwardsi cocoons, at fifty cents apiece, from the Himalayan Butterfly Company, of Shillong, Khasi Hills, India, and raise the moths yourself, but it takes a certain amount of planning, since, by virtue of the Insect Pest Act of 1905, you have to get import permits from the United States Department of Agriculture's Division of Foreign Plant Quarantines, and the Division is sometimes a little slow in answering its mail. Or at least it used to be under the Democrats, who were in charge of incoming cocoons the last time I put in for a batch. I suppose it's different now. Another thing. The mortality rate of these cocoons—or, more precisely, of the pupae inside them—is terrific. Some of them hatch on the way over, if it gets warm in the boxes they're packed in, and the moths then suffocate. They wouldn't be any good anyway, because they have no room to dry their wings. It's a pitiful sight. Moreover, some of the rest are infested with parasites, and instead of getting a gorgeous insect you get something that looks like a tsetse fly. I don't know whether the Department of Agriculture knows about this or not. Even when you get a non-suffocated, non-parasitized Edwardsi, you can't be sure the damn thing will dry its wings properly. The upper wings generally dry out O.K., but the lower ones often stay shrivelled and shrunken. I suppose the climate here is different from what it is in Assam, which is where Shillong is. Hobbies are no bed of roses. I sometimes think they are just as apt to age you as keep you young. I am forty-seven, but some mornings, when I look at my cases of aborted, or semi-aborted, Edwardsi, which I keep as novelties, I feel like a badly preserved heterocerist of forty-eight.

Well, as to merchant bankers. Merchant bankers, who have gone out of fashion, specialize in financing foreign trade by allowing the use of their names as drawees on bills of exchange. I got this out of the big Webster. I wasn't satisfied with it, so I consulted a Wall Street man. "Merchant bankers," he said, "lend money, import gold, deal in acceptances, bring out bond and stock issues, and carry deposits." Dealing in acceptances is the same as that drawee business. The eight Seligman brothers did all these things. In their imago stage, they had a wingspread from New York to San Francisco and from London to Paris to Frankfurt am Main, with correspondents in, among other cities, Amsterdam, Antwerp, Brussels, Hamburg, Zurich, and Vienna. Their names, in the order of their births, which took place between 1819 and 1834, were Joseph, William, James, Jesse, Henry, Leopold, Abraham, and Isaac. Some of these they had Anglicized on the way over here; the trip took several weeks, leaving plenty of time for Anglicization. Henry was originally Hermann, William Wolf, James Jacob, Jesse Isaias, and Leopold Lippmann. The brothers were assimilationists, in a restrained sort of way, and several of them named their sons after famous men of the land, or lands, of their adoption, or just after famous men in general. Joseph's sons included George Washington, Edwin Robert Anderson (after Robert Anderson, the defender of Fort Sumter, which fell eleven days before Edwin's birth), Alfred Lincoln (more or less after Abraham Lincoln), and Isaac Newton (after Isaac Newton). William had a David Washington, and James had a Washington, a Jefferson, and a De Witt (after De Witt Clinton, an early-nineteenth-century governor of New York). Joseph, Abraham, Isaac Newton, and Edwin Robert Anderson all had beards. Jefferson had a part-time beard. Leopold, who came here at eleven and moved to London in his thirties, had a Herbert Spencer, who became a brigadier general in the British Army and honorary colonel of the 78th (Lowland) Field Brigade. He would be eighty-two if he were still alive, but he isn't. The twelfth Seligman to come here from Bavaria—David, the father—arrived in 1843. The whole bunch didn't have a million dollars among them, but wait.

David was a woollen-manufacturing-and-sealing-wax Seligman; he had engaged in these businesses in Baiersdorf, not very successfully. By the time he came to America, newly widowed, several of his sons were doing well in their pre-Edwardsi careers, so he took it easy for a couple of years, and then died. His bones are in the Seligman mausoleum in the Salem Fields Cemetery, in Brooklyn, along with those of thirty-eight members of his family. The mausoleum is almost full. For several years, David's children mostly hung around New York, with side excursions, on the part of the brothers, to Pennsylvania, Missouri, Alabama, Louisiana, and California. In the eighteen-sixties, five of the brothers, all of whom had by then evolved into bankers, went to England, France, and Germany, and founded branches there, for good and sufficient reasons. Bankers do not found branches haphazardly. They—and, for that matter, small shopkeepers who have their eye on the ball—don't make side excursions haphazardly, either. Jesse made a side excursion to San Francisco in 1850, a year after the gold rush started, and came back with his pockets bursting. He didn't prospect for gold directly; he ran a store. According to the Dictionary of American Biography, he "showed his good judgment by selecting as his store the only brick building in the town, with the result that his business was the only one which escaped in the fire of May, 1851." The National Cyclopædia of American Biography carries the story one step further. "At the time," it says, "he had on hand an unusually large stock of goods, and was practically in the



"My God, it's Rosie Martin!"

possession of a 'corner' in the clothing market, closing out at last perhaps the most profitable lot of goods ever disposed of in San Francisco." Jesse was a vigilante-and-fireman Seligman. He was captain of Company No. 5 of the San Francisco Vigilantes, and helped arrange for the stringing up of a number of malefactors, and he assisted the Howard Fire Company No. 3 on the night of the fire, and persuaded it to shoot streams of water in the neighborhood of his store.

Now, as to numbers. A Seligman family register, entitled "The Family Register of the Descendants of David Seligman," which was published in 1913 and goes back only far enough to include the sealing-wax David (a German book, "Die Vierteltausendjährige Geschichte der Familie Seligman," published in 1935, takes the group back, a trifle shakily, to 1680), lists two hundred and fifty-five persons, a hundred and sixteen of them named Seligman. Of these, sixty-three are males and fifty-three females. The one hundred and thirty-nine others are distaff-descended Seligmans, and have names like Beer, Walter, Lilienthal, Stettheimer, Wedeles, Lewisohn, Wassermann, Nathan, Rhodé, Mayhirt, Lust, Wilenkin, Warren, Fulda, Lehman, Wolff, and Castiglione. I do not mean to freeze this research at 1913. New Seligmans have, of course, been born since then. What a cast of characters! No wonder it has taken me months to sort them out. And what a treasure-trove for astrologers! Taking them month by month up to 1913, more registered, or Registered, Seligmans were born in March than any other month. The poorest month for Seligman babies was June. Four were born on February 28th, and four on July 24th. There is only one set of twins. Collateral. In the 1913 "Register," whose edition of a hundred copies was snapped up, chiefly by people named Seligman, the oldest living Seligman listed was James, who was then eighty-nine and lived to be ninety-two, and the youngest was Geoffrey C., who was then less than a year old and is now a partner in Seligman Brothers in London. Geoffrey's father, Sir Charles, was also a partner in the firm until his retirement, in 1946. Sir Charles, who will be eighty-five this Sunday, is the only Seligman knight. His father, Isaac, who founded Seligman Brothers, lived to be ninety-three. He was a *crying* Seligman and the Seligman who talked back to Baron Rothschild, as the following passages, culled from his "Reminiscences," privately printed in an edition of twenty-five copies in 1926, will attest:

> From Public School No. 3, I entered the College of the City of New York, then called the Free Academy. . . . I graduated in 1853, and think I am the oldest surviving graduate of the College. I did not really pass the entrance examination, and, when I heard of my failure, I cried; but the Faculty took compassion on me, and allowed me to enter. . . .
>
> Through the great influence which my brother Joseph, as well as brother Jesse, had with the United States Government, we were enabled on August 30th, 1876, to issue in London, in conjunction with Rothschilds and Morgans, a $300,000,000 United States Government 4½% Loan, and on July 12th, 1877, we issued a $700,000,000 United States 4% Loan, together with Rothschilds, Morgans and Morton Rose. Rothschilds arranged the sale of the bonds, and I frequently went to their office to ascertain the progress of the business. One day, when the first United States Loan was being handled by the old Baron Rothschild, I had occasion to call on him at his house—it being Saturday, and the Rothschild office closed—to communicate to him the contents of a telegram received from our New York firm.
>
> The Baron was sitting at a table strewn with documents. He said: "I am a better Jew than you; you go to business on Saturdays; I do not; my office is closed."
>
> I replied: "I think you do more business in this little room on Saturdays than I do during the whole week in my office!"

In addition to Charles, Isaac had three other sons, one of whom, a former chairman of the British Chemical Plant Manufacturers Association, has four names, Richard Joseph Simon Seligman, and a son with four names, Adrian Charles Cuthbert Seligman. I think this is pretty good. Several of the English Seligmans were favored with four names. There's a Spencer Walter Oscar Seligman, a grandson of Leopold, in Seligman Brothers right now. Adrian Charles Cuthbert is a nautical Seligman. He was captain of a corvette in the Second World War, and he once sailed around the world, dropping in at New York, in a three-hundred-ton barkentine manned by a crew of twenty, which he recruited by advertising in the personal column of the London *Times*. I will come back to some other English Seligmans later, but at this point I want to go on with James. The trouble with a treatise involving such a large personnel as this is that you are tempted to shoot off in various directions, running the risk of losing some characters on the way. Tolstoy had the same problem in "War and Peace."

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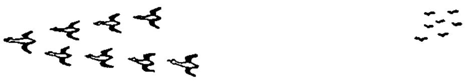

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James was an avicultural, as well as a roof-shingling and nurse-starving, Seligman. He and Joseph and Jesse were the three brothers who stayed in this country. On his eighty-eighth birthday, in 1912, he was interviewed by the *Times*, which described him as New York's oldest banker, the third-oldest member of the Stock Exchange, and "an old gentleman clad in black, with snow-white, flowing locks and a long, spare, white beard, deeply immersed in the contents of a newspaper, his slippered feet extended before him upon a velvet hassock," and went on:

> Perched upon his shoulder was a bright yellow canary bird, which sang at intervals. . . . Mr. Seligman seemed to enjoy the voice of his feathered friend, and the reporter was surprised when the nurse in attendance explained that the banker, while in perfect possession of his other faculties, was totally deaf.
>
> "Billiken knows his friend," she said. "No one else can approach Billiken when he is at large, but he will go to Mr. Seligman and sip water from his hand or nibble bird seed."

Seligman Brothers, in London, is not to be confused with Seligman Frères, in

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DAVID LANGDON

Paris, which turned into the Banque Seligman and then into Seligman & Cie., or with Seligman & Pearson, in London, or with Seligman & Stettheimer, in Frankfurt am Main, or with J. & W. Seligman & Co., Seligman & Seligman, Seligman & Meyer, and A. J. Seligman & Co., in New York, or with Seligman, Hellman & Co., in New Orleans, or with J. Seligman & Co., in San Francisco, which turned into the Anglo California National Bank, or with Seligman, Bailey & Kennett, in Nevada. These outfits were all founded by ex-Baiersdorf Seligmans or their sons, and they are, or were, all banking and/or brokerage houses except for Seligman & Seligman, which was, or were, lawyers, and Seligman, Bailey & Kennett, which was, or were, cattle ranchers. Only four of them still exist—the Brothers, the Cie., the Bank, and J. & W.—and of these only one, the Brothers, has anyone named Seligman in it today. J. & W.'s senior partner is Francis Fitz Randolph, a Bones man. It used to be a bank, an underwriting house, and an investment firm, but it is now just an investment firm. It was legislated into choosing between the banking and the underwriting business by the Glass-Steagall Act, of 1933, and it chose underwriting, and then in 1938 dropped underwriting for investments, but some of its partners do a little underwriting business on the side, as officers and directors of Union Securities Corporation. Brown Brothers Harriman & Co., another old merchant-banking firm, chose to stay in the banking business, but it helped set up an underwriting business known as Harriman Ripley. J. P. Morgan & Co. gave up a Morgan grandson to the underwriting house of Morgan Stanley. You can't keep bankers down altogether. Walter Seligman, one of the four Seligmans now living in New York, was the last member of his family in J. & W. He resigned in 1937, and is now an oil-well-and-oil-painting Seligman. He owns some oil properties in the Southwest and in Canada, and he paints, and exhibits, realistic landscapes—nothing like Kurt Seligmann. He is a trustee of the Seligman mausoleum, and runs its finances. The mausoleum is very active in the stock market, where it recently made some excellent capital gains in oil stocks. It is a large Byzantine structure, but it is not as large, and possibly not as active in the stock market, as one of its neighbors, the Guggenheim mausoleum. Walter was not the "W." in J. & W. That was his Great-Uncle William, who established Seligman Frères in Paris in 1868, when his brother Joseph, the "J." in J. & W., told him to. Joseph was the *in-loco-parentis* Seligman. He got his brothers to come here from Bavaria, and told them what to do. He even stood *in loco parentis* to his father, and told *him* what to do—come over here from Baiersdorf and take it easy. Joseph was Walter's grandfather. Walter's father was one of the six Davids, and his stepfather was the second Henry, who was a son of the first, or gold-rush, Jesse. Walter's mother, Addie, who was a Miss Walter, married her first husband's first cousin *en secondes noces*. She was a *veuve*. Most of the Seligmans talk French, or did when they were alive, and I propose to also, from time to time, in this divertissement. Addie was the leading Seligman hostess, at least in this country. She used to entertain like a mad thing—at her house on Fifty-sixth Street, and in houses she and Henry owned at Elberon, on the Jersey coast, and at Palm Beach. I don't mean pin-the-tail-on-the-donkey parties, either. She was a worldly woman, and she had a worldly head butler, De Witt, and a worldly second man, John. Once, after a Fourth of July weekend at Elberon, one of her house guests, a man with only two suits of clothes, handed De Witt a two-dollar tip. De Witt accepted this graciously and, falling into conversation, advised his benefactor that he was worth three hundred thousand dollars. Shortly after Addie died, in a depression year—1934—the American Art Association-Anderson Galleries auctioned off her plates for two thousand six hundred and sixty dollars and ninety-two cents. Just the plates.

JOSEPH's brothers generally did what he told them to, but William didn't always. William started Seligman Frères, all right, and Joseph, who had started J. & W. four years before and got Isaac to start Seligman Brothers in London around the same time, sent him thirty-eight thousand Mexican silver dollars on October 2, 1868, the day after the Frères opened, but five years later William threatened to resign (all the Seligman banks were run as an entity in those days, and all eight brothers were partners in each of them), and he didn't pay much attention to the message conveyed to him in a letter that Joseph wrote Isaac, reading, in part:

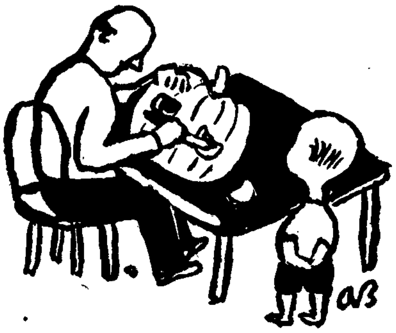
> Now I shall not have time to write Bro. Wm. Please inform him that he is mistaken when he expects that we will buy him out. . . . We shall do no such thing, but want him to come here in Jan'y and take his ⅛th share of assets, consisting of railroad bonds and shares, mining shares, property, bad and good debts, and attend personally to collecting them and my word for it, he will find himself in better health than by eating heavy dinners, drinking heavy wines, and writing heavy letters to us.

Bro. Wm., who may conceivably have felt miffed that Joseph, three years his senior, should relay admonishments to him through a brother twelve years his junior, didn't pay much attention, either, to the message conveyed to him in a letter that Joseph wrote Isaac the following year, to wit:

> Now Brother William has no practical sense and if he would only act as he preaches, things would go better. I am informed that while greatly discouraged at our statements he persists in giving grand balls and dinner parties, which are in bad taste and do him (nor us) no good. We don't do it, and while the expenses of our three families with so many grown children are necessarily quite large (my own not larger than those of James and Jesse) we are trying to reduce them and certainly don't throw away money in parties, balls, and dinners, which lead to no benefit.

Did Joseph act as *he* preached? I learn from "Twenty Years Among the Bulls and Bears of Wall Street," written by Matthew Hale Smith and published by J. B. Burr & Co., in Hartford, in 1871, that "the head of the [Seligman] house in New York is a social prince, and distributes to his friends an elegant and generous hospitality." Was Joseph talking poor, or dingy, for the benefit of his flashy brother? Such are the questions that plague historians.

William didn't resign, but he kept right on eating, drinking, and giving balls and dinner parties. He lived to be eighty-seven, and for many years delivered the annual Fourth of July address at the American Chamber of Commerce in Paris, of which he was one of the earliest members. He had sideburns down to his collar, and possibly inside, and he was the grandfather of Henry Bernstein, the playwright, who greatly resembled him in facial appearance. Bourbon. Bernstein was six feet four; none of the eight Seligman brothers was anything like that. Bernstein's name was Henry, not Henri. He was named after his Great-Uncle Henry Seligman, who took charge of Seligman & Stettheimer, in Frankfurt, in 1864, when Joseph told him to. Henry Seligman spent the last forty-five years of his life in Germany and might well have considered changing his name back to Hermann, but he didn't. Far from it. He gave his Frankfurt-born sons names like Julian, Milton, and Armand, and one of his daughters, Georgette Josie, married *en secondes noces* (there we go again) George F. M. Cornwallis-West, whose first wife was Winston Churchill's mother. In 1905, Henry endowed a home for the children of his native town, which gratefully named the street the house was on Henry Seligmanstrasse. This later got changed to Adolf Hitlerstrasse. I don't know what it is today. Henry Bernstein made more money out of writing than any of the individual Seligmans made out of railroad bonds and shares and good and bad debts. Eight million dollars.



Joseph's brothers usually did what he told them to do, because he was the eldest and because of that *in-loco-parentis* setup. He was the big shot of the family. He was sometimes called a financier. A financier is a super-banker. Jesse was also sometimes called a financier, but not as often as Joseph and, by and large,

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THE QUEST

In pasture where the leaf and wood
Were lorn of all delicious apple,
And underfoot a long and supple
Bough leaned down to dip in mud,
I came before the dark to stare
At a gray nest blown in a swirl,
As in the arm of a dead girl
Crippled and torn and laid out bare.

On a hill I came to a bare house,
And crept beside its bleary windows,
But no one lived in those gray hollows,
And rabbits ate the dying grass.
I stood upright, and beat the door,
Alone, indifferent, and aloof
To pebbles rolling down the roof
And dust that filmed the deadened air.

High and behind, where twilight chewed
Severer planes of hills away,
And the bonehouse of a rabbit lay
Dissolving by the darkening road,
I came, and rose to meet the sky,
And reached my fingers to a nest
Of stars laid upward in the west;
They hung too high; my hands fell empty.

So, as you sleep, I seek your bed
And lay my careful, quiet ear
Among the nestings of your hair,
Against your tenuous, fragile head,
And hear the birds beneath your eyes
Stirring for birth, and know the world
Immeasurably alive and good,
Though bare as rifted paradise.

—JAMES WRIGHT

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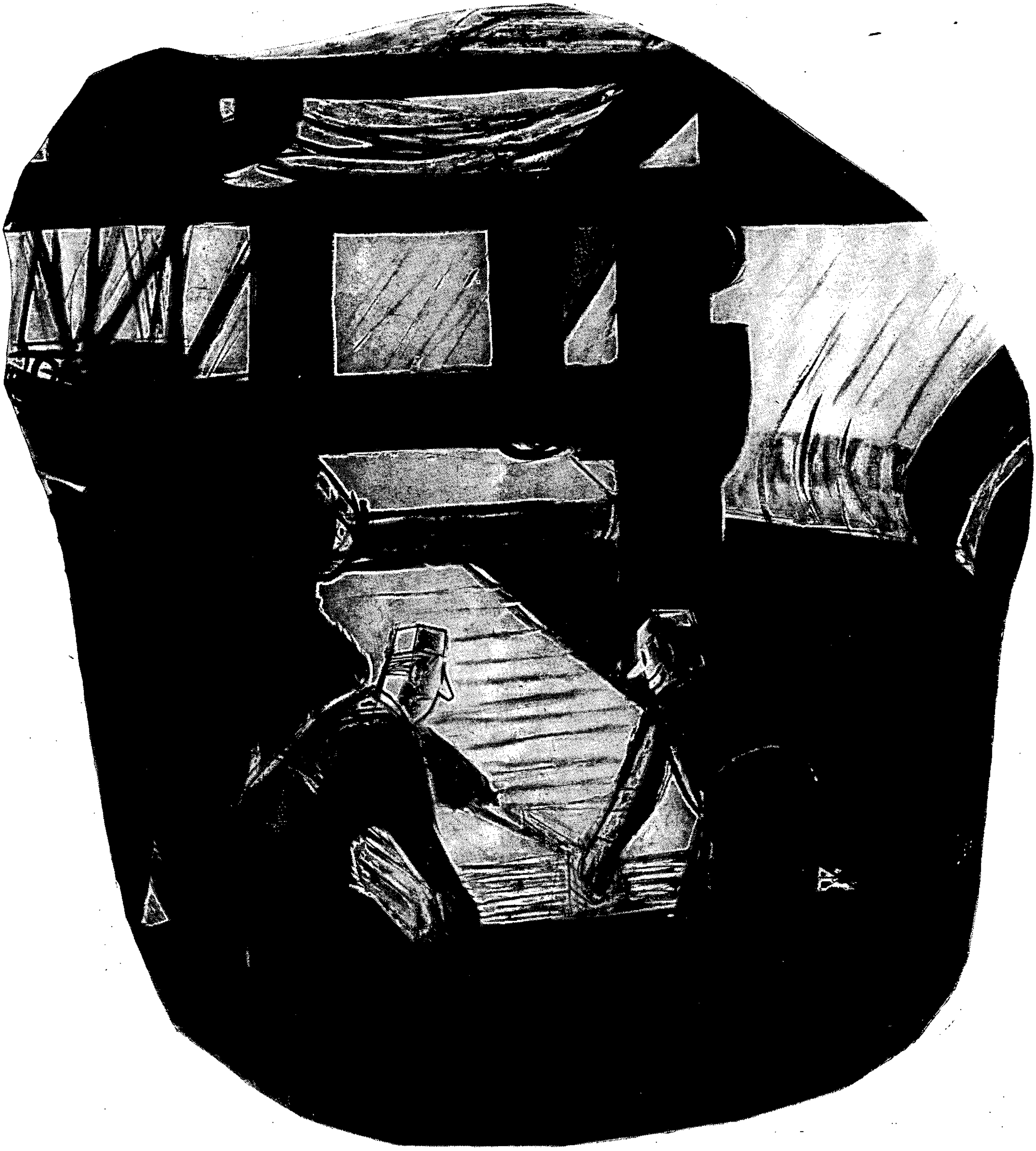


"What's black and white and read all over?"

• •

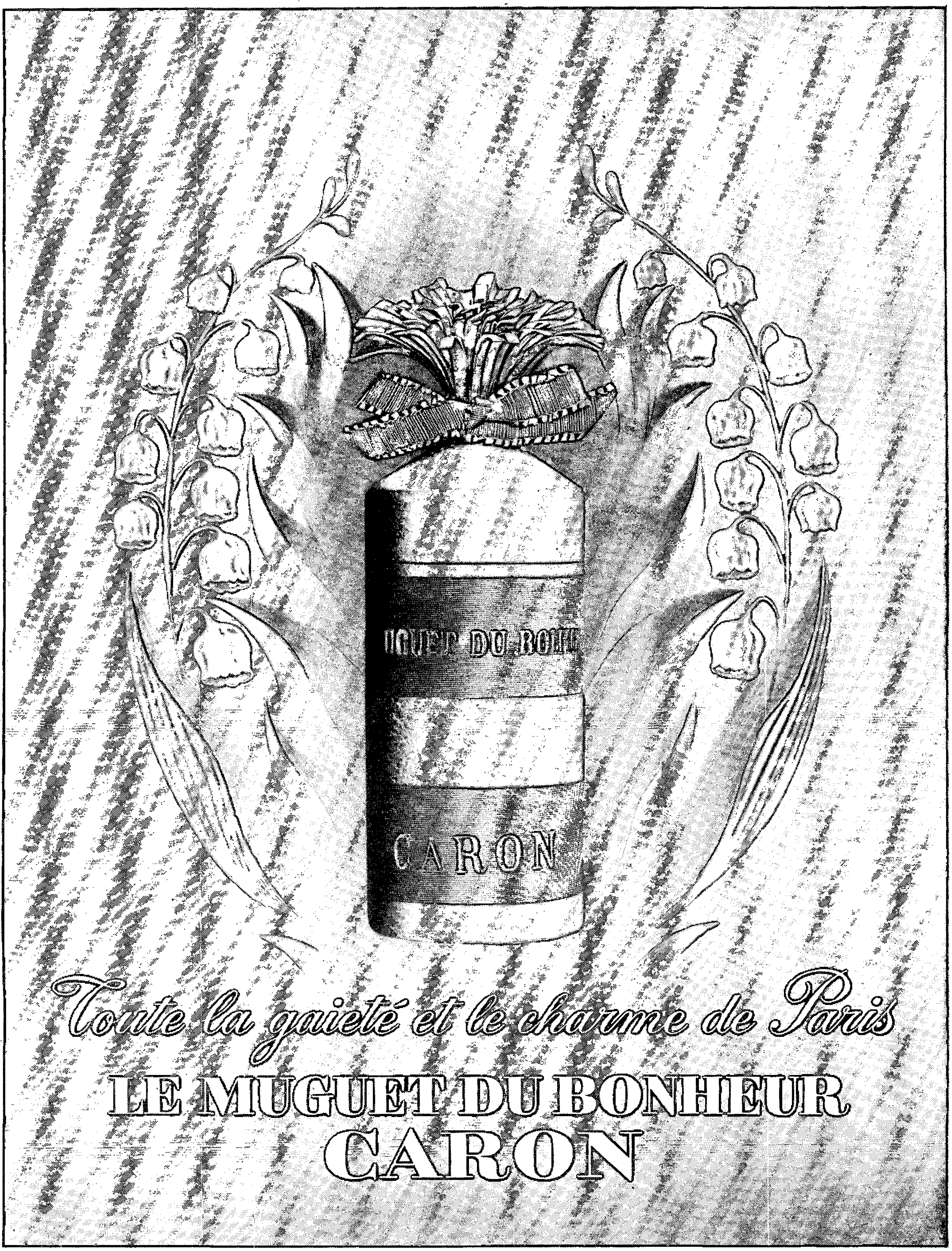
not until after Joseph died, fourteen years before Jesse. "Financier" is a word you don't often run into nowadays. Joseph was also something else you don't often hear about today—a philanthropist. Philanthropy has been taken over by the state and the Ford Foundation. Despite these appellations, Joseph wasn't the richest of the brothers. When he died, in 1880, his estate amounted to a little over a million dollars. He left a total of twenty-five thousand dollars to sixty different charities, and he had given away a considerably larger sum during his lifetime. There was no income tax then, and no inheritance tax. An under-the-wire millionaire with a good eleemosynary record behind him who left a fortieth of his estate to charity qualified as a philanthropist. A similarly fixed individual today who contrived to transmit thirty-nine fortieths of his fortune to his family would be doing some contriving. Most of the Seligman brothers, or Brothers, or Frères, or Gebrüder, left between two and five million dollars apiece. This isn't hay, but it isn't John Hay Whitney, either. I don't know why Joseph left so much less than some of the others;

"If you want a peanut butter and chopped olive on rye, you'll just have to ask for it yourself."

maybe it was because he died a good deal earlier, and younger (he was sixty), than most of them, or because he had so many children to bring up. Nine. He sent them to good schools and colleges, and he hired Horatio Alger to tutor his sons. Still, William, James, Leopold, and Abraham each had eight children, Jesse and Isaac each had seven, and Henry had twelve, not counting one who died in infancy. It was probably those years Joseph lost by not living on into his sixties, seventies, eighties, and nineties. Two of his brothers lived to be over ninety, and five to be over eighty. The average life span of the five was eighty-six. All told, the eight brothers, several of whom were what would today be considered dangerously overweight, lived six hundred and nine years, nearly all of them tax-free. A family can salt away quite a lot in that length of time if it keeps its nose to the grindstone.

It is hard to place Joseph religiously. He was a member of Temple Emanu-El, but he was also one of the organizers, and a president, of the Society for Ethical Culture, which is a kind of substitute for religion. He spent more time at the Society than at the Temple, and he also hung around the Union League Club, of which he was a vice-president, a good deal. Still, the Dictionary of American Biography says that "for some years before his sudden death in New Orleans [he] was regarded as the leading Jew in the United States," and when he died, the papers said that his mantle had fallen on his brother Jesse. When Jesse died, in 1894, this mantle was conceded to have fallen on Jacob H. Schiff. When Mr. Schiff died, in 1920, the mantle fell on his son-in-law Felix M. Warburg, but I don't know where it is today. Maybe in the Costume Institute of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Mr. Warburg died in 1937, and by then mantles were on their way out. The Rockefellers may still have a few. The two aforementioned sets of mantle holders were connected by marriage, at least retroactively. A few years after Joseph's death, his son Isaac Newton became a brother-in-law of Mr. Schiff, and thus, later on, an uncle by marriage of Felix Warburg's wife. He was also a brother-in-law of Paul M. Warburg, who was both a brother and an uncle by marriage of Felix. The connecting link, or links, in this maze is, or are, or was, or were, the *three daughters* of Solomon Loeb; they married Jacob, Isaac N., and Paul. Mrs. Schiff was a daughter of Mr. Loeb by his first marriage, and Mrs. Seligman and Mrs. Warburg his daughters by his second, so Isaac N. was really a *half*-brother-in-law of Mr. Schiff, but the hell with that. Mr. Loeb was a founder of Kuhn, Loeb & Co., a bank that out-Seligmanned the Seligmans in the eighteen-nineties and has been in front ever since. He had a son, James, who founded the Loeb Classical Library, and another, Morris, who married a niece of Abraham Kuhn, the Kuhn of Kuhn, Loeb. This gets us way out on a golden bough, and I will now return to the eight brothers, in the larval stage.

JOSEPH got here in 1837, when he was seventeen. This was a great year for bankers, or future bankers, to arrive in these parts. August Belmont and Philip Speyer both came that year. Belmont was the American agent of the Rothschilds, and Speyer was the uncle of James Speyer, whose wife founded that home for cats and dogs. Joseph took one look at the panic of 1837 and left for Mauch Chunk, Pennsylvania, where he had a maternal cousin. Last May, Mauch Chunk changed its name to Jim Thorpe. The "Geschichte" book on the Seligmans calls Mauch Chunk Maud Church, an understandable error. It also credits Gerald Seligman, a son of Isaac, with having married a girl named Ursula Dear. This would have been my favorite Seligman name, but in point of sober fact Gerald married a girl named


CARON
Toute la gaieté et le charme de Paris
LE MUGUET DU BONHEUR
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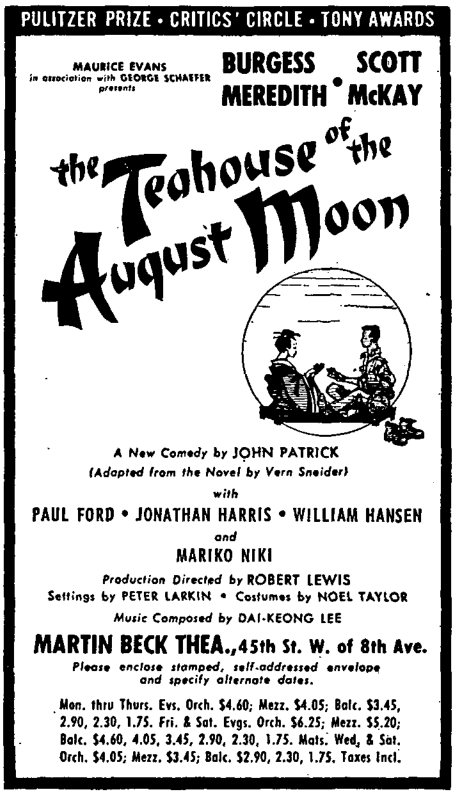

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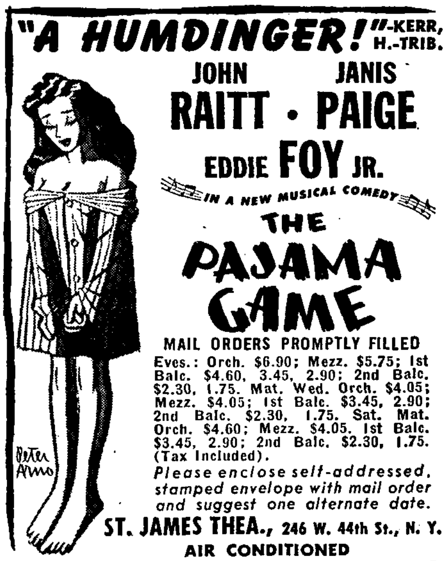

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"Tallulah's dynamite"—CHAPMAN, NEWS
MOROSCO THEA.

Ursula Good. This is good, but no cigar. Gerald, who is sixty-eight, is a director of the A. P. V. Co., Ltd., and a former president of the Ski Club of Great Britain. He wrote something called "Snow Structure and Ski Fields." Here are some other Seligman, or Seligman-collateral, names I like—Margaret Valentine, Elsie Victoria, Raymonde Regine, François Philippe, Percy Georges, Cecile Rose, Robert Florance, Cyril Max, Cyril Robert James, Friedrich Kurt, Renée Claire, Renée Henriette, Renée Kunigunde, Madeleine Kunigunde, Hans Adolph, Hilda Léonie Irma, Andrew Harry Leopold, and Peter Wendel. Peter Wendel is a brother of the round-the-world Adrian. That "Geschichte" book is an interesting example of German scholarship. It starts out with a preface that is devoted almost exclusively to showing that the Seligmans of whom it treats are *not* related to Zacharias Seligman, a seventeenth-century Lutheran archdeacon, and his sons, Caspar Christian, envoy of the Electorate of Saxony and the Kingdom of Poland to the Imperial Court in Vienna, and Gottlieb Friedrich, professor of divinity at the University of Leipzig, or yet to Johann Michael Seligmann, an eighteenth-century ornithological and anatomical engraver.

Talk about digressions! Where were we? Oh, yes, Mauch Chunk, of all places. There Joseph went to work for Asa Packer, a storekeeper who ended up as president and majority stockholder of the Lehigh Valley Railroad. Packer paid Joseph four hundred dollars a year, and Joseph saved half of it. In 1839, he opened his own store, in Lancaster, Pennsylvania. He put his brothers William and Jesse to work for him there when they came over—there and in successor stores they started in Alabama—and he also told James, who shingled roofs for a few months as apprentice to a carpenter in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, to cut this out and get into the store business. During the late eighteen-forties and the eighteen-fifties, these four, and the four younger brothers, as they got out of school and, in Isaac's case, college, moved around to beat the band, opening and closing stores. They used the stores as headquarters and peddled their wares in the surrounding countryside. In 1846, James moved from Alabama to New York and opened a store called J. Seligman & Brothers, Merchants, on William Street. Joseph joined him in 1848, but took time off to go to Munich in the fall of that year and marry his first cousin Babette Steinhardt. The name Babette appears eight times in the Seligman "Register," and one of the Seligmans had an adopted daughter, Babette, whose name does not appear. No adopted children were allowed in the "Register." I would like to call your attention to the fact that Joseph's nuptial flight to Munich took place during the Revolution of 1848, when people like Joseph were supposed to be *leaving* Europe, for lofty reasons, rather than going there and marrying their first cousins. The Seligmans paid absolutely no attention to the Revolution of 1848. William left Alabama and opened a store in St. Louis right in the middle of the Revolution of 1848, just as though it weren't going on. He closed the store four years later, but that had nothing to do with the revolution; he simply wanted to get into his brother Jesse's store in San Francisco. Jesse and Henry went to Alabama during the revolution to close up the stores there, and they opened a store in Watertown, New York, where one of their customers was Ulysses S. Grant, then a lieutenant stationed at nearby Sackets Harbor. This contact was to bear fruit, as we shall see. That first-cousins-crazy-kids business is a canard, in my opinion. Two of Joseph's and Babette's sons, David and Isaac N., became bankers; George Washington became a first-class lawyer; Edwin Robert Anderson became a world-famed economist. The fifth, Alfred, was a fair amateur sculptor, and gave a drinking fountain decorated with sculpture, not his own, to Morningside Park. It is at 114th Street, and consists of a bear peering over a ledge at a faun. I'm not sure that geneticists who worry about cousins know what they're talking about. The Macy Strauses were descended from first cousins, and look at the Ptolemies.

Now, then. Jesse left the Watertown store and went off to the gold rush, taking Leopold with him. William closed up the St. Louis store and joined them, and so, eventually, did Henry. They all busied themselves in Jesse's store in San Francisco, J. Seligman & Co., and listed themselves in the 1852 edition of Parker's Directory of that city as "Importers and wholesale dealers in European and American fancy and staple dry-goods, boots and shoes, hides, clothing, cigars, etc." Isaac finished crying his way through college around this time and opened a lace-and-embroidery store on Cedar Street. William came back from

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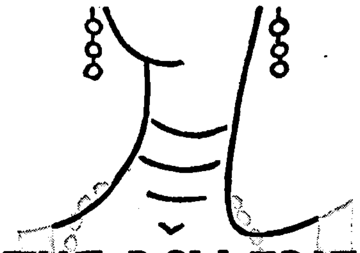
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Oh, men! Oh, women!
a COMEDY by EDWARD CHODOROV
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California late in 1852 and opened a store on South William Street. Joseph, who had joined James in his store on William Street, sent Abraham to San Francisco in 1856 to work with Leopold and Henry in the store there. Jesse left that store and joined William's store. Isaac's store was still open, but he left it mostly to a subordinate, and spent a good deal of time abroad, exchanging gold, which was sent to him by his San Francisco brothers, for lace and embroidery. I think I have all this straight, but I can't promise. It doesn't really matter; these men are not here to defend themselves. Anyway, by 1857, the eight brothers had a joint capital of over five hundred thousand dollars. This is what I like about the Seligmans. I suspect Isaac liked it, too. He began to change from a crying Seligman to a smiling Seligman. In his picture in the family register, he is smiling like anything.

THE Civil War freed the slaves, I guess, and it also did something awfully nice for the Seligmans. You could say, I suppose, that they did something awfully nice for the Civil War, Northern side. They dressed the Northern side, or helped to, and in the process became rich, or richer. In 1860, Joseph, who never got tired of being *in loco parentis*, told his brothers to give up lace and embroidery and hides and cigars and etc., and concentrate on clothing, especially uniforms. Isaac closed up his store without a murmur. During the fiscal year commencing August 1, 1861, the government paid the Seligmans $1,437,483.61 for uniforms. Joseph began to turn into a banker at around this time. He had a talk with President Lincoln and with Secretary of the Treasury Salmon P. Chase, who empowered him to dispose of government bonds abroad. Leaving uniforms to his brothers, he went to Europe for a couple of years, and by the end of 1863 he had placed nearly a hundred and twenty-five million dollars' worth of Union bonds in Frankfurt, Munich, Berlin, and Amsterdam. During this period, he told his brothers to turn into bankers also, and, boy, did they! Listen to the Dictionary of American Biography:

> The clothing firm was transformed into the international banking house of J. & W. Seligman & Company, with its chief office in New York City. Branches were opened in Frankfurt-am-Main, London, Paris, San Francisco, and New Orleans, each in charge of one or more of the brothers, with Joseph as the head of the firm. The Frankfurt branch, Seligman & Stettheimer, organized by Joseph himself . . . and left in charge of his brothers Henry and

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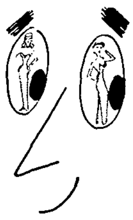
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Abraham as resident partners, was able to render particularly valuable service to the Union cause during the Civil War. United States bonds amounting to approximately $200,000,000 were sold in Frankfurt during this trying period, largely through its agency. These sales have been characterized as scarcely less important than the Union victory at Gettysburg (W. E. Dodd, *Robert J. Walker*, 1914), since at that time it was almost impossible to sell a United States bond in English or French markets.... Doubtless in appreciation of its services, on Feb. 28, 1871, the Frankfurt house was appointed fiscal agent of the United States government in connection with the conversion of the 5-20's to new 5% bonds. The New York and London houses were given similar status soon afterwards, and they also acted for years as fiscal agents for the State and Navy departments. The Frankfurt and London houses were members of the Jay Cooke syndicate which entered into the contract of Aug. 11, 1871, with Secretary Boutwell for the conversion of $130,000,000 in 5-20's from 6% to 5% after the effort in the preceding February had failed. Members of the Seligman firm had become intimate with U. S. Grant prior to 1850.... After Grant became president, Joseph Seligman was one of his confidential financial advisers, notably at a memorable New York conference on Sept. 21, 1873, in the midst of the panic of that year. President Grant tendered him the post of Secretary of the Treasury, but he declined it for personal reasons.

Well, here we are in the seventies and the big time. By 1873, the brothers had a working capital of $6,581,000; by 1874, they were co-handling loans with the Rothschilds; two or three years later, with that firm and Morgan's, they were in those three-hundred-million-dollar and seven-hundred-million-dollar government-bond syndicates Isaac was reminiscing about in his "Reminiscences." Teaming up with Morgans and Rothschilds wasn't all beer and skittles for the brothers, at least in the earlier days. "I am aware of the difficulty of dealing with so purse-proud and haughty a people as the Rothschilds," Joseph wrote Isaac in July, 1874, "and were it not for the fact that it is an honor for us to be published in connection with them I would not have anything to do with the loan," and, in another letter to Isaac that month, "Morgan—J. P., of Drexel, Morgan—is very bitter in his jealous expression about our getting the loan, but he is a rough, uncouth fellow, continually quarrelling with Drexel in the office." Still, life had its compensations, quite apart from the dough. For example, Joseph had two towns and a locomotive named after him. The towns of Seligman are in Arizona and Missouri. Both are pronounced Sŭ*lig*man. Sŭ*lig*man, Arizona, is a stop on the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. The lo-

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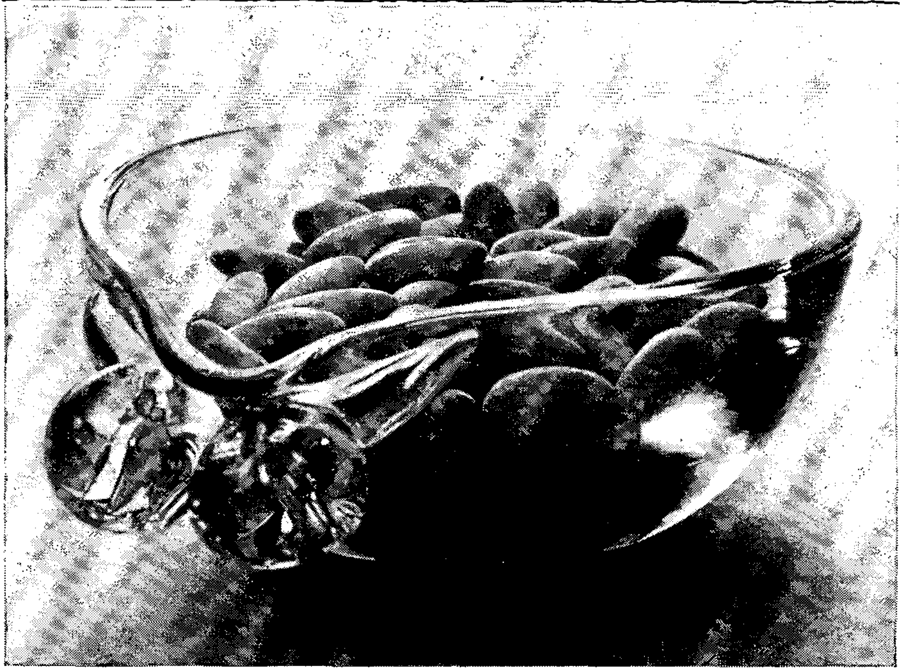

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Happy, healthy November

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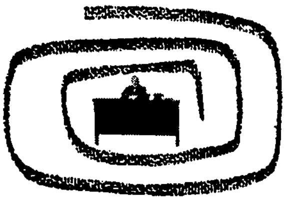
Almost fifty pages of interesting, inviting advertisements from some of the best-known names in American business are represented. Blue book names like Commercial Credit, Railway Express, Libbey-Owens-Ford, Texaco, Remington Rand, Travelers, Eastman Kodak, Kentile, Chevrolet, Union Pacific, Western Union, B & O, Carrier Air Conditioning, White Horse Scotch . . .

Frankly, the advertising gains Nation's Business has made are not spectacular in number of pages. There are several people who publish fatter magazines. What is startling is that Nation's Business is successfully bucking the trend, showing gains in its field where most other publications are having trouble holding their own, or slipping.

We're in that happy position that this year will be bigger than last year — and last year was bigger than the year before. Being relatively young men, and highly enthusiastic, there's no telling how long this will keep going on . . . Nation's Business, *a magazine for businessmen,* Washington 6, D. C.



(*Advertisement*)

comotive was bought in 1872 by Joseph, who named it the Seligman, after himself. He rented it for seventy dollars a week to the Memphis, Carthage & Northwestern Railroad, where it stood *in loco parentis* to the other locomotives. Joseph's firm had lent this line two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, or enough, one would think, to keep the Seligman running quite a while. Unfortunately, the Carthage road folded in 1874 and was sold under the hammer for two dollars, leaving the Seligman all steamed up with no place to go.

I don't know what happened to the Seligman, but it gets me into the Seligmans' railroad activities, which I consider bizarre. Observe. Between 1869 and 1874, J. & W. Seligman invested over a million dollars, and persuaded its friends and associates to invest several million more, in the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad and the Pacific Railroad of Missouri. Joseph was a director of both of these. In 1876, they both went into receivership. The Atlantic & Pacific was then sold under foreclosure to the St. Louis & San Francisco—or the Frisco, to use its pet name. Joseph's pet name was Joe. The Pacific Railroad of Missouri, or Missouri Pacific, was reorganized. You'd think the Seligmans would have been sore, but no. They continued to be the bankers for the Missouri Pacific, and they also served as bankers for the Frisco. So here they are, bankers for an outfit that had caused them and their friends to lose millions, as well as for a concern that had taken advantage of their other foundered line's plight. Not only that. They *bought* a big interest in the Frisco, which had swallowed up their old friend for a song, and in the eighteen-eighties they put Theodore, a son of Jesse, in as a director. Other surprises abound. In 1879, they helped Jay Gould acquire control of the Missouri Pacific. Was Gould grateful? Not at all. Let eight years pass, and then look at what the Little Rock, Arkansas, correspondent of the New York *Herald* wrote in that paper on May 22, 1887, under the heading "REPORTED GOULD-SELIGMAN FIGHT":

> It has transpired in Little Rock, Ark., that a bitter fight is in progress between Jay Gould and the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Company, caused by the action of the latter company in projecting an extension from Waldron and Hackett City, Ark., to Little Rock.
>
> Gould does not want a road built on the south side of the Arkansas River. He already owns a road which runs north of the river. . . .
>
> The St. Louis & San Francisco people are surveying a line running from Hackett City and Waldron along the south side of the river to Little Rock. It is stated that Gould has parties out who are claiming the right of way along the proposed route of the 'Frisco extension, and who are throwing every possible obstacle in the way of the 'Frisco, hoping to force them from the field.
>
> The contest, it is claimed, has assumed a serious aspect, each road being determined to outgeneral the other.

This battle of well-connected goons went on for weeks. "Gould threw gangs of plug-uglies into his surveying camps," Mr. Linton Wells wrote in an unpublished, J. & W.-financed book entitled "The House of Seligman." "They attacked the Frisco workmen, pulled up stakes, and otherwise destroyed lines of levels. The Seligmans naturally retaliated and fought fire with fire. Seldom a day passed that one or more men was not killed. The opposing forces were finally brought together in New York and a truce effected. The Frisco abandoned plans for the construction of its extension, and in return Gould conceded it certain rights in another section of the Ozarks."

In 1890, the Seligmans, who always preferred the Adirondacks to the Ozarks anyway, abandoned the Frisco, selling their holdings to the Santa Fe. This is the pet name for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Theodore, or Teddy, who was primarily a lawyer and a bibliophile, quit as director and began to spend more and more time in the Grolier Club. The Frisco went into receivership in 1896 and who do you suppose turned up as its reorganization managers? The Seligmans! They prepared a fifty-million-dollar-consolidated-mortgage-bond reorganization plan, and bought into the new company, which was called the St. Louis & San Francisco Railroad Co. and again nicknamed the Frisco. In 1902, the Seligmans sold their interest to a St. Louis syndicate, people name of Yoakum and Campbell, but Isaac N., who was then head of J. & W., hung on to his individual stock. A lot of good it did him. In 1913, the Frisco again went into receivership—and who do you suppose, etc.? Yop. They dreamed up another reorganization plan, and this time the successor company was called the St. Louis-San Francisco *Railway* Company. It, too, was nicknamed the Frisco, and still functions as that. One of its stops is Sŭ*lig*man, Missouri.

ONE good thing about the Seligmans' railroad activities. When Jesse, who had succeeded Joseph as head of J. & W., died, in 1894, at Coronado Beach, California, Collis P. Hunting-

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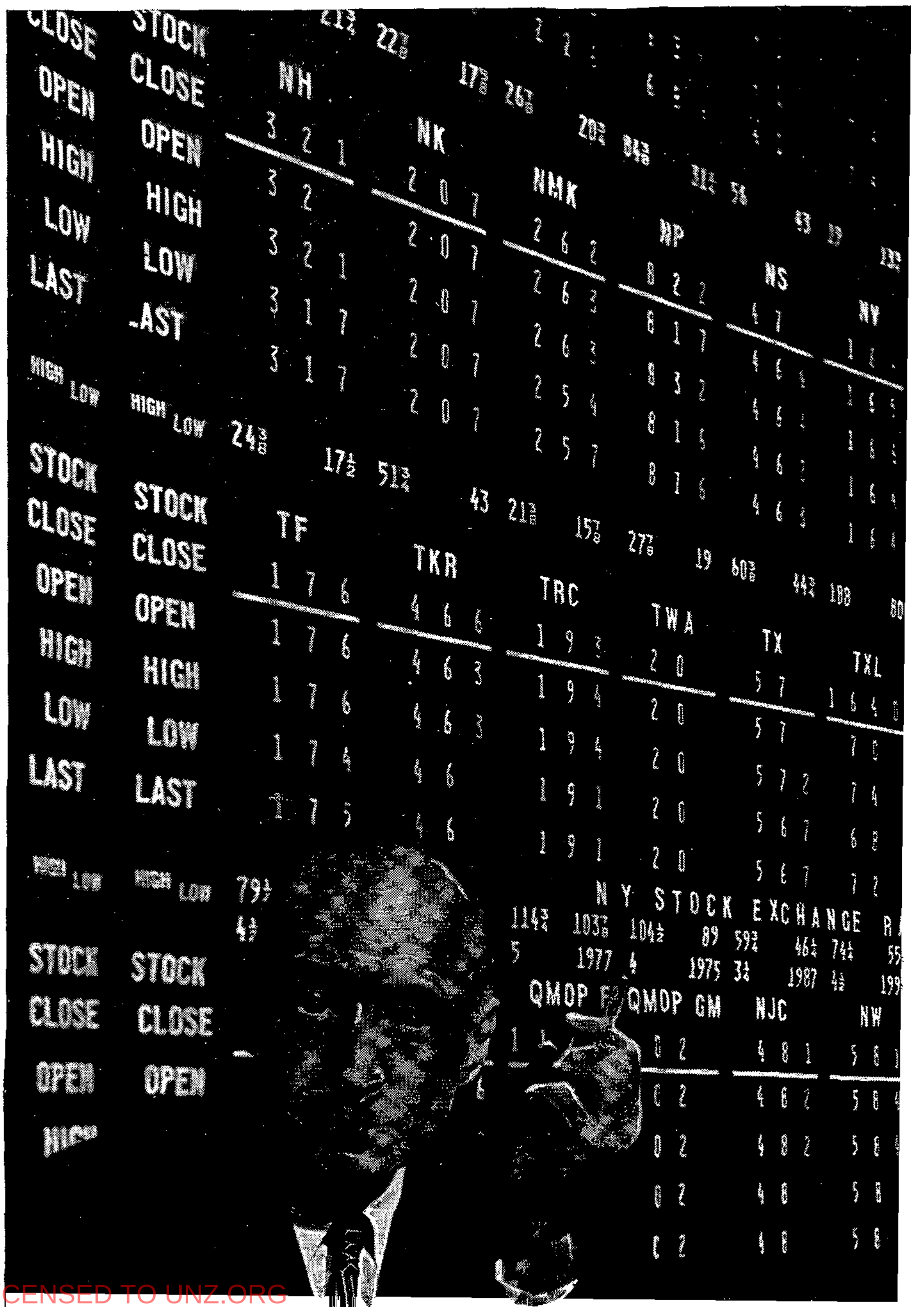

Arnold Newman

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ton, a fellow-ferrophile and president of the Southern Pacific, provided a special three-car funeral train to convey the body—and Mr. Seligman's widow, their three sons, and two of their daughters—East, and stipulated that it have priority over all other trains. You could do that in those days, or at least Mr. Huntington could. Jesse, who was a founder and president of the Hebrew Orphan Asylum and used to visit it Sundays, was buried from Temple Emanu-El. Two thousand people turned up for his funeral, many of them standing in the street outside. Among them, besides a raft of Seligmans, were Seth Low, General Horace Porter, Carl Schurz, John Wanamaker, John Crosby Brown, William M. Evarts, Oscar S. Straus, Cornelius N. Bliss, Bishop Henry C. Potter, Moritz Rodenburg, and James Back. Messrs. Low, Porter, Schurz, Wanamaker, Brown, Evarts, Straus, Bliss, and Potter went inside, but Messrs. Rodenburg and Back remained outside and mingled with the crowd on the street. They were presently arrested as pickpockets by detectives and identified as Nos. 23 and 2018, respectively, in the Rogues' Gallery.

Aside from this incongruous episode, the obsequies left little to be desired. A delegation of sixty members of the Union League Club, of which Jesse had been a vice-president, marched the four blocks from the clubhouse to the temple; a larger and more youthful delegation showed up from Jesse's orphan asylum. "The Reader's desk was draped in black," a memorial volume to Jesse, published by Theodore, reads, "and upon the platform were seated one hundred and fifty children from the Orphan Asylum, most of them little tots, whose rosy cheeks and cheerful looks betokened the care that is taken of them." Abram S. Hewitt, one of the pallbearers, seized upon the occasion to air his views about money later that day. Let the Brooklyn *Daily Eagle* of May 3, 1894, tell the tale:

> Ex-Mayor Hewitt made an excellent and characteristic speech before the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen in New York last night. He put his finger upon and crushed the life out of the "unearned increment" and kindred nonsense. He had been to a funeral, that of Mr. Jesse Seligman, and an interesting fact furnished him with a text. He said Seligman represented more wealth than was accumulated in the whole city of New York when the Society was founded, about a hundred years ago. This is substantially the subject of a loud outcry which goes up at the present day. It brought up the direct question of riches and the right to get and hold them. Mr. Hewitt was not afraid of

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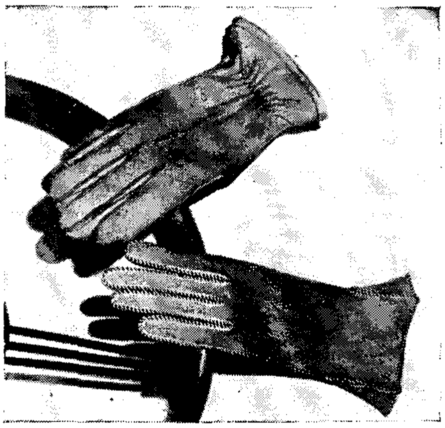

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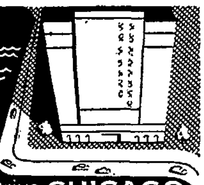

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it. He suggested the question [of] what the city would be today but for the "unearned increment." How many people would have gone there, and what would have been their state of advance and prosperity, if the right to work had not been maintained, the right to earn what work was worth, and to keep what was honestly earned? This is the root of the whole matter, it is impossible for an intelligent man to think it out, practically, aided by experience and common sense, undiverted by visionary vagaries, without reaching one conclusion.

The *Morning Advertiser* also drew a moral from Jesse's career, which, according to several overenthusiastic newspaper accounts, had netted him a fortune of between ten and thirty million dollars.

> The conditions under which he flourished [the *Advertiser* stated] would still exist but for some of the unreasonable exactions of Labor Organizations and but for the unwholesome doctrine that has been promulgated by political demagogues that labor has no fair chance and must look to legislation to do for the workingman what Mr. Seligman and tens of thousands of others have done for themselves. These successful men, working with their hands and spending less than their small earnings, did not look for any easy road to success. Industry, thrift, and caution, turning a deaf ear to the allurements of fleeting pleasures and to the harangues of the demagogue, comprise all the secret of their success.

I suspect that the *Advertiser's* explanation of Jesse's success is incomplete. The gold-rush-and-vigilante Seligman was industrious, thrifty, and cautious, all right, but he also had an in with the Fire Department and knew quite a lot about arbitrage. Other facets of his character are reflected in a tribute from Mr. Myer Stern, secretary of the rosy-cheeked-orphan asylum, which Theodore included in his memorial book:

> I recall an incident . . . that I witnessed when his guest at Long Branch and elsewhere of his conduct towards animals which illustrates his tenderness and thoughtfulness. I have seen him leave his house in the early morning, when those about him were yet in slumber, and walk to his stables with sugar in one hand, and carrots, etc., in the other. As he approached the door, the noble animals, recognizing his footsteps, neighed cheerily, as though bidding him good-morning. As he came up to them, they laid their heads upon his shoulders and ate the tid-bits he offered them. The same tenderness that he showed his animals was manifested to the most lowly human being that came in contact with him.
>
> No better proof of his humanity and his open-heartedness can be given than the incident that occurred on a trip that he made to the Pacific Coast a few years ago. He was traveling with his family in a private car, which was, of course,

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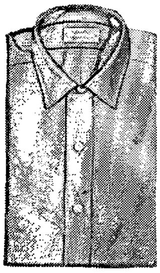

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stocked with all the household requirements and with a large supply of food and delicacies. Their train was overtaken by a snowstorm and stuck in a snow-drift, which the engineer made every effort to push through. For two days or more, I believe, the train was delayed here, it being impossible to go forward or backward. The suffering among the passengers, especially the women and children, was intense, for there was no way at hand of supplying their wants. It was not for Jesse Seligman to stand by and see such suffering while his car was stocked with provisions, and he directed that the tables be set, and invited those that wished to enter and partake of nourishing food, and the blessings of about two hundred hungry men, women, and children went heavenward for the bounty of Jesse Seligman and his family.

A couple of years after Jesse's own ascent heavenward, the orphan asylum unveiled a memorial to him, which the *Daily Tribune* described as follows:

> At the foot of the grand staircase stood the memorial, towering above the crowd. . . . Its base symbolizes the ruins of the intolerant dynasties of Assyria, Egypt, and ancient Rome, and rising from the ruins is a red marble column of fasces, typifying the United States. Through the ruins the serpent of Intolerance winds its way in the endeavor to coil itself about the column of the Union, only to be destroyed by the American eagle. The column is crowned with a wreath of laurel, upon which stands the bronze bust of Jesse Seligman.
>
> Beside the column stands an orphan girl holding a scroll, upon which are the words, "His charity knew no race nor creed."

◆

THE decline of the Seligmans as bankers antedated Jesse's death, and that of the serpent of Intolerance, by a few years. It began when Joseph was no longer around to tell his brothers what to do. By the time Jesse left that mantle to Mr. Schiff, James had pretty well given up business for hassocks, canaries, and good works, and banking get-up-and-go—in the American branch of the family, anyway—was in the hands of the second generation. Its members cannot precisely be said to have floundered, and some of them were richer than their fathers, but as foreign loans gave way to domestic financing, the name Seligman began to move down, at first almost imperceptibly, in the lists of syndicates, and an Alexandrine period set in. I am trying to keep this discussion on a high plane, and will therefore open this section with some extracts from the memoirs of Prince André Poniatowski, entitled "D'Un Siècle à l'Autre," published in Paris in 1948, anent the partners of J. & W. in the early eighteen-nineties. Poniatowski was a grand-nephew of Stanislas, the last King of Poland, and he had come here on business, bringing along a letter of introduction to the New York partners from Seligman Frères.

> Their offices [he writes], rather similar to those of the bankers in the City of London—in short, unpretentious—were located on Broad Street, on the first floor of the Mills Building, then the largest structure of its type in New York. Of reddish stone, it had no special style, but was "substantial," as the English say.
>
> The partners of the Seligman firm were men in their forties, brothers or cousins, and they received me with the courtesy invoked by the terms their Paris house had used in writing of me. I felt in them a shade—oh, scarcely perceptible!—of that reserve which a name and title had already earned for me, and for many years would earn for me, in the presence of businessmen, who automatically thought of me as a personality, but as a personality that, alas, I have never been—a *grand seigneur* incapable of understanding business in general and theirs in particular. I must add, however, that, since the pendulum always swings from one extreme to another, I subsequently benefited from the profound astonishment produced by the seriousness and tenacity that I invariably bring to the conduct of negotiations of which I have assumed charge.

Poniatowski goes on to say that Isaac N., to whom he presented his credentials downtown, made a couple of dates for him with other bankers he wished to see, and then, it being lunchtime,

> in a tone no longer of conventional politeness but of that kind of courteous familiarity which he [Isaac N.] would have used with some colleague passing through New York, he said, "Come and have a bite," and, taking me by the arm, led me to an elevator that took us straight to the tenth floor, at the top of the building, where I found a teeming grillroom exclusively reserved for tenants and for D. O. Mills, the building's owner. . . . "Another cover at once!" and there I was, responding to the "Glad to meet you"s of the other members of the firm.

The Prince now launches into a passage worthy of a Proust:

> To explain my unexpected presence to four Christians seated around a table, it would have been necessary to advise each of them successively that my letters of introduction had been signed by So-and-So, that I had important matters to cable to Paris, and heaven knows what else! Four Christians, I said, but I should have specified the denomination, since for four Protestants these hints would not have been enough. But in the present situation, words were superfluous; the attitude of the head of the firm amply sufficed. His partners now knew as much about me as he did. They had watched him from the moment we sat down, and from his expression had gauged the precise degree of consideration to which he judged me entitled. I suspect, in fact, that if it had been a question of a bank overdraft, each partner could have

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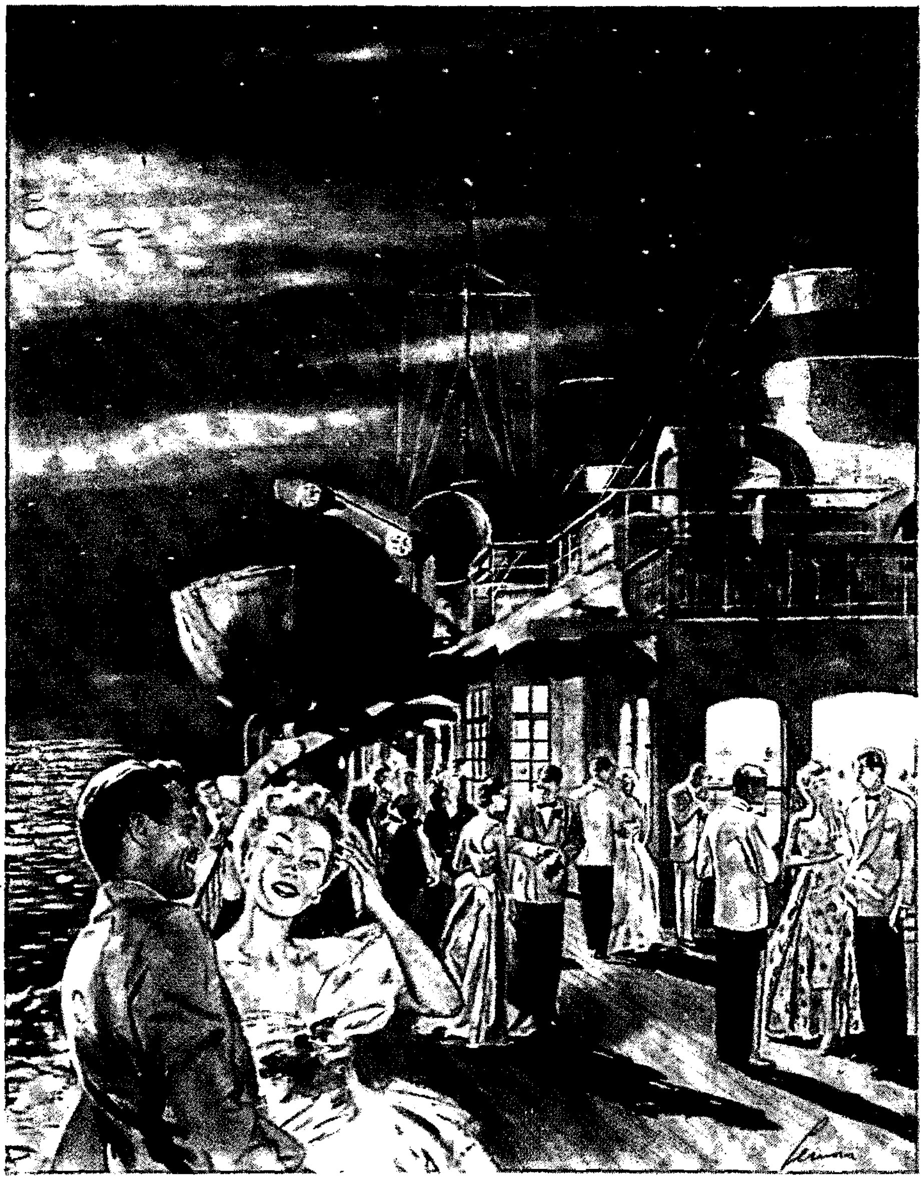

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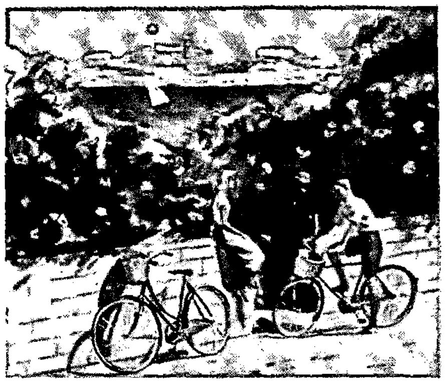
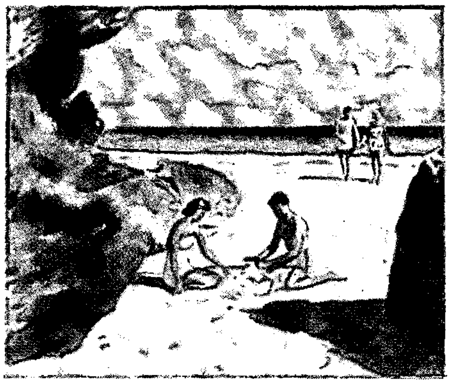


GAYLY CYCLING along the harbour road.



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> written the amount on the tablecloth without appreciably deviating from his senior's estimate, since nature seems to have wished to compensate this astonishing race for the insecurity against which it has struggled for centuries by endowing it with an ability, which escapes us, to understand each other in silence.
>
> I will return later to certain members of this family whom I subsequently had occasion to meet outside of business, and of whom no counterpart then existed in Europe and probably no longer exists in America.

Poniatowski returns to the Seligmans in a chapter subtitled "Les Seligman aux Heures de Récréation," in which he describes a weekend he spent with Isaac N. at Sea Bright, on the Jersey coast, which they attained by boat. This starts with an account of his acceptance of an offer *"que me faisait Seligman d'un large 'tumbler' de Sarsaparilla, boisson hygiénique qui tenait le milieu entre la bière et l'eau dentifrice,"* and then goes into the following disquisition:

> Upon the arrival of the boat, a large number of carriages, mostly driven by wives or daughters, came to pick up the passengers, whose residences spread out for several miles along the coast, and also inland, as was the case with the Seligmans, whose house faced Rumson Road.
>
> Isaac Seligman's wife was a daughter of Mr. Loeb, founder and partner of the house of Kuhn, Loeb, already well known at this time but eventually to take on world importance. They had one child, then three or four years old, whom I unwittingly disappointed at breakfast the next morning when he saw that I was not wearing the crown of a prince.
>
> The house was simplicity itself—comfortable, of course, but without any show. Of brick and wood painted white, brightened by green shutters, it must have had four or five bedrooms, a bathroom—possibly two, but I doubt it—a dining room, and a living room giving on a porch where one spent most of the time....
>
> The next day, I was able to see that the neighboring houses, of much the same style and size, were occupied by more or less distant members of the family. To the left, next to Isaac Seligman's, an almost identical house was occupied by his sister Mrs. Hellman, with whom we dined that evening—a charming woman, whose husband was the brother of the head of the Seligman firm in Paris, whom I knew very well. To the right lived an older sister of Mrs. Seligman, who had married Jacob Schiff.... A little farther along, Mrs. Seligman's and Mrs. Schiff's mother, Mrs. Loeb, whose husband was in Europe that year, lived in a considerably larger house with the youngest of the three sisters, Nina, a charming girl and an excellent musician, who later married Paul Warburg.... Finally, still farther off, on the seashore, lived a brother, David Seligman, with his wife and daughters, of whom one, Mrs. van Heukelom, resides in Paris today, and the other, Mrs. Lewisohn, comes to Cannes every year.
>
> In each of these households, the male servants were limited to a coachman, gen-

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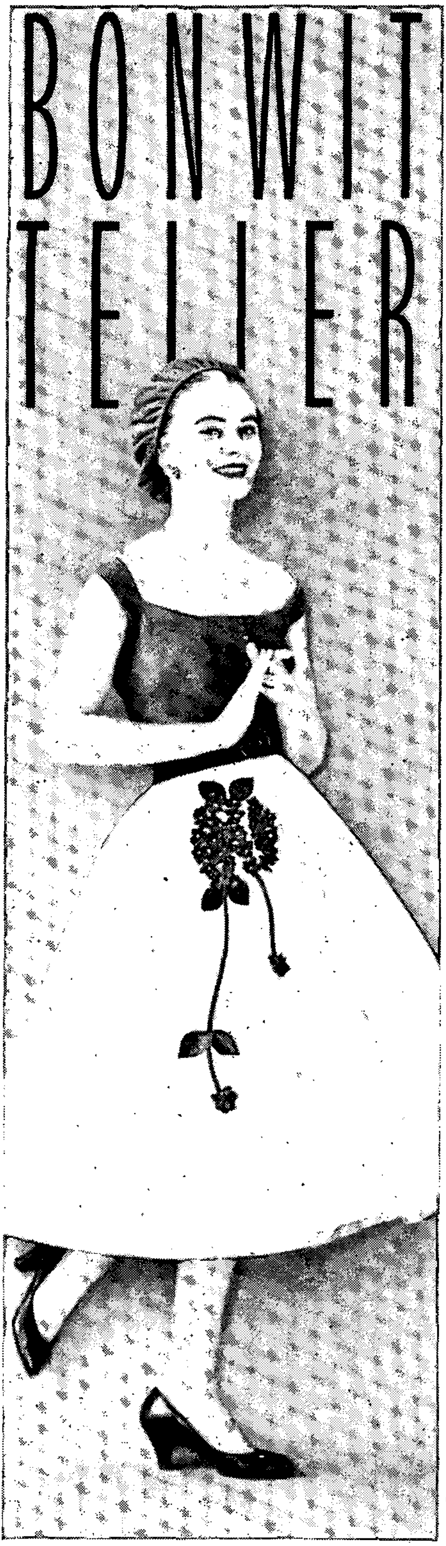
> erally a Negro, who took care of the horses, and a gardener. Otherwise the servants were women—cooks and housemaids.
>
> If after more than forty years I can so distinctly recall the circumstances in which the numerous members of this family lived, it is because I was profoundly surprised at the time by the contrast that their private lives offered to those of most bankers and businessmen of Anglo-Saxon ancestry whom I met in America that year. In Wall Street, their financial power placed them all on an almost equal level with the big Anglo-Saxon bankers.... Money in itself, however, had no significance for them outside of business. Any observer, listening to their talk during leisure hours, would have taken them for good *rentiers*, given to sport, literature, art, and especially to music, who contributed generously to charity and still more generously to the finances of their political party, and, above all, were devoted to family life with an intensity to be met with today only in the French provinces. Moreover, apart from their taste for sport, the men's private lives resembled rather closely those of the heads of the old banking houses of Lyon. In the preceding generation, the father and the uncle, the founders of the firm, had played a major role in politics.... The men of this generation had inherited the business and worked to keep it going, one or two of them with enthusiasm and ability. Isaac and his cousin Henry had the requisite talent for this; David was content merely to put in an appearance, and another brother, Edwin, devoted all his time to the Chair of Political Economy that he occupied at Columbia University.
>
> Born in the United States, they had breathed the invigorating air of that country at an early age, and their childhood, like their adolescence, first at school and then at college, was patterned after the current model of the "American College Man"—a good athlete, imbued with confidence in the future of his country as well as pride in the glory of its past. It was a rather limited past at the time, but because of that very fact so much closer, more vital, and more to be cherished! With the most sincere emotion, they spoke to me of the heroes of the War of Independence as well as those of the Civil War—the first epic antedating the selection of this new country by their parents—for, excellent citizens that they were, they had preserved an affinity for preceding events through legends with which their mothers had rocked them to sleep in their childhood, and which had later jelled at college with the study of Goethe, Schiller, and Heine.

Poniatowski went back to New York on Monday, and that night, at a dinner at the Knickerbocker Club, got hell for the way in which he had spent the weekend. This is positively my last quote from the Prince:

> During dinner at the Knickerbocker, I described my visit to one of the members who had asked me how I spent my Sunday. After dinner, another member, with a little embarrassment, indicated his surprise at seeing me associate with Jewish families outside of business hours. Very much surprised myself, I listened to his description of the worldly conventions that kept Israelites away from the "inner circle," no matter what their merits, their culture, or the outstanding roles they might have played in the development of the country! There was on his part neither passion nor animosity. He talked to me as though he were making a statement of facts, just as he might have briefed me on the fundamental differences between the Republican and Democratic parties.
>
> I must undoubtedly have scandalized him when I told him that I had accepted an invitation to go back the following weekend, this time to Mrs. Hellman's home, and that I could not and did not wish to change this plan—first, because I had met some particularly interesting people there, and, more important, being a foreigner in this country, I did not feel justified in changing rules that I had followed up to now in this connection. Whether in France or in England, I had always maintained the most cordial social relations with the Rothschilds and the families of certain Jewish bankers with whom I had business associations, and I really had no reason to behave differently in the present case.

LET us now sort out some of the Seligmans mentioned by the Prince. Isaac N., the sarsaparilla Seligman, was also a committee Seligman. His father, *loco-parentis* Joseph, had been chairman of the Committee of Fifty, which in the spring of 1872 held a mass meeting at Cooper Union to advocate the reëlection of Grant, and both Joseph and Jesse had been on the Committee of Seventy, which ousted the Tweed Ring, and Jesse had also been on the Committee of Twenty-One, in San Francisco, which was for clean and honest government, but Isaac N. far out-committeed any Seligman before or since—and, I daresay, any non-Seligman, with the possible exception of Thomas J. Watson. He was on the Committees of Seven, Nine, Fourteen, Fifteen, Seventy, One Hundred, and Two Hundred and Fifty. Mostly, these were for police reform, abolition of something called the social evil, and clean and honest government. Now hold on. Isaac N. was a member of the advisory committee of the Audit Company of New York, the executive committee of the McKinley Memorial Association, the finance committee of the Canal Association of Greater New York, and the Columbia University Committee for the Alumni Memorial Hall. He was chairman of the executive committee and the committee on taxation of the Chamber of Commerce, and of the finance committee of the City Club. He sometimes served on committees' committees. He was chairman of the finance committee of the National Child Labor



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Committee, and treasurer of the executive committees of the Hudson-Fulton Celebration Committee and the Carl Schurz Memorial Committee. If you write the word "committee" often enough, it begins to look queer. All those "m"s and "t"s and "e"s. How he found time for it, I don't know, especially since he went in for golf, fancy skating, and horseback riding, not to mention railroad reorganizing, but he was also a director of the Grant's Tomb Association, the Sound Money League, the New York Symphony Society, and the New York Forest Preserve Association, and treasurer of the Andrew H. Green Memorial Association. Andrew H. Green, a pioneer advocate of borough consolidation, was known as the father of Greater New York. He was murdered at eighty-three. None of the Seligmans were murdered, although one was a murderer, but I am not going into that, as I may want to have a railroad reorganized someday. Isaac N. was the father of Joseph L., a Psi U at Yale, class of 1908, and the child who had looked in vain for Poniatowski's crown; and of Margaret Valentine, who married Sam Lewisohn, of the copper family, and was a trustee of Bennington and Vassar Colleges and chairman of the board of the Public Education Association. She was killed in an automobile accident last June. Margaret was not the Mrs. Lewisohn of the Prince's memoirs. That was her first cousin Rhoda, a daughter of the J. & W. David, who "was content merely to put in an appearance," and of the Addie who left all those plates. Rhoda's first husband was Fred Lewisohn, a first cousin of Sam's. She later married a Frenchman named Gabriel Prud'homme and went to live in Kenya for a while. She is now playing bridge in Santa Barbara. She is a sister of the oil-well Walter, who has an office at 720 Fifth Avenue, and of Gladys, the widow of Henri van Heukelom, who used to have his suits made by Whitaker. Whitaker has gone out of business. Mr. van Heukelom was a widower when he married Gladys. Prior to her, he married Clara Wolff, a daughter of Abraham Wolff, whose nephew Lewis married a granddaughter of the sealing-wax David and was a partner of Isaac N.'s half-brother-in-law Jacob Schiff and the grandfather of Mrs. John Barry Ryan, *inter alia*. I hope to straighten out the Ryans some day. Isaac N. was a staunch Republican. This is tautology.

In September, 1900, the *Successful American*, a magazine whose back cover was given over to an advertisement

This is *the* Cognac Brandy

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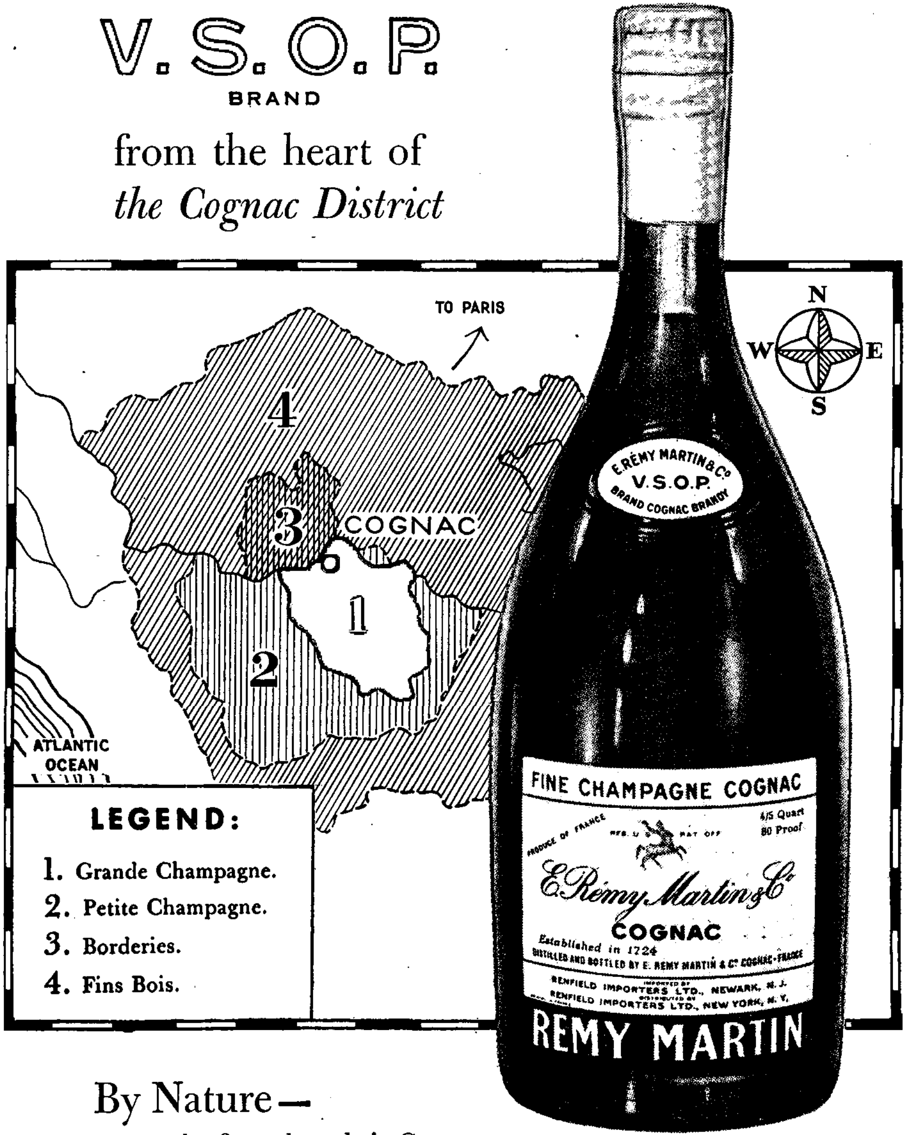

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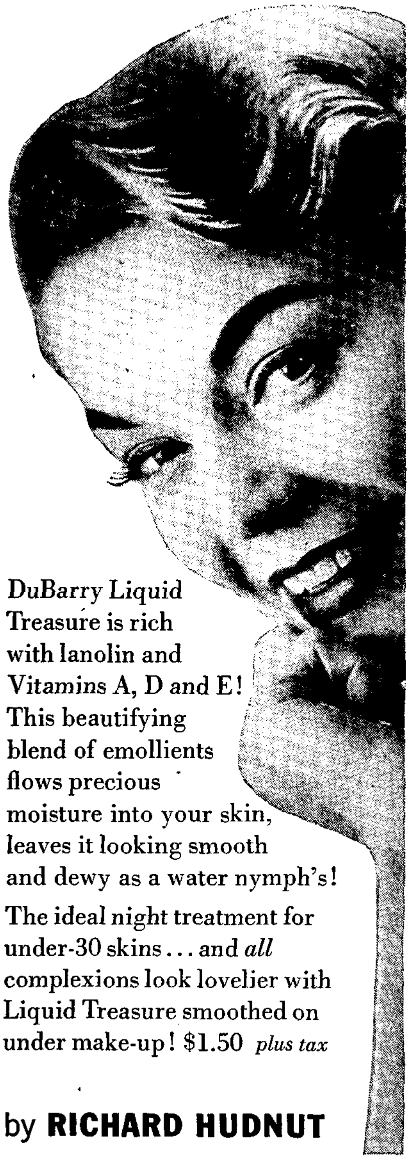

DuBarry Liquid Treasure is rich with lanolin and Vitamins A, D and E! This beautifying blend of emollients flows precious moisture into your skin, leaves it looking smooth and dewy as a water nymph's!

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by **RICHARD HUDNUT**

headed "J. & W. Seligman & Co., Bankers," devoted its front cover to a photograph of the J. & W. Henry, captioned "Henry Seligman, Banker," and two full pages inside to accounts of Henry's and Isaac N.'s activities.

> Throughout his business career [it said of Henry], Mr. Seligman has been noted for the thoroughness of his methods and for his absolute integrity of purpose. Having once concluded an investigation to assure him of the correctness of his position, he has pursued the policy then set down with a relentlessness and vigor that have won for him the unqualified approval of his associates.

And of Isaac:

> There would be little or no occasion for alarm, nor reason for just complaint of apathy, if every American businessman was as staunch in his Republicanism and devotion to principle as Isaac Newton Seligman. Supine indifference has never been a part of his make-up, and, as in his business affairs, he has never committed the folly of considering a battle won until the enemy was finally routed.

Blood counts. Money talks.

The sarsaparilla-and-committee Seligman collected first editions and original manuscripts of Washington Irving. His collection was given by his widow to the Public Library. He had a country place, Willow Brook—a successor to the one in Sea Bright—next to Irving's old Sunnyside, in Irvington, and a camp in the Adirondacks called Fish Rock, on Upper Saranac Lake. He was a trustee of the Association for the Protection of the Adirondacks, but—alas!—he died thirty-seven years ago, Fish Rock is now a hotel, and the picturesque gazebo on the offshore rock that gave the camp its name has disappeared.

One of the most complicated committees Isaac N. ever graced was a family committee that in 1897 drafted a Family Liquidation Agreement, dividing up certain assets that had been held jointly by the eight brothers, or their estates, as over-all partners in the various Seligman banking firms. The amount involved was $7,831,175.64. This was apportioned in various hunks to James, the Paris William, the London Leopold, the Frankfurt Henry, the London Isaac, and the estates of Joseph, Jesse, and Abraham. The London Isaac got the most—$1,375,444.47. No wonder he is smiling in the family Register. The idea was to separate the New York, London, Paris, and Frankfurt firms from one another, but no sooner were they separated than William, Henry, Leopold, and Isaac each bought a 10.40-per-cent interest in the New York house, for eight hun-

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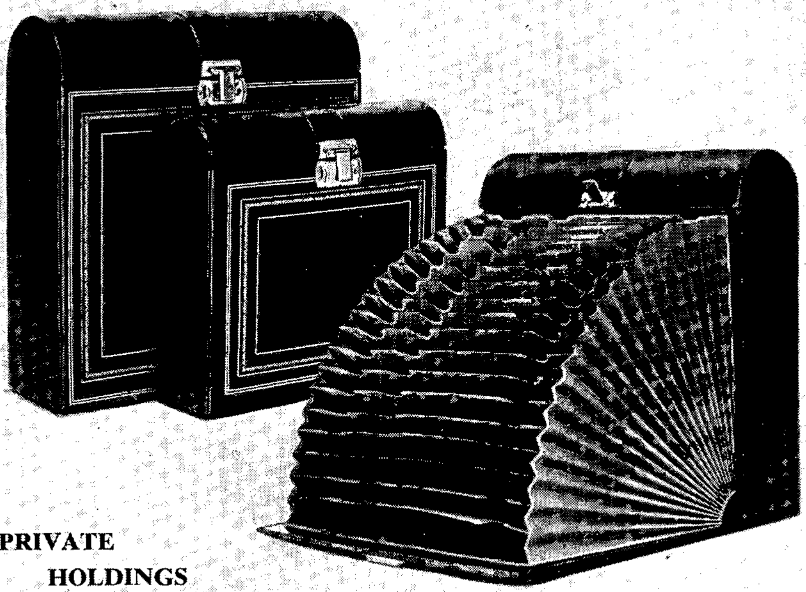
dred thousand dollars apiece, while the New York house bought an interest in the three European houses. Don't ask me why. Maybe they all knew a good thing once they were separated from it. J. & W., in New York, was certainly a good thing; during the first eight years after the separation, it made a profit of over $11,500,000—$2,147,000 of it in the fiscal year starting July 1, 1904. These figures are net. They do not include the partners' profits on private investments, which are known as flyers and which came to between three and four million dollars during the aforementioned period. How I like to roll large, net, tax-free figures under my typewriter ribbon!

Isaac N. died in 1917 after falling from a horse. He left a gross estate of around four million dollars, minus a six-hundred-thousand-dollar loan from his brother-in-law James Loeb, which I presume was repaid. Maybe it was forgiven. Rich men, and their estates, like to forgive loans. The estate of Payne Whitney forgave a number of loans, and so did Mortimer Schiff's. I can't imagine why Isaac N. borrowed six hundred thousand dollars, but perhaps this is the sort of touch that keeps gazebos from wasting away.

The Columbia University Seligman mentioned by Prince Poniatowski, and previously by me, as having been named after the defender of Fort Sumter—Edwin R. A.—was runner-up to his brother Isaac N. as the committee Seligman. He graduated from Columbia in 1879, at eighteen, was McVickar Professor of Political Economy from 1904 until 1931, and was subsequently professor emeritus in residence until his death, in 1939. I have copied his committees down, but I am going to omit them, as I am tired of the word. He was the author of a couple of best-sellers—"The Shifting and Incidence of Taxation" and "Principles of Economics"—neither of which was sold to the movies. He was a Seligman-whom-foreign-societies-delighted-to-honor, and a commander Seligman. He was a member of the Institut de France; the Accademia dei Lincei, of Rome; the Russian Academy of Science, of Leningrad; the Société d'Economie Politique, of Paris; the Accademia delle Scienze Morali e Politiche, of Naples; the Masaryk Institute of Sociology, of Czechoslovakia; the Norwegian Academy of Sciences; and the Cuban Academy of Political and Social Science; he was also Laureate of the Belgian Royal Academy of Science, Letters, and Arts, and a commander of the Order of the



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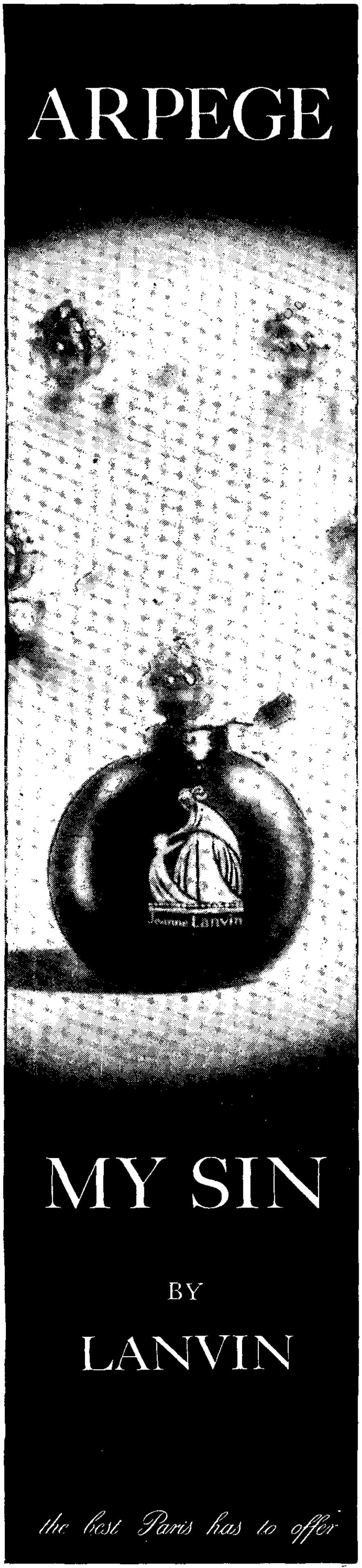


BOTTLED AND PACKAGED IN FRANCE

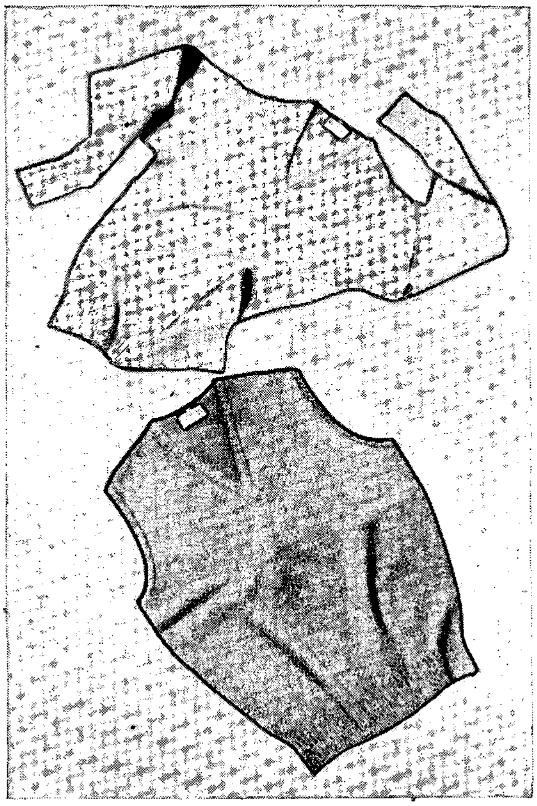
Crown of Rumania and of the Order of Carlos Manuel de Céspedes, Cuba. He was a member of the Hobby Club, of New York. His hobby was collecting books on economic subjects. He collected fifty thousand of these, read them, and sold them to Columbia for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. He had a camp in the Adirondacks, and his means, which were unusual for a professor, occasionally astonished his colleagues. "I recall," Professor G. Findlay Shirras, at that time Dean of Economics of the University College of the South West, at Exeter, England, wrote in the *Economic Journal* shortly after Professor Seligman's death, "that some years ago when, during the dinner hour, a cat burglar stole from his daughter's bedroom jewelry including a valuable pearl necklace, many of his friends were struck by the value of the booty." A cat burglar in the British sense is not a man who steals cats. He is a thief who enters by climbing. Edwin had a daughter, Hazel, who is married to Dr. Carl Goldmark, a gynecologist, and he had a son, Eustace, whom you have probably run into. Eustace is a legal, party, travelling, and trustee Seligman. He is a senior partner in Sullivan & Cromwell, a trustee of Amherst, and an executor of the William Nelson Cromwell estate and others. He gives parties and goes to them even more often than his grandfather and his great-uncles used to open and close stores or reorganize railroads. He and his wife sailed around the Aegean summer before last. They are thinking of going to India next summer.

Besides Eustace and Theodore, there have been three active Seligman lawyers in this country—Joseph L., Jr., a grandson of Isaac N., who practices in San Francisco; George Washington, a son of Joseph; and Eugene, a son of James. Eugene and Theodore were the Seligmans in Seligman & Seligman. Eugene, a bachelor who lived to be seventy-nine, was an infant-prodigy Seligman. He was ready for college at eleven, but waited three years, so as not to be conspicuous, and graduated from Columbia at eighteen with the highest honors in his class. Adolf Berle got out of Harvard at the same age. Seligman & Seligman handled the Family Liquidation Agreement, and the man in charge of the actual liquidation was De Witt, another son of James. De Witt took a law degree at Columbia in 1884, but he never practiced. He had a seat on the Stock Exchange, and acted as a broker in the matter of the liquidation, converting into cash a barrel of stocks and bonds. He converted a hundred shares of Sutro Tunnel into a dollar, but that wasn't his fault; you don't necessarily get out of a tunnel what you put into it. De Witt was a Jack-of-all-trades Seligman. In addition to being a broker and a non-practicing lawyer, he wrote a number of plays, none of which were produced, and was publisher and editor of a magazine called *Epoch*, a member of the New York City Board of Education, a trustee and secretary of Mount Sinai Hospital, historian of the Thomas Hunter Association, and a banker, having been associated with the J. & W. firm for twenty years. At the time of his death (like Eugene's, at seventy-nine), he was the second-oldest living trustee of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor. All the Seligmans thought the condition of the poor should be improved. De Witt's son James has had a Stock Exchange seat for thirty-nine years and takes a good many of his meals at Voisin. Besides James, Eustace, and Walter, all of whom are without issue, the only sealing-wax-David-descended Seligman extant in New York is Reginald, who is a grandson of Leopold and whose father, Hugo, moved from England to America, reversing *his* father's itinerary. I can't find Reginald in the phone book and I don't know what he's up to, but I know he's around. The other Reginald, a grandson of the Frankfurt Henry, is a partner in Seligman Brothers, in London. The eight brothers had thirty-six sons, but these thirty-six had only nineteen sons, and only six of these were grandchildren of the three brothers who stayed in America. These six had five sons, of whom only one begat a son. One. Smog, doubtless. (It is perhaps significant that this one son, Joseph L., Jr., moved to the limpid air of California and produced *three* sons, of whom the youngest is Garrett Van Horne Seligman.) Cheerless statistics, to be sure, but they simplify my labors.

I COME now, with a lively sense of anticipation, to the only remaining Seligman whom I shall treat other than cursorily—Jefferson, a son of James. Jefferson, undoubtedly one of the children of James whom Peggy Guggenheim had in mind when she used the adjective "peculiar," was a fruit-and-ginger Seligman. He started out as a regular Seligman—going to work for J. & W. at twenty-two and becoming a partner in due course—but somewhere along the line he got off on a novel tack. Soon after his father died, in 1916, leaving him a considerable share in the firm, Jefferson began to establish himself as the fruit-and-ginger Seligman. He came to the office every day, or nearly every day, with a basket, from which he distributed fruit and ginger. He had a theory that if you ate fruit and ginger, you not only felt well but thought well and could make good decisions, so he would take his basket first to the partners' room, where the brains were supposed to be, and press his products on his cousins Henry and Isaac and on such other partners, down through the years, as Albert and Frederick Strauss, John C. Jay, Robert V. White, Earle Bailie, Francis Fitz Randolph, Walter Seligman, and Henry C. Breck. "On even the busiest days, the partners would accept the fruit and ginger Jeff offered," a former Seligman employee told me recently. "He would then distribute the remainder to the lower echelons. One day, when I was talking to one of the partners in the partners' room, Jeff gave me a banana. I went back to my desk, in another room, and a little while later Jeff showed up and started to hand me an orange. He peered at me, and withdrew the orange. 'You've already had your fruit,' he said."

After Jeff's fruit-and-ginger career had been under way for a few years, J. & W. established a dining room on the top floor of their headquarters on Wall Street, and began to serve fruit there. Jeff thereupon discontinued his fruit line, but he kept on serving ginger. He ate a lot of fruit and ginger himself, and came to a number of good decisions in the field of social betterment. Once, in a newspaper interview, he denounced handshaking, as conducive to the transmission of germs, but came out flatly for kissing. He advised the Street Cleaning Department not to sprinkle streets their whole length but to leave a dry space where old ladies could cross without getting their feet wet. He also had the interests of young ladies at heart. He lived at a hotel in the Sixties and kept his closets there stocked with dresses from Klein's, which he presented to them. His sister Mrs. Guggenheim visited him there one day and seized a handful of these garments. "I don't see why I shouldn't have some, too," she said.

J. & W.'s Stock Exchange seat was in Jefferson's name, and this enabled him to strike a blow for public reassurance at the beginning of the depression. "In October, 1929, when the panic was a day or two old, Jeff appeared on the floor of the Exchange for the first time



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in years," the man from whom Jeff withdrew the orange told me. "He hadn't done a stroke of work since anyone could remember. I don't think he executed any orders—he simply appeared, wearing a flower in the buttonhole of his Prince Albert. One of the afternoon papers commented on the calming effect induced by the appearance of the well-known international banker." Jeff died in 1937, at seventy-eight, leaving a somewhat diminished estate, which consisted, in part, of a rather large remainder of ginger and Klein's dresses. This was handled gingerly by Walter Seligman and one of the partners in Cravath, de Gersdorff, Swaine & Wood—J. & W.'s lawyers—who is said to have been astonished at the claimants who trooped into his office, many of them nattily dressed out of the deceased's closets.

No paper of this sort is complete without a bibliography, and I am going to leave this one incomplete. The *furor scribendi* has left me, and I feel bushed. My work is incomplete in other ways, too. For one thing, I have left a number of Seligmans unsorted, especially in England; Leopold's son Edgar, for example, was once fencing champion of Great Britain, and his grandson Vincent, a partner in the Brothers, is the author of "Macedonian Musings" and "Puccini Among Friends," the latter being based on more than seven hundred letters Puccini wrote Vincent's mother, who was married to one of the six Davids. I will conclude with a reference to Walter Herbert, conductor and general director of the New Orleans Opera. Walter, a son of the Frankfurt Henry's Milton, is a dropped-name Seligman. What was the name, redolent of woollens, sealing wax, clothing stores and factories, Civil War uniforms and Civil War loans, banking houses on two continents, seventy-dollar-a-week locomotives, and well-attended funerals and well-patronized fruit and ginger, that Walter Herbert dropped? Seligman.

—GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN

•

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[*From the Tokyo Mainichi Shimbun*]

Mayumi Azusa (as Miyuki, the heroine) shows a minute acting sincerely but lacks final touch for her action, being merely a schmaltzy coldhopper beauty with sorrow face throughout the show while Akemi Furusato's acting does not do a thing for itself except that in the scene of "trial." Her song this month is too poor to mention about.

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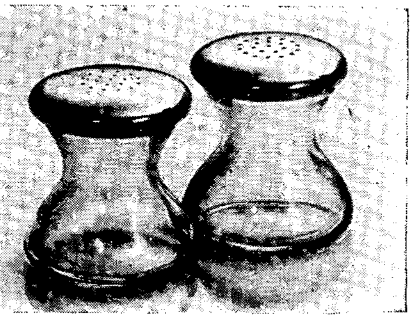

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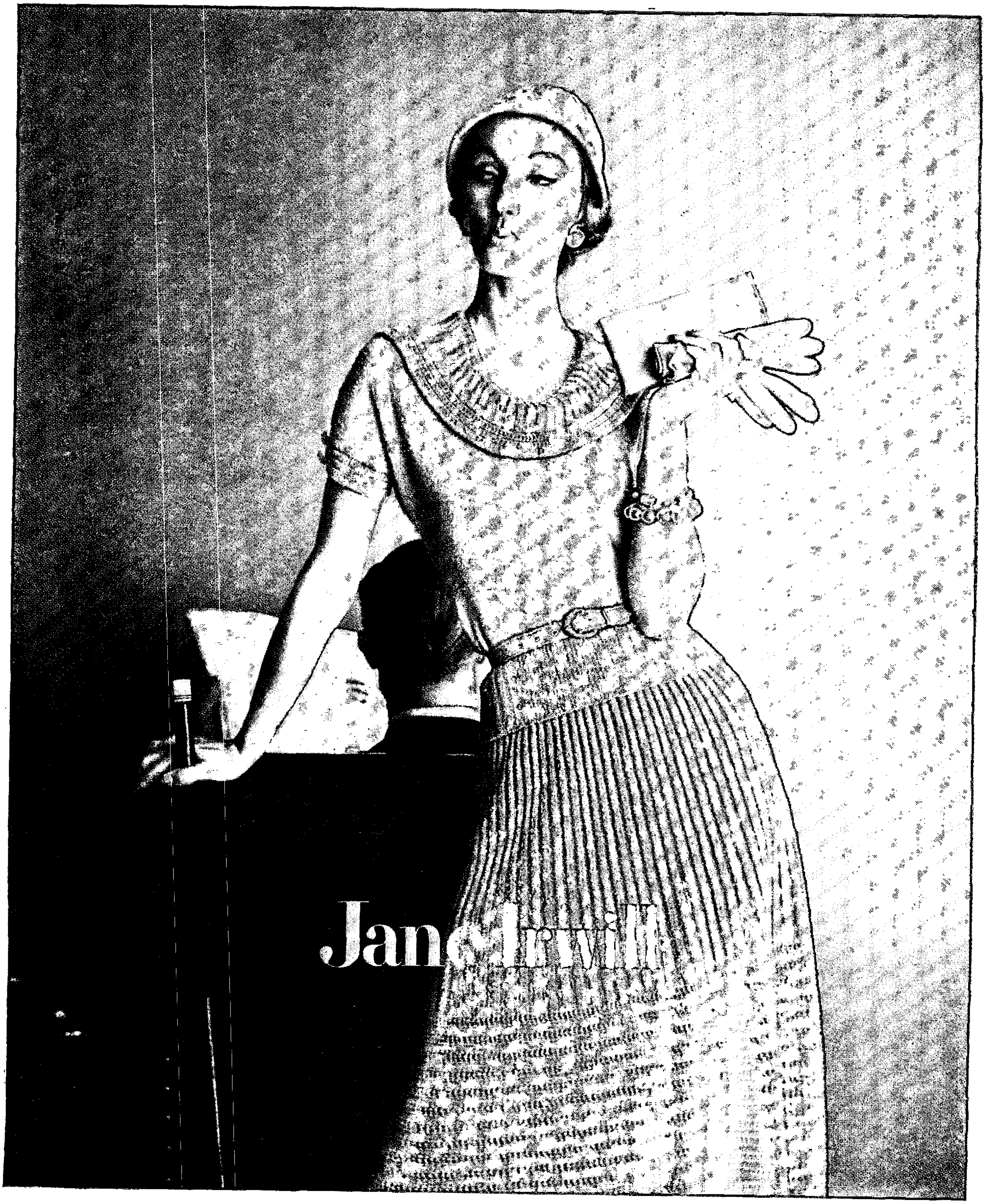

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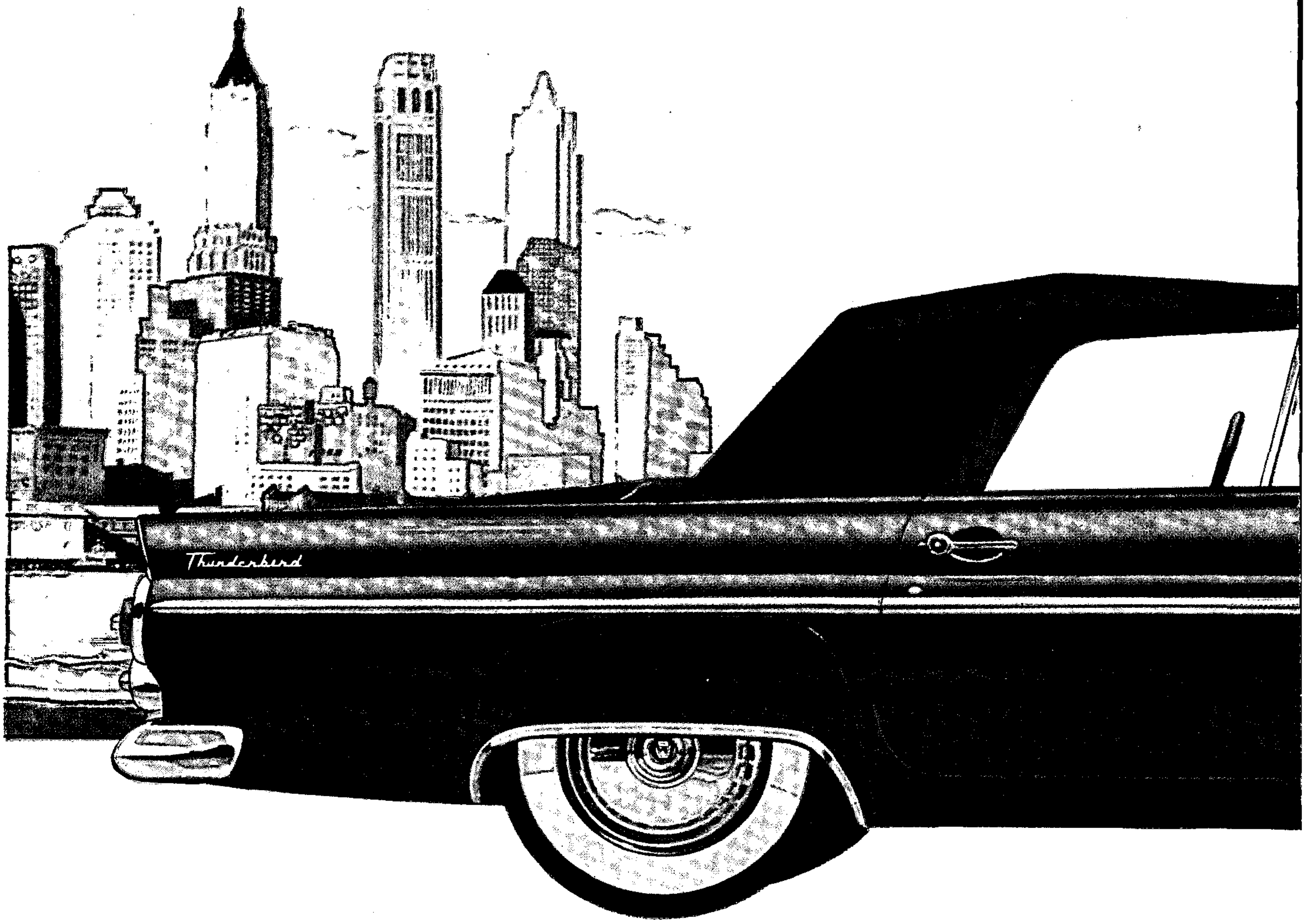

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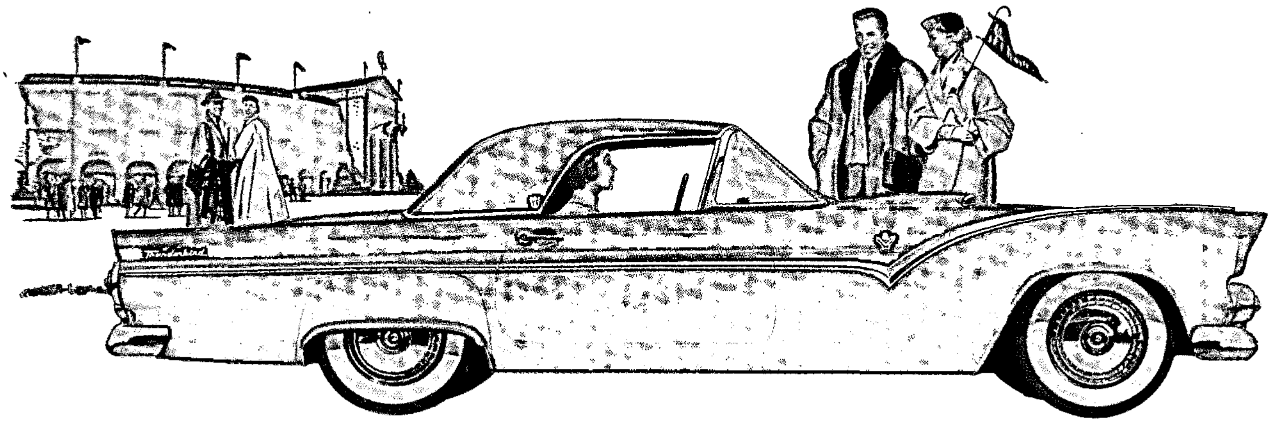

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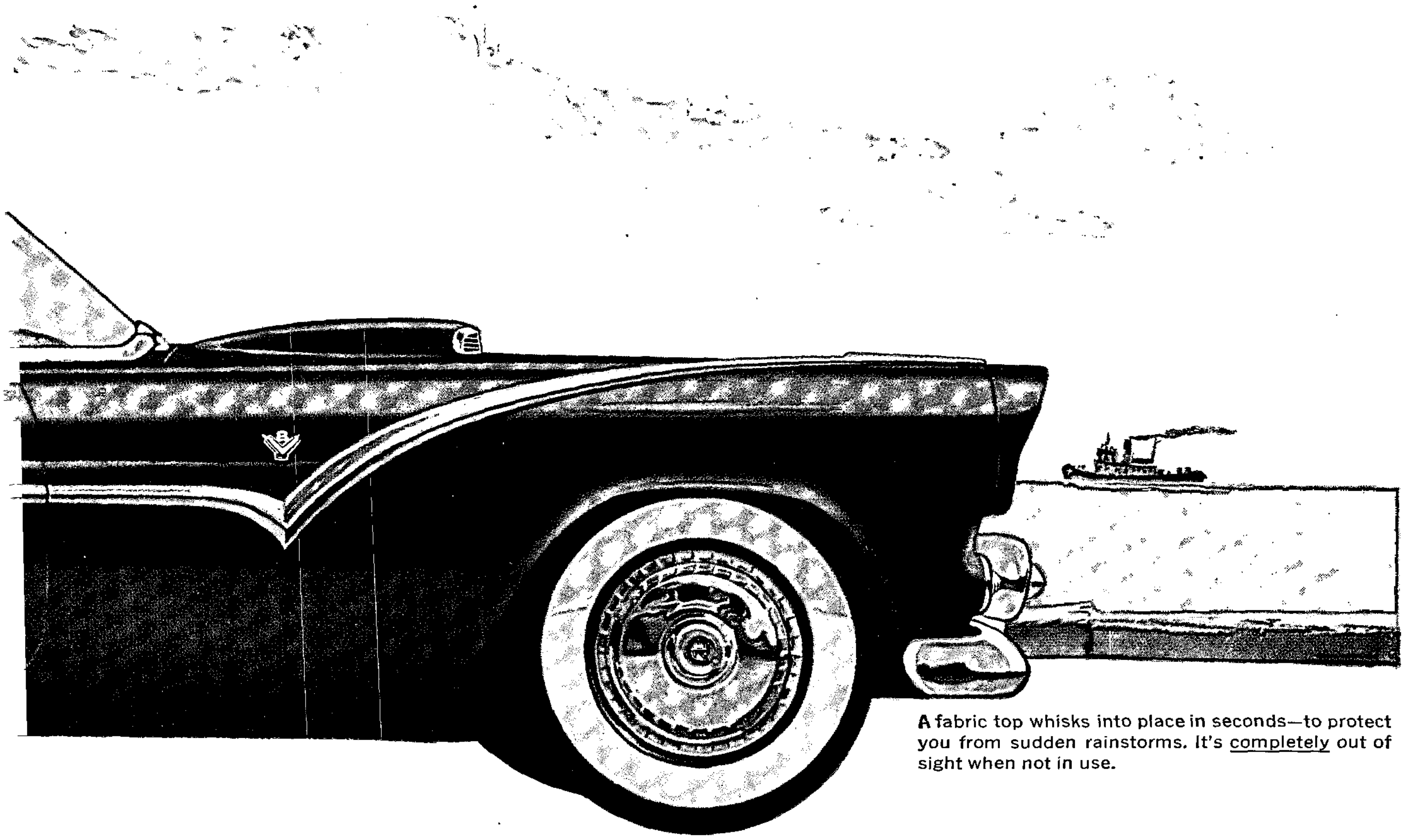

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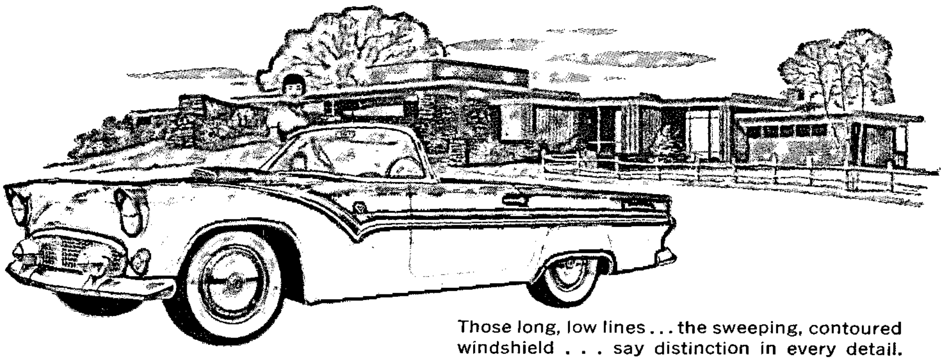

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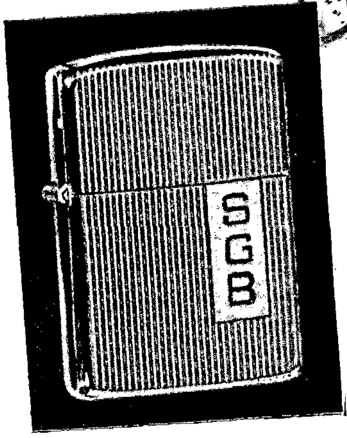

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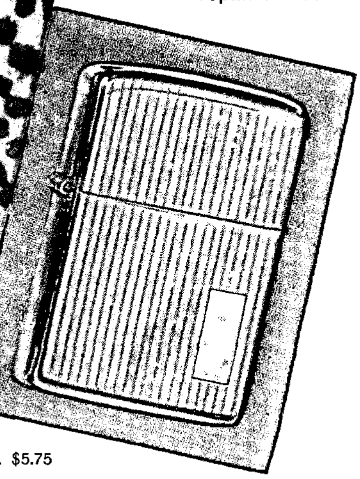

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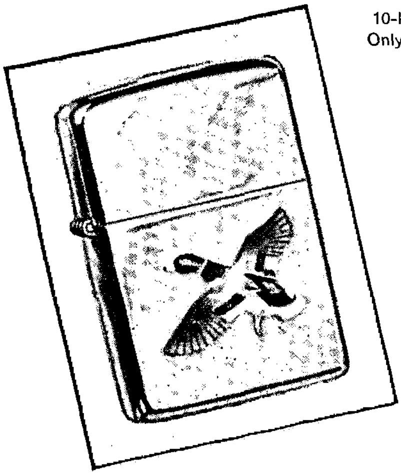

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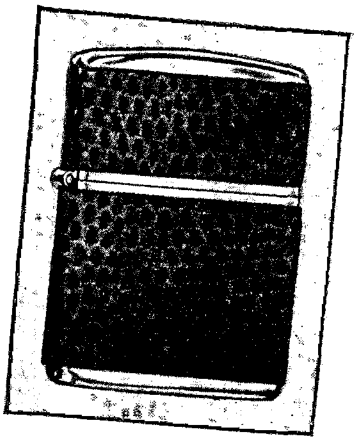

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THE THEATRE

"DO YOU BELIEVE IN FAIRIES?"

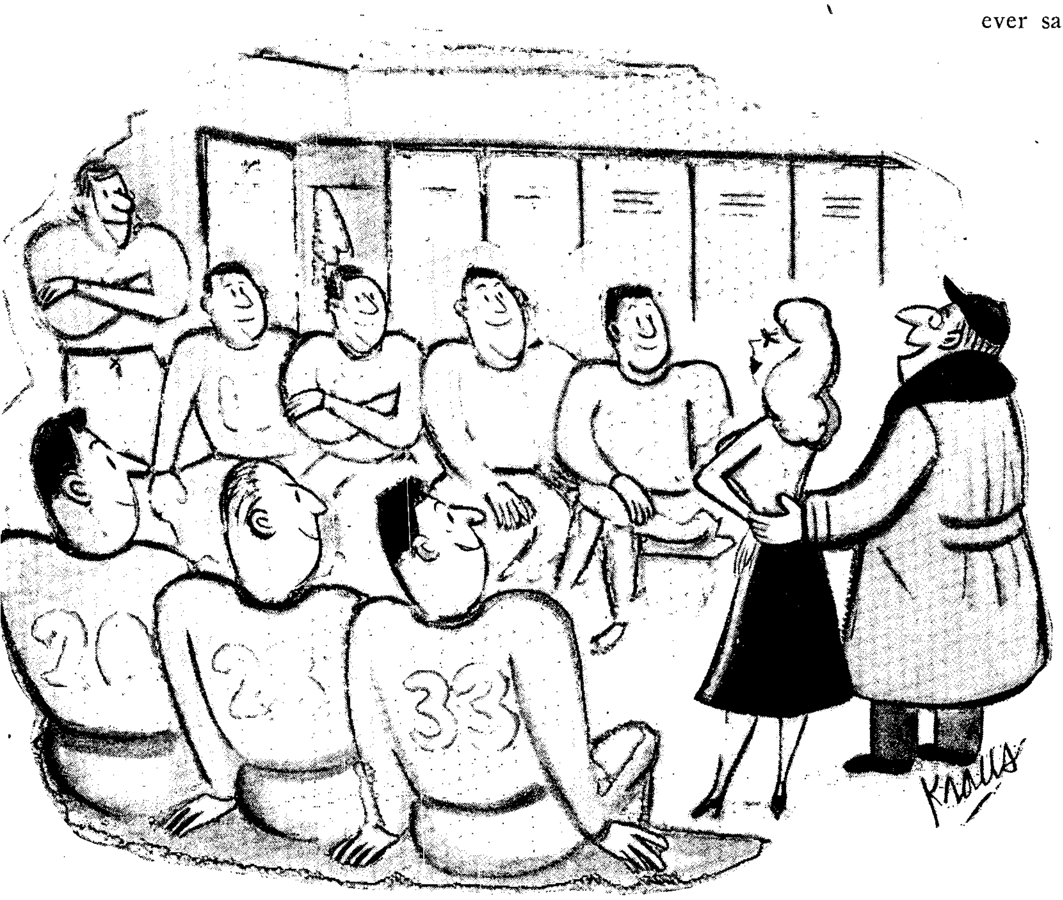
English criticism is almost invariably superior to our native brand, and with your permission I would like to quote for a second time what Max Beerbohm wrote on the occasion of the first appearance of "Peter Pan" in London, in 1905. "To remain, like Mr. Kipling, a boy," he said, "is not at all uncommon. But I know not anyone who remains, like Mr. Barrie, a child. . . . Undoubtedly 'Peter Pan' is the best thing he has done—the thing most directly from within himself. Here, at last, we see his talent in its full maturity; for here he has stripped from himself the last flimsy remnants of a pretense to maturity. Time was when a tiny pair of trousers peeped from under his 'short coats' . . . and he jauntily affected the absence of a lisp, and spelt out the novels of Mr. Meredith and said he liked them very much, and even used a pipe for another purpose than that of blowing soapbubbles. But all this while, bless his little heart, he was suffering. . . . It was a fearful strain to play at being a grown-up among grown-up persons. But he was forced to do this, because the managers of theatres and the publishers of books would have been utterly dumfounded if he had asked them to take him as he was. . . . Time passed, and mankind was lured, little by little, to the point when it could fondly accept Mr. Barrie on his own terms. The tiny trousers were slipped off, and under the toy heap were thrust the works of Mr. Meredith. . . . Now, at last, we see at the Duke of York's Theatre Mr. Barrie in his quiddity undiluted—the child in a state of nature, unabashed—the child, as it were, in its bath, splashing and crowing as it splashes."

None of this, of course, should be taken to mean that the critic disliked Mr. Barrie's play. He loved it, paying the highest tribute in his power to "the vividness and abundance of a child's fancy [which] can weave an endless web of romance around itself and around all things," and deploring the sorry birth of logic, which robs the cultivated adult of most of his ability to dream. He was just trying to say that Mr. Barrie was surely unique among the playwrights of his time, and that there might conceivably be people too damaged by life to be attracted by a purely childish fantasy, however rich in charm and invention. Reluctant as I am to align myself with these spoiled spirits, I have to admit that "Peter Pan" is not an unmixed delight to me.

The current production has its moments of astonishing beauty; it has Mary Martin and Cyril Ritchard, who are certainly ideally cast; it has quite a lot of lovely incidental music and lyrics, by Carolyn Leigh, Mark Charlap, Jule Styne, Betty Comden, Adolph Green, Trude Rittman, and Elmer Bernstein (I don't think there will be any attempt here to sort out the separate efforts of all these gifted people); it has some of the most remarkable aerial exploits you ever saw, executed for the most part by Miss Martin and contrived for her by Joseph Kirby, in association with Peter Foy; and it has a general air of style that you are lucky to see once in fifteen years.

In addition to all these fine things, it unfortunately has Mr. Barrie's celebrated whimsical notion, which is to the effect that permanently delayed adolescence is the highest condition of mortal felicity, and it contains such nursery mechanisms as an actor dressed up as a dog, a fairy who exists only in the form of a flickering light, and a crocodile with an alarm clock in its stomach.

There may, of course, be those who actually adore Nana, Tinker Bell, and the Crocodile—or indulgently pretend to do so—and even those who would sincerely like to spend the rest of their lives in Neverland, where the children are in charge and there is no greater menace to anybody's security than a monumentally incompetent pirate captain. I have, in fact, known just such people, and I can only say that



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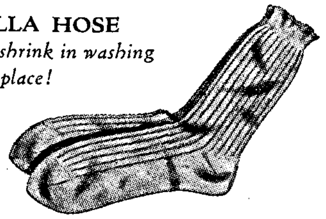

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most of them appeared to be at the theatre the other night—unabashed in their quiddity, obviously enchanted by the whole darn thing.

The only further comment I can make on the exhibit at the Winter Garden is that it seems to me the best production of "Peter Pan" I have ever seen, but that I am too isolated from the thought I detect embedded somewhere in Mr. Barrie's text to take any very intelligent interest in how his play is produced. In addition to the work done by Miss Martin (her swinging across the stage at the end of the first act would be a notably carefree achievement in any season) and Mr. Ritchard, who has possibly more polish than any other actor around these days, there are admirable performances by Kathy Nolan as Wendy, Margalo Gillmore as Mrs. Darling, Joe E. Marks as Smee, Sondra Lee as Tiger Lily (the Indian Princess), and Heller Halliday as Liza. Jerome Robbins directed the piece with enormous vivacity and ingenuity.

—WOLCOTT GIBBS

•

The embassy of Pakistan here has become noted for numerous things; pleasant, charming envoys; best public relations attachés of any foreign mission in town; most frequent party givers. And yet the Pakistani have no imagination! They have more citizens named Ali than we have characters named Smith! Not so long ago Washington received an ambassador from Karachi named Ali. He was succeeded by another chap named Ali. Most recently, still a third Ali appeared on the scene here and has been confused with the first envoy named Ali!

It's a trial. But I suppose our Smiths are just as confusing. However, we are more accustomed to John, Tom, Joe, Harry, etc., as first names of the myriad Smiths. However, when Syed Adjad Ali succeeded Mohammed Ali as ambassador we were relieved; no new complicated Eastern name for our lists. Things rested easy; we heard with pleasure that former Ambassador Mohammed Ali had been named Prime Minister of Pakistan. Then came another fellow named Ali from Karachi. He was heralded as Minister of Finance, and his name was Mohamad Ali, which to American ears and eyes doesn't sound or look far removed from Mohammed Ali. So we simply thought that the former envoy to our town had changed jobs.

Oh, the Pakistani name so many of their people Ali. Now we've learned; yesterday Pakistan Ambassador Syed Amjad Ali entertained at a luncheon in the embassy for Chaudhri Mohamad Ali, Finance Minister from Karachi. And the current visitor is not to be confused with Prime Minister Mohammed Ali, one-time envoy to Washington, who will arrive here Oct. 14 for a state visit. As "Our Miss Brooks" says: "Got it? If not, get it!"—*Evelyn Peyton Gordon in the Washington News.*

Got it. Chap's name is Ali Smith.

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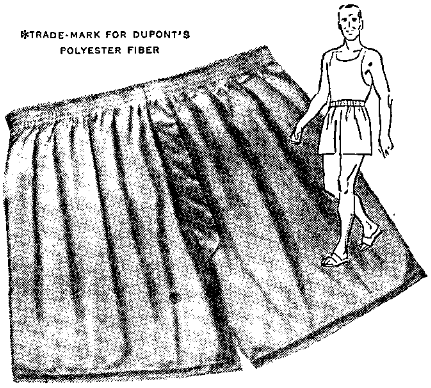

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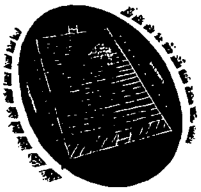
Old Story



METEOROLOGISTS who keep track of climatic conditions along the Eastern seaboard are probably thinking back ten years, to the days when the high winds from West Point and Annapolis were sweeping almost everything before them. Army's visit last Saturday to Baker Field, where it beat a plucky but baffled Columbia, 67–12, and Navy's visit the same afternoon to Philadelphia, where it beat a bewildered Pennsylvania, 52–6, are apt to remind us of similar terrible disasters in the mid-forties. It has been that way all fall. Army did lose to South Carolina early in the season, but nothing has stopped it since, and Navy has lost only to Pittsburgh, and then merely by missing a couple of tries after touchdown. On Saturday, the full power and glory of the Army's and the Navy's offense and defense were visible, whether the teams were made up of first-, second-, or third-string performers.

As often happens to outmanned teams when the sheer horror of what they have to contend with becomes apparent, Columbia began fumbling the ball right at the start, and that made its rout all the more decisive. Penn was more grudging, and tardier, with its fumbles, but in the end even the mighty Hynoski started dropping the ball, and after that there was no hope for Penn. While there had been more hope for Penn than there had been for Columbia (for which, actually, there had never been any), Penn was able to achieve just two first downs all afternoon, and it scored its touchdown only because Chaplin made a pretty catch of a lackadaisical Navy kick and got a spot of good blocking. The rest of the time, Navy was doing the good blocking and getting the touchdowns. Almost continuously for years now, Navy has had manpower to burn, but there were whole seasons when that was about all Navy did with it. This season is not one of them. Trotting forth such splendid but nearly legendary characters as Monahan, who seems to spend more time recovering from injuries than he does playing, and Welsh, a veteran who appears to be sometimes a first-stringer and sometimes a second-stringer, and throwing in some excellent new talent, Navy went about its complicated maneuvers with literally staggering ease and aplomb. This Navy team is surely a resounding triumph of mind over matter. Whether it will be a triumph of mind over Notre Dame this weekend is what is sometimes referred to as another story.

All fall, Army has been mumbling about its good backs who have been too badly damaged to go on playing, but the regulars and alleged substitutes who ran with the ball against Columbia looked remarkably agile, and always appeared to know exactly where they were going, to say nothing of how to get there. It was, as I was just remarking, a reminder of the way the service teams were breaking things up in the forties. Several of the Ivy League teams are suffering from a severe shortage of ends—noticeably Penn, which simply could not contain the wide-ranging Navy offensive. Most of us had our first look Saturday at Holleder, Army's driving end, who has been practically invisible up to now because of some campus infraction. (There was a time, not so long ago, when Army football men were magically immune to such petty diseases.) Holleder is easily the most vivid Army end since Barney Poole, of the famous Poole brothers, departed for the professional leagues. Not only is he a nimble receiver of passes and a fine downfield blocker for his teammates; he is also a merciless harrier of enemy passers, and at least one catastrophic Columbia fumble can be credited to his fierce sallies into the Columbia backfield.

—J. W. L.

●

Capt. Dries and Pfc. George M. Pisk, twenty-two, of Austin, Tex., were seized by Czech border guards at Gunpoint Sept. 17 near Eslarn, Bavaria.—*The Herald Tribune.*

A beautiful old walled town, as we recall it.

●

Theoretically, when a pin drops, the earth moves a little to meet it, but because the earth is so much bigger than the pin, the movement of the earth is so small it cannot be measured.—*Petaluma (Calif.) Argus-Courier.*

If people weren't such butterfingers, the matter wouldn't come up.

●

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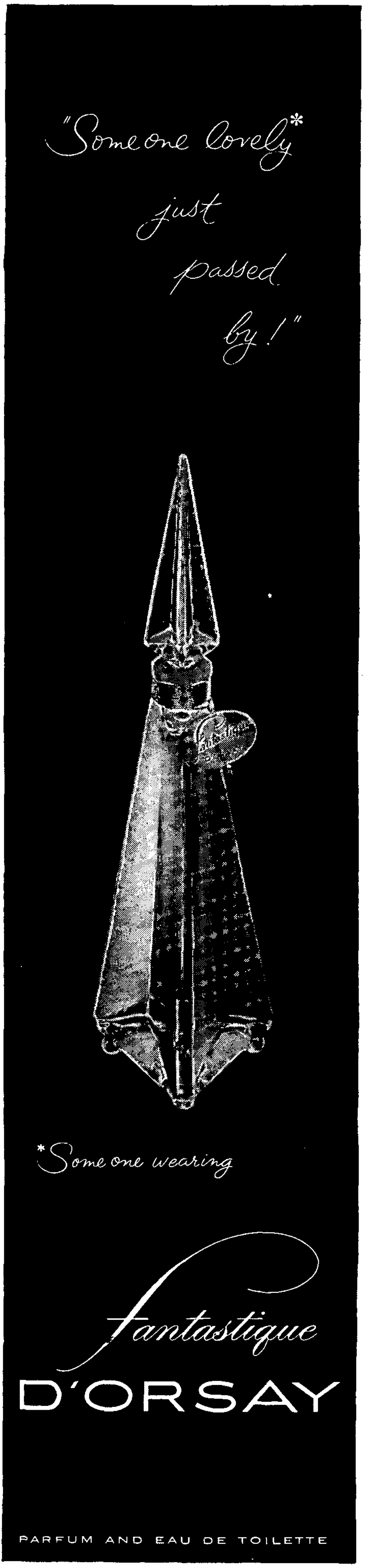
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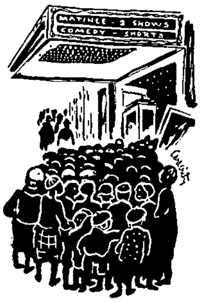
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Regency Toff



THE wardrobe department of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, grateful for an opportunity to drain off its surplus, not long ago seized happily on a script that wallows in the pomp and circumstance of the Regency period, and as a result we have a film called "Beau Brummell." The story this picture is based on was written in the first instance by Clyde Fitch and specifically geared to the talents of Richard Mansfield. The variant employed here is the work of Karl Tunberg, and the talents it has been adapted to are those of Stewart Granger. Mr. Granger is a tall, muscular sort, who seldom permits the demands of his craft to jolt him out of a handsome complacency, but in his current venture he runs head-on into a death scene, with all its histrionic requirements. These he meets with some very powerful breathing—so powerful it's rather a relief when he stops toying noisily with the summons from above and accepts it.

Before Mr. Granger wheezes himself into the beyond, he is his usual self—full of a belowstairs hauteur and a general aloofness to his situation. The picture propounds the notion that Beau Brummell brought himself to the attention of the Prince of Wales, who later became George IV, by baiting that Hanoverian aristocrat while he was making his petulant way about the parade grounds of the Guards. As played by Peter Ustinov, the Prince seems a pretty poor specimen of the Hanovers. But presently we are introduced fleetingly to George III, as portrayed by Robert Morley, and compared to *him*, Mr. Ustinov is a pearl of intellect. Indeed, Mr. Morley's conduct might seem overwrought even in the frenzied environment of Bedlam, but I'm no authority on the Regency period or the Hanovers, and maybe the monarchy was in as bad shape as it is depicted here.

Obviously, in any costume drama of the early nineteenth century we are bound to meet familiar figures, and "Beau Brummell" tosses a full quota our way. We have, for instance, William Pitt, busily engaged in keeping the Hanoverian bloodline straight by preventing the Prince from making an honest woman of Mrs. Fitzherbert, and Lord Byron, hanging around for no particular reason and looking hungry. We also have a girl named Lady Patricia, who, as enacted by Elizabeth Taylor, is a misty, if beautiful, type. It develops that she loves Mr. Granger, but she is a shillyshallyer who can't make up her mind whether to yield herself to the boy or take up with somebody more reliable, such as a solid young nobleman—quite a rarity in those days.

As the grandson of a valet (I'd always understood it was a storekeeper, but valet it is here), Beau Brummell was well equipped to do something about the men's suitings of his day, with special attention to the trouser problem, but whether his background gave him the proper equipment for tangling with Pitt on policy is another matter entirely. Nevertheless, our Beau is revealed in this movie as a hell of a manipulator, and it takes a bit of doing on Pitt's part to cut him down to size. Since Mr. Granger refuses to look as if he could manipulate anything more complicated than an Erector set, the picture seems implausible a good deal of the time, but Mr. Ustinov occasionally gets some fleshly pathos into his rendition of the future George IV. Made in England, "Beau Brummell" has been handsomely set up, and the nobles involved dash about amid some mighty pretty scenery. Too bad so many fine visual effects are wasted.

—JOHN McCARTEN

●

OUR FORGETFUL AUTHORS

[*From "The Loom of Language," by Frederick Bodmer*]

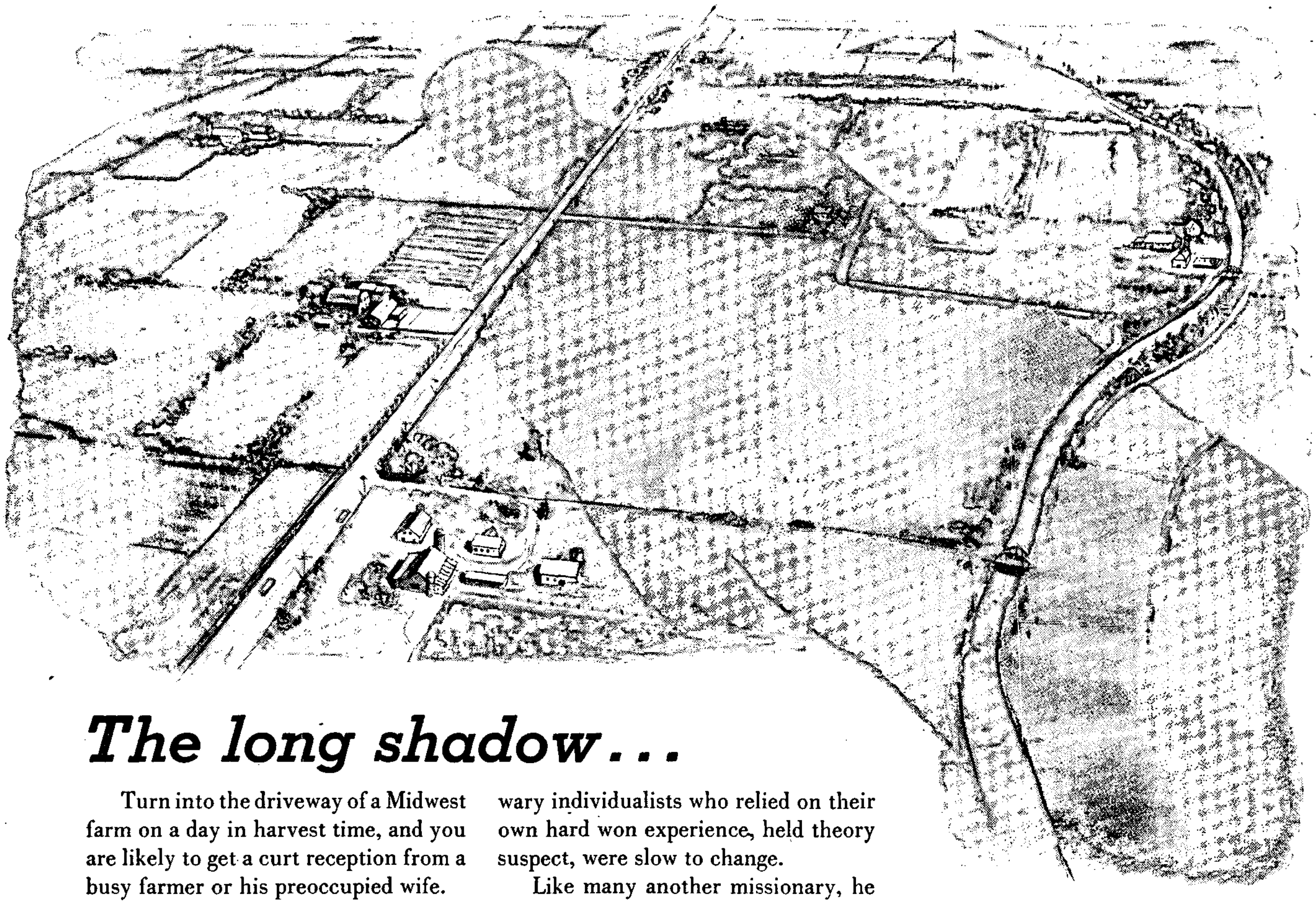
Modern Italian, as the accepted norm for Italy as a whole, is based on the dialect of Florence, which owes its prestige to the works of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio and their sponsors, the master printers. —*Page 312.*

The dominant dialect was that of Florence, which owed its prestige less to the poems of Dante, Petrarch, and Boccaccio than to a flourishing textile industry and wealthy banking houses. —*Page 348.*

●

I want very much to have a Hallowe'en party this year (my first one) and am desperately in need of some ideas. I will have about ten young married couples present and would like suggestions for games and non-alcoholic refreshments. There will be space enough as this is in the basement. Please help me as I am at a loss for ideas to keep such a party going.—*Washington Star.*

Just keep those ginger-ale glasses filled, and stop worrying.



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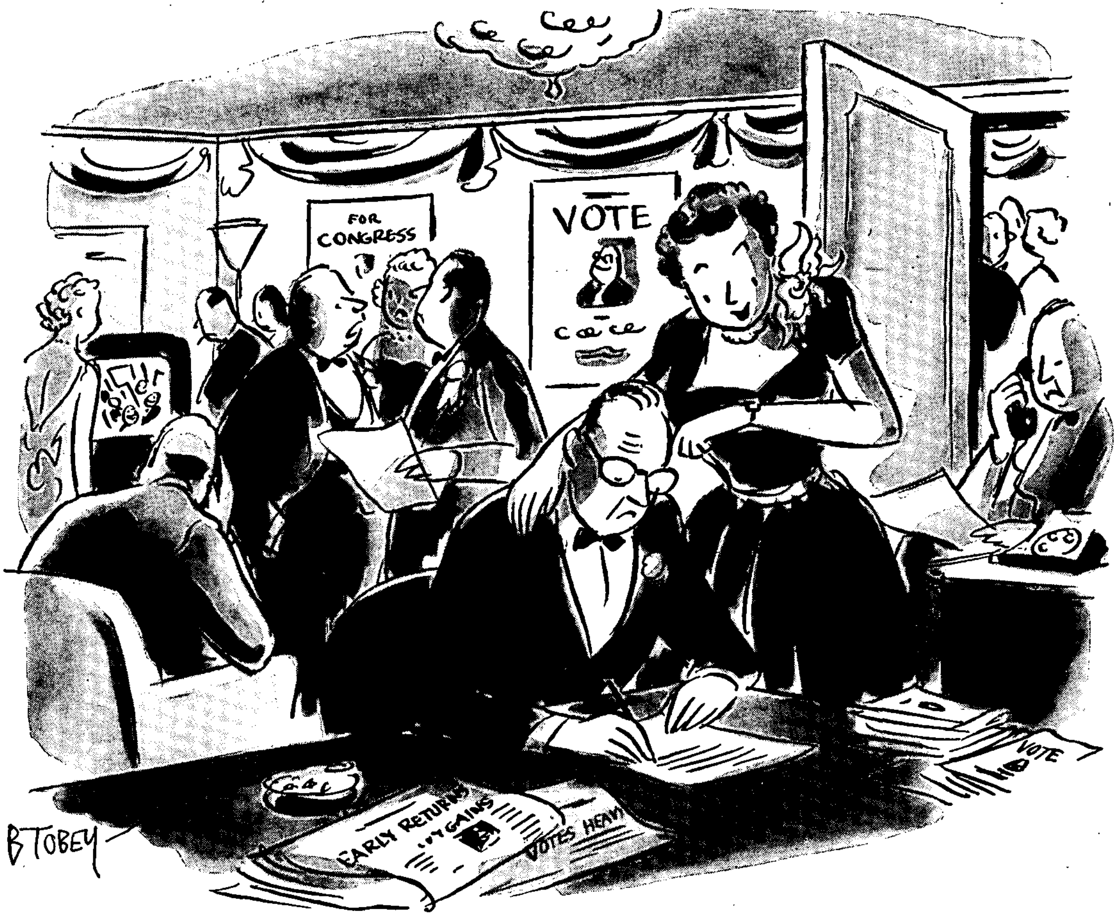
A REPORTER AT LARGE

BACCHUS IN LONDINIUM

THE news some months ago that the remains of a Roman building, thought to be a temple of the year 90 A.D., had been discovered during excavations in the City of London was at first received by most Londoners without any particular excitement. After all, London has other Roman remains. There are some baths, some sections of the old Londinium city wall, and at least one fine example of the central-heating system with which the unhappy colonists tried to combat the creeping local fogs, but few people except conscientious tourists ever visit them. For nearly two years, the Roman and Medieval London Excavation Council, a private organization that has the blessing, and assistance, of several interested museums, has had a team quietly digging away on a large area in the angle formed by Walbrook, Cannon, and Queen Victoria Streets—a spot within strolling distance of the Bank of England and St. Paul's—where the German bombs had flattened a big section of sooty Victorian buildings. The Council's operations attracted practically no attention until the past month, when preliminary excavations for the foundations of a huge new office building, to be called Bucklersbury House, got going on this unlovely hole in the ground. Then important traces of Roman work began coming to light, and the British public began to get really excited about the Council's discoveries. On September 18th, a team of volunteer archeologists, working under the direction of Mr. W. F. Grimes, of the London Museum, turned up a splendid marble head of a man wearing a Phrygian cap. He was instantly identified as the god Mithras, and, combined with previous finds, like an alabaster medallion carved with human and animal symbols of the Mithraic cult, he made it possible for the experts to fix the temple definitely as one devoted to the worship of this once extremely popular deity. The neck of the Mithras head was found on the twenty-first of September, and on the twenty-sixth another large marble head, at first thought to be that of a youth, was brought to light.

By this time, the Temple of Mithras had caught the popular imagination in a way that astonished the modest archeologists, who are used to pegging away without being noticed by anybody much except other scholars. The news that this fascinating bit of the city's historic past was doomed to be destroyed when building operations really got started apparently made Londoners determined to take a look at the site while it was still there. When it was announced that for one week the public would be allowed in to see the excavations for an hour every evening, crowds, sometimes as many as thirty-five thousand strong, stood patiently in line in the hope of being able to shuffle past the ruins. Many were disappointed, and their disappointment was so keen that, behaving very unlike the usual disciplined London crowd, they tried to break through a police cordon and dodge in to see the temple. The contractors put a very high galvanized-iron hoarding around the whole site to discourage the rubberneckers and marked it "DANGEROUS," in large letters, but resourceful citizens stood on one another's shoulders, bored peepholes, or even lay flat on the sidewalk in their efforts to see over, through, or under the thing. People who had never heard of Mithras in their lives suddenly chatted about him as if he were an old friend. The god's name showed up in comedians' jokes, in countless cartoons, and in advertisements. ("In Londinium they believed in Mithras; in London they believe in Shell," a motor-oil advertisement announced.) Women newspaper readers were informed that the Mithras, or Phrygian, cap would be all the rage for the cocktail hour this autumn.

Meanwhile, the owners of the Bucklersbury House site—the Legenland Property Company, which also legally owns the Roman remains and all the finds made there—were in a quandary. In the interests of archeology, they held up the onslaught of the bulldozers, at an estimated loss of two thousand pounds a week. The contractors' machines tore in-



"You're doing better, dear. In the last election, you conceded much earlier."

to the rest of the site, but Mr. Grimes' team was allowed to continue to work on the temple. There was now a public outcry at the thought that it would soon have to be torn up in favor of a vast cube of steel and concrete, in which City gentlemen's top hats, rather than Phrygian caps, would be the usual headgear. After some talk about preserving the Roman ruin somewhere in the bowels of Bucklersbury House, the Minister of Works, Sir David Eccles, announced that the cost would be at least half a million pounds, which would have to be met out of public funds; moreover, the engineering problems involved would make it impossible to raise the building to its projected fourteen stories. Before the public had had time to cool its new Roman fervor in the chill of these calculations, the Legenland Property Company generously offered to bear the expense of moving the temple from its present low-lying site and reërecting it in a courtyard facing Queen Victoria Street. That was on October 1st. On October 4th, one might have thought that the old Roman gods were bent on showing impious Londoners what undiscovered treasures still lay under the threatened plot of ground, for Mr. Grimes and his helpers had a day such as archeologists dream of. Three new pieces came up out of the London clay. They were a magnificent marble head of Serapis, the Greco-Egyptian corn god; an enormous marble hand, clutching something and broken off at the wrist; and a statuette of the god Hermes. On the same day, it was announced that the dismantling of the temple, preparatory to its laborious removal, stone by stone, to some storage place to await resurrection, would begin very shortly. Three days after that, I went to have a look at the site. As a preliminary, I did a little reading in "The Golden Bough" and elsewhere to add to my extremely skimpy store of information on the cult of Mithras and the behavior and beliefs of his followers.

What I read made me still more eager to see the temple. Mithras was a Persian deity whose worship was introduced into the West during the first century B.C. by prisoners of war captured by Pompey, but was not firmly established in Rome for another two centuries. The Roman soldiers were the cult's most ardent supporters, setting up Mithraic altars at all their garrison posts—among them marshy Londinium. Until the London discoveries, the most nearly complete example of a Mithraeum in Britain was one at Carrawburgh—at Hadrian's

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Wall, in Northumberland—but the many Mithraic ruins and monuments that survive in Rome and other European cities testify to the importance of the cult. Mithras had his attractions as a deity. He was the god of light, of truth, and of goodness, and he was classically depicted as a young man in a Phrygian cap slaying a sacred bull, from whose spilt blood, it was believed, rose all the life of the world. The Mithraic rites, which were forbidden to women, contained seven mystical grades of initiation, and the votaries were schooled to follow a highly moral code, which included abstinence and a constant fight against evil. Indeed, the most interesting thing about the Mithraic religion, which was Christianity's strongest adversary and held out against it until the end of the fourth century, was its many points of resemblance to the faith that overthrew it. When Mithras was born, according to the legend, some adoring shepherds took gifts to his birthplace. His followers believed in purification from sin, in Heaven and Hell, and in the immortality of the soul—an immortality that Mithras had obtained for suffering humanity. The Mithraic priests administered a communion of bread and wine to their advanced initiates, who kept Sundays and December 25th (the winter solstice, as reckoned in the Julian calendar) as sacred days. Some authorities suggest that the early Christian fathers decided to fix the celebration of Christ's birth officially on that date—since the Gospels give no clue—in a tolerant effort to win over Mithraic followers to the new faith by presenting them with a landmark already familiar and dear.

It was a brilliantly sunny morning when I set out, at around ten o'clock, for the Bucklersbury House site. I had no difficulty in spotting it, because of the high fence that surrounded it and because of the loiterers who were trying to get a peek past the man at the gate. A huge truck loaded with rubble was just lumbering up the ramp that led to the excavation, and as soon as it had cleared the gate, the couple of dozen spectators who had been clustered around the entrance closed in again and once more gazed fixedly down into the hole. From that distance they could have seen very little. When I showed the gateman a pass I had got from the excavation authorities and went through, it was like walking down into an immense mining crater. Men and excavating machines were working at several levels of the diggings. Huts had been erected here and there, and several trucks stood around at slightly drunken angles on the bottom of the hole, which was different colors in different places, owing, I suppose, to the various depths the excavations had reached—here gritty gray mixed with pink brick dust, there the yellow-brown of stiff clay, and at one point the jet black of sludge. The Roman temple was right up against the Walbrook Street side of the site and some fifteen feet below street level. As I walked down toward it, I saw a small group of people gathered at its eastern end and looking over the temple's low wall into the interior, where some workmen were moving about. A mechanical shovel was poised on a slope just beyond the northwest corner of the temple; its operator, sitting in his little cabin, was also staring down into the temple, as though contemplating a grab at the place. I think I had expected the temple to be bigger. It is about sixty feet long and about twenty feet wide, and its outer walls, which are two or three feet high, terminate at the west end in a rounded apse. Adjoining the south wall is a big stone well. The western end seemed to me the most thrilling part of the building, for it reminded me of *many* little Italian churches—red-roofed and rather high-bosomed, as this temple most probably was—standing among the olive orchards; the homesick builders would have tried to build Italy on the cold marshes of Londinium. When I looked at the temple from this west end, it was easy to make its walls soar in my mind's eye, and to crown it in imagination with the proper warm terra-cotta-pink tiles. The walls of the apse were particularly clean and sound. They were built in a pleasing pattern—four rows of large, round stones, then one row of tiles, then four rows of stones again. As for the ground plan of the interior of the temple, I found that it was difficult for my untrained eye to make anything much of it, although I could see that the layout was very like that of a Christian church—a central nave and two aisles leading up to the altar, which, however, was in the western apse, and not at the east end of the building, as it would have been in a Christian church. The altar was a rough block of stone with an irregular dip in it that might have been a step. Along the aisles, the bases of pillars were faintly visible.

It was such an absorbing sight that for quite some time I was completely engrossed by it, but suddenly I became aware that there was an air of subdued excitement about the group of people

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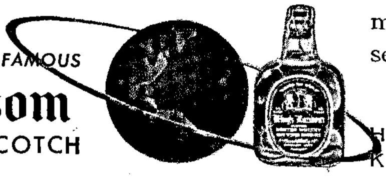

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who were gathered at the eastern end of the temple. The workmen nearby seemed to have suspended operations. They were leaning on their spades, talking, and looking expectantly toward several cellar arches, just outside the temple wall, that had been part of the bombed Victorian building. I joined some other spectators, and asked a genial-looking man who was dressed in City garb and carrying a sprucely rolled umbrella what was going on. He said that only a few minutes before, one of the workmen had turned up a new piece of statuary with his spade in the northeast corner, and that everybody was waiting while Mr. Cook, the Keeper of the Guildhall Museum, and Mrs. Williams, Mr. Grimes' assistant, examined the new find in the comparative privacy of the Victorian arches. Just at that moment, a beaming man, whom I took to be Mr. Cook, emerged from one of the archways and darted nimbly toward us over the Roman stonework. He was holding a small piece of marble statuary carefully in front of him. A sturdy-looking woman who was wearing a brown knitted cap, a short brown jersey skirt, and no stockings followed him; I concluded that this must be Mrs. Williams. "It's a beauty!" Mr. Cook called exultantly as he put a leg over the temple wall. We all clustered around him. There were exclamations of surprise and admiration as he held the new find up for us to see. It was an exquisite little group in honey-colored marble. The central figure was a graceful, naked young man, crowned with a garland; on his right was a much smaller, bearded, portly man, riding sidewise on a tiny donkey and holding a goblet, and on his left were two other naked figures, one a man and one a woman, which were headless and had some sort of animal crouched at their feet. The branches of a vine were lightly arched above the central figure, and the whole thing was about a foot square. The young man's body had been broken above the waist, I noticed. Mr. Cook was holding the two parts together, and the crack was scarcely apparent. The group looked as though it had perhaps been designed to stand in a tiny wall shrine of its own. A great deal of London soil still clung to the figures, but as the bright sunshine fell on them, they breathed an indescribable sort of poetry, a sense of incredible antiquity, and something else—a wild, fresh quality that made it seem dreamlike to listen to the roar of the City traffic going past in the background.

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tendants," Mr. Cook chanted happily. "See the vine? The little chap on the ass is Silenus, who was Bacchus's foster father. The other two are simply Bacchanalian revellers, probably."

"By Jove!" said the City gentleman, with unconscious appropriateness. Bacchus smiled serenely in the general direction of the Bank of England.

"There's an inscription along the base," someone said.

"I can't tell you anything about that yet," Mr. Cook said cagily. "I'll have to take him back to the Guildhall and get him cleaned up first."

I introduced myself to Mr. Cook, and he suggested that I might like to go over to the Guildhall Museum with him and talk for a bit in his office. "The rest of the things we've found are there, too," he said. "Also, it's quieter than here, or it should be until the press gets onto this." He nodded toward the new find. "Now, then, I think a piece of newspaper is what we want." Someone produced a morning paper, and Mr. Cook shrouded the little group tenderly in its folds. "I'll be back later on," he said to Mrs. Williams, and we started off toward the entrance to the excavation.

IT is only a short distance from the Roman temple to the Guildhall, and Bacchus made it comfortably. Mr. Cook carried his precious parcel with great casualness, as though bearing a couple of shirts home from the laundry. The newspaper was only loosely swathed around Bacchus, and the god's head was plainly visible at the top, but no one on the busy street gave him so much as a glance. "A pity about that break at the waist," Mr. Cook said mournfully. "The contractors gave us some of their men to help work on the site this morning, and it was one of them who turned up Bacchus. If it had been one of us, we'd probably have got him out whole. Of course, the poor chap couldn't help it. You've no idea how interested all the workmen are in the temple and in the finds. They've got quite keen on mythology, and keep putting nasty posers to us about the gods' private lives. I've got a hunch that the missing heads of the two revellers were busted off at the same time. I've told the men to keep a sharp lookout all today, and we can only hope that they'll turn up."

We had now reached the Guildhall, a fifteenth-century building whose beautiful main hall was destroyed in an air raid in 1940 and restored only fairly recently; the library, museum, and art gallery were not damaged. Mr. Cook, exclaiming "Mind you don't break your neck on these stairs—they're fearfully dark," leaped upstairs ahead of me. When I reached his office, on the second floor—a large, light room lined with bookshelves and files—I found him already proudly displaying the Bacchus group to a blond girl in a blue jumper, whom he introduced as Miss Rutter, his assistant, and to a cheerful-looking, fresh-complexioned man named Lawrence Burgess, who told me that he had just got off the train from Southampton, where he was the city's Deputy Librarian. "Mr. Cook used to be with us as Keeper of the Southampton Museum," he said, "so I felt I had to come up and take a look at all the excitement."

"Well, here are the other things," Mr. Cook said. "All but my Mithras himself, I'm afraid. He's in pickle at the British Museum, being cleaned up." He had put Bacchus and his crew on a small table. On another table lay the large head of Serapis, the statuette of Hermes, and the huge, rather sinister, clenched stone hand, all of which I recognized from newspaper photographs. There was also a stern-looking head of dull, slate-gray marble, which seemed to have been trepanned above the brows. "This is the one we found on September 26th and at first thought was the head of a youth," Mr. Cook said, raising it aloft and gazing at it critically. "Now we're pretty certain it's Minerva. She has no top to her head, because it used to be covered by a helmet—see the holes where it was fixed on?"

"Fine, but not so fine as the Serapis," Mr. Burgess said, bending eagerly over the table. "Now, that's a magnificent bit of work. Don't know when I've seen anything better." Mr. Cook said that Professor Jocelyn Toynbee, the Laurence Professor of Classical Archæology at Cambridge University, had been there the day before and had said that she did not think there was anything better than the Serapis in Rome. I was in no way inclined to doubt her word. The large marble head had benign classical features, framed in a mass of curling locks and a crisp, luxuriant beard. The eyes were not blank; the pupils were distinctly marked, and Mr. Cook said that very probably they had been painted, to make the face still more lifelike. On top of the head was a curious receptacle, shaped something like a small flowerpot. "It's a corn measure," Mr. Cook said. "Serapis was the corn god, remember. Those are olive leaves carved on the measure—all signs of fertility. If you look closely, you'll see that his curls connect up—that is, you can follow each lock through from its root to its tip. Of course, it's an old sculptor's trick, but this is a very fine example. And look at the superb polish on the marble. He came out of his bath of London tap water just like this—as though he'd left the sculptor's workshop five minutes ago. He's second century, like the Bacchus. Imagine how incredibly rich, how truly godlike these works of art must have seemed to the chaps who saw them at the Mithras temple!"

"Amazing!" said Mr. Burgess fervently. "What do you make of the hand? It's still got the iron pin attached that held it to the arm of the statue, I see. Must have been quite a statue, too."

"Well, the hand was a bit of a teaser," Mr. Cook said. "It's holding something, as you see, and we couldn't quite hit on what it was. I thought it might be a thunderbolt, and that would make it point to Jupiter, of course. Somebody suggested a scroll. However, now we think that it's the handle of a dagger or sword, and since Mithras is the only deity who is invariably depicted holding one—he's always shown on bas-reliefs, such as the one in the Mithraeum near Frankfurt, in the act of slaying his bull—we feel sure that it must be part of a colossal statue of the god himself. Do you know, I really dread finding the rest of the old boy. That fist is two or three times life-size. How do you like the idea of a two-or-three-times-life-size bull? The group would present quite an accommodation problem for a museum."

Miss Rutter asked, in a businesslike way, if Mr. Cook was going to wash Bacchus now. "Yes, I think I will," Mr. Cook said. "In five minutes or so, when the news gets around Fleet Street, all hell is going to break loose in here." He turned to Mr. Burgess. "You've no idea what it's been like ever since this thing started, Lawrence," he said. "I'm going to buy a false beard. Poor Grimes is nearly demented. After all, he's a very busy man already. He's Director of the London Museum, of course, and that's where he was this morning when Bacchus turned up. I mean one's routine work must go on. I sent him an urgent message, and he's probably at the site now. But everyone's after him from morning to night, poor fellow. Oh, Miss Rutter, before we go up to the lab, just pop out and find me a classical dictionary, will you?

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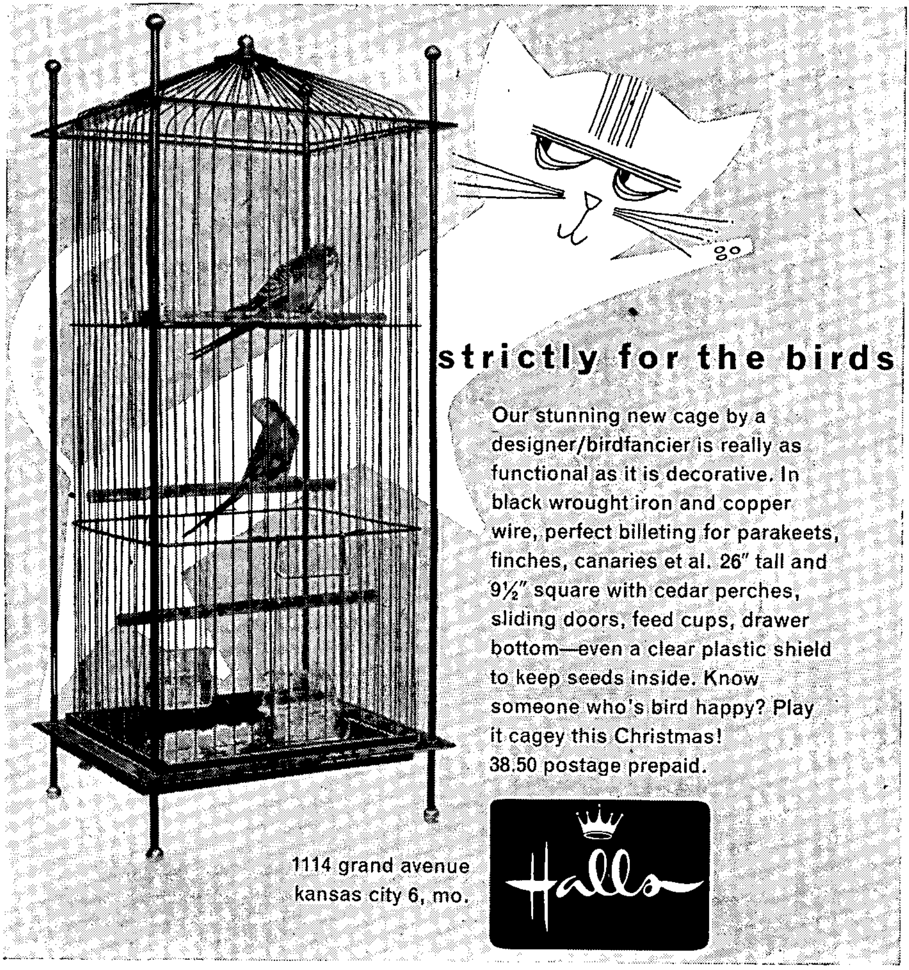
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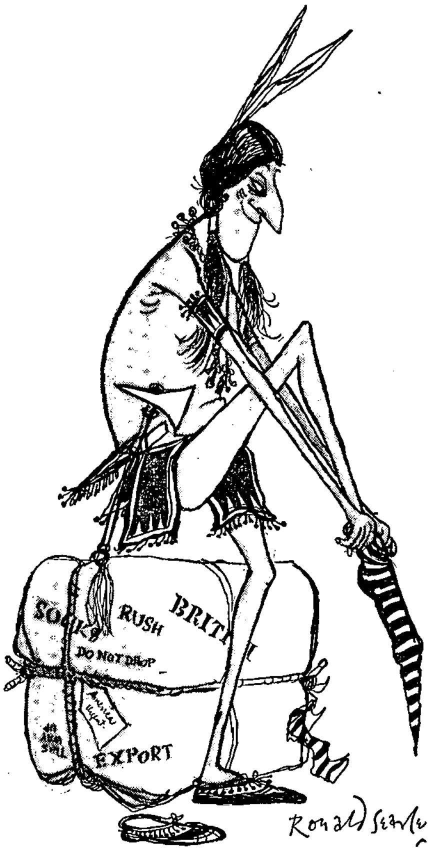

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I want to look up about the Bacchus inscription." Miss Rutter nodded and left the office.

"Yes, I've been looking at that inscription," Mr. Burgess said. He peered at the base of the Bacchus group, where some beautiful deep letters were cut. He read out slowly, " '*Hominibus Bagisbitam*'—'From the men of Bagisbitam.' Now, where exactly is Bagisbitam?"

"That's exactly what I want to know," said Mr. Cook. "Somewhere in Persia, I imagine. It's possible that the group was a gift to the London garrison from their old chums at another military post, or something like that. Of course, it's strange that a genial character like Bacchus should have been in a temple dedicated to Mithras, whose followers had to go in for high thinking and austere living. Quite conceivably it wasn't in the temple at all but was hidden there with the other statues to save them from being broken up when Christianity overcame the Mithraic cult. Jocelyn Toynbee, incidentally, told us that it was quite usual, on economy grounds, for a statue to have a marble head but a body of plaster or something, which would explain why only these splendid heads were buried—by the priests, I should imagine."

I had been admiring the little Hermes while Mr. Cook was speaking. It was a very delicate figure, depicting the god seated in an easy, lounging position with one knee bent; his sacred ram was stretched beneath him, and a moneybag lay at his side. Mr. Cook explained that this was because he was also the god of merchants. "Mithras, Serapis, Minerva, Hermes, and Bacchus," Mr. Cook said dreamily. "Now all we want is Isis. She's somewhere down there, too—you can bet your life on that. There was certain to be an Isis in the temple. Oh, Lord, if only we had more time!" He rushed over to his desk and began distractedly turning over a pile of mail that was stacked up there. "Look at all this," he said. "Every man, woman, and child in England seems to want to come and see the temple, or help dig, or give some advice. Here's a typical one: 'My Third Form boys . . . all very keen on archeology . . . would suit us very well if you could arrange to show us round Saturday afternoon.' Well, really, my dear sir, what next? Here's another: 'The Temple of Mithras is holy ground' . . . hum, hum, et cetera, et cetera . . . 'Stonehenge is also holy ground, but no vandal hands have dared to desecrate it.' Oh, Lord, oh, Lord! You know, this business has brought happiness to lots of people on the mild lunatic fringe. When the public was let in to see the temple, one of the bobbies on duty noticed a couple of chaps planted in front of the site, bowing away like anything and holding up all the queue behind them, so he told them to get a move on. 'Please don't disturb us,' one of them said. 'We're praying. We're Mithras followers.' Ah, here's Miss Rutter with the dictionary." Mr. Cook took a stout volume from Miss Rutter and flipped rapidly through the pages, which scattered a little cloud of dust. " 'Bag,' 'Bagis,' 'Bagisbitam,' " he murmured. "No, we've drawn a blank. Wait a minute, though, what's this? 'Bagistanus Mons: A mount on the confines of Media sacred to Zeus.' I shouldn't be surprised if that's it. I shouldn't be surprised at all. Well, we shall have to wait until later to settle that point properly, of course."

Miss Rutter brought a long gray denim laboratory coat out of a cupboard, and Mr. Cook put it on. Then he and Miss Rutter, carefully carrying the two parts of the Bacchus group, led the way up another couple of flights of dark stairs, and Mr. Burgess and I followed. The laboratory was a long, bare room, high above the roof tiles of the surrounding buildings. It was lined with shelves on which stood dusty Roman pottery, in various stages of repair—some of it recognizable as jars or dishes and the rest in fragments. Two young women in laboratory coats were working at a long table; they got up and rushed over to see the Bacchus, which Mr. Cook exhibited with the pride of a mother exhibiting a new and handsome infant.

The ceremony of washing the wine god turned out to be a very prosaic one. Miss Rutter took the god's torso and directed a brisk stream of cold water on it from one of the taps at a large double sink at the end of the room, while Mr. Cook scrubbed away at the rest of the group under the other tap. "Pass me the bottle brush, please, Miss Rutter," he said. Presently, he stopped scrubbing and began to probe about gently with an orange stick in the folds of the carved stone, where the mud was deeply clogged. Under this treatment, the god's wet limbs began to glow with a delightful warm, golden tinge. "It's only a very rough wash and brush-up, largely for the benefit of the press photographers," Mr. Cook said. He turned off the tap, wiped his hands on a rag, and stood looking down appreciatively at the little group. "Now that Silenus is cleaned up a bit, I must say he's very jolly, isn't he? They've made him a really lovable-looking little drunk, sitting there clasping his wine goblet. Rather a Chinese look about him, don't you think?"

I asked whether there was any particular element in the London soil that had helped keep the statues in such remarkable condition, and Mr. Cook said that it was a complete lack of oxygen. "Also, they were buried so deep that frost and so forth couldn't get at them," he said. "Hermetically sealed, really."

"It's very mouth-watering when you think of the stuff like this that must be still lying under the site," Mr. Burgess said.

"It is indeed," Mr. Cook said. "But what could be done? I mean, half a million pounds to preserve the Mithras site! When I think what archeology could do in other ways with half a million quid! Lord! What couldn't it just? Of course, I know it's not really a question of that choice at all, worse luck, and we've been fortunate in being allowed to do as much as we've done, I suppose. The owners of the site could have dug their heels in and said that they were going to get their building up as soon as possible and that was that. Instead of which, their patience and interest have been wonderful."

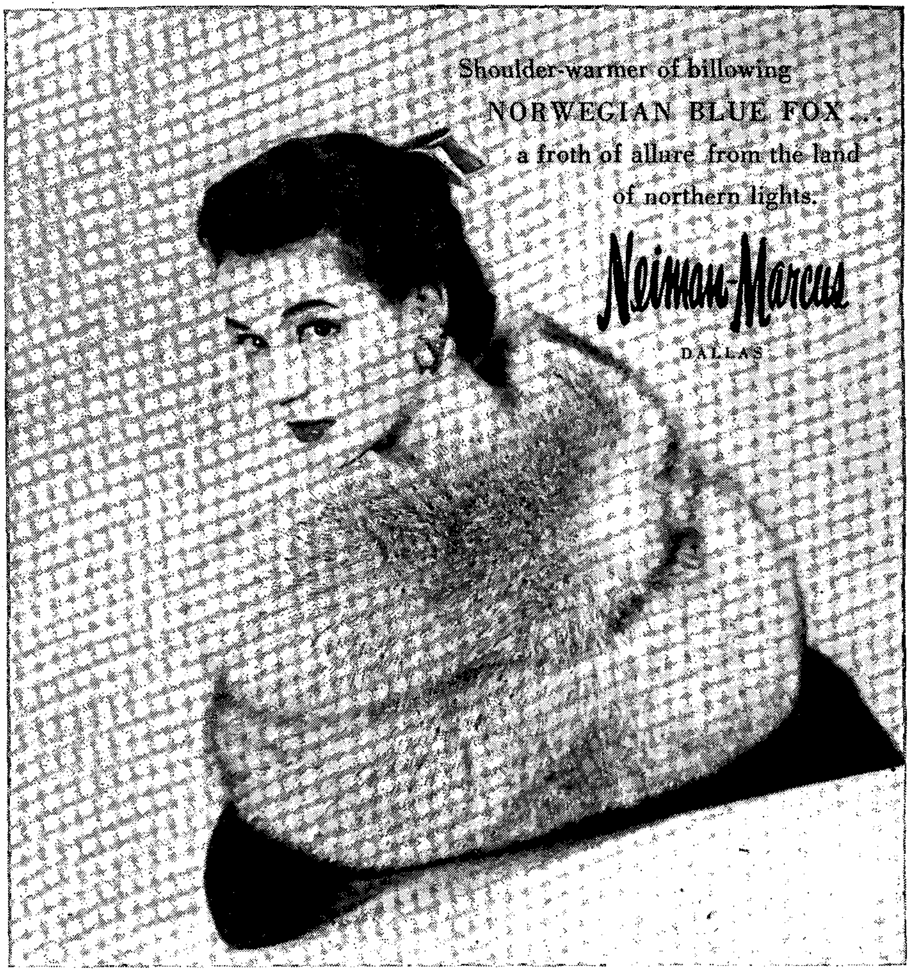
At that moment, a messenger came up from the doorman to say that five press photographers were downstairs, and should they be sent up to the office? Mr. Cook groaned, and said that he supposed so. "Finished, Miss Rutter?" he asked.

"Yes," said Miss Rutter, vigorously drying Bacchus's hair. Mr. Burgess said that he thought he would go along to the site, and I said that I would go back with him. We bade Mr. Cook goodbye at the door of his office and went down the dark stairs again, passing the cameramen, who were heading upward with purposeful expressions.

WHEN we got to the Bucklersbury House site, the loiterers around the gateway had increased in number, and another, far larger crowd was swarming around a television van that had arrived and was completely blocking the narrow street. The driver of a taxi stuck behind the van was leaning out of his cab and surveying the scene with an air of acute suffering, and a newsboy on the corner was calling, "Aerial view of the temple! All the latest on Mithras!"

"Good gracious," said Mr. Burgess mildly.

When we were inside the gateway,



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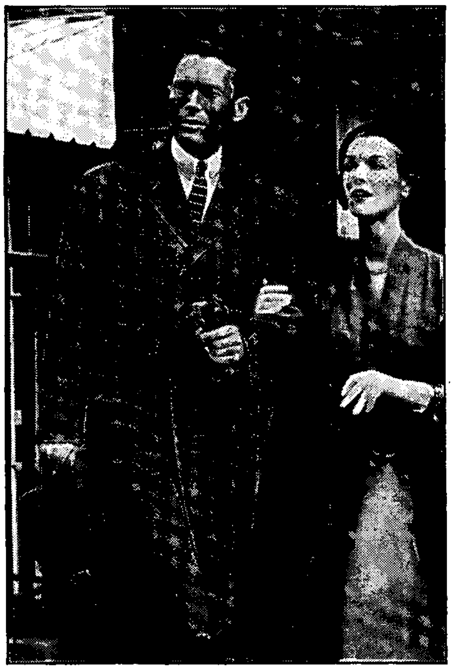

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he hastened down toward the temple and began scrambling happily about the walls. I wandered about. A great deal of activity was now going on in the temple. Half a dozen workmen were hard at it in various corners, either digging with spades or scraping lightly at the surface dirt with small diamond-shaped trowels; every now and then, one would stop, dive his hand into the earth, and examine something that had caught his eye. Usually, the object was a stone, which he would toss aside, but sometimes it was a scrap of pottery or metal, which he would lay on the wall where there was a pile of similar scraps. Mrs. Williams had been joined by a gray-haired, wiry, rather harassed-looking man in a tweed jacket, who I guessed must be Mr. Grimes. He hopped agilely over the stones from group to group, directing operations and occasionally photographing something with a small camera or making notes. Two young men were taking careful measurements at the east end of the temple and marking the results on a map, while an artist, sitting placidly in the middle of all this confusion, was at work on what seemed to be an elaborate archeological sketch in water colors. Mr. Burgess came over to me and said that the man in the tweed jacket was indeed Mr. Grimes and that he wanted to go and have a few words with him presently. "I used to know him slightly some years ago," he said. "Of course, I'm only by way of being an amateur archeologist, but it's always been a great hobby of mine. Well, Mr. Grimes has certainly got a wonderfully interesting site here. You know, one of the most fascinating discoveries so far is that the Walbrook stream, which the street is named for, didn't run where we always thought it did—that is, right under the street. The maps of Roman London show it there, but now the people here have found that it flowed right where we're standing. That well by the south wall of the temple isn't Roman, by the way. It's medieval. I believe they've found thirteen Roman wells around the temple, though."

Just then the mechanical shovel just outside the northwest temple wall started to work. It began grubbing up the soil and rubble not more than a foot away from the Roman stones, swinging the loads high in the air and dumping them into a truck that had backed down for the purpose. I watched uneasily, imagining that I saw fragments of classical noses and thighs clattering into the truck on every trip. The shovel itself had a horrid human

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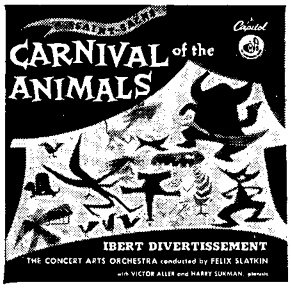
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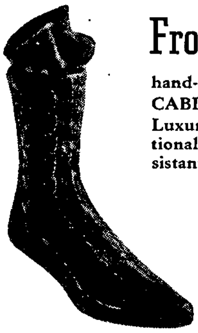

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quality, occasionally stopping to smack its lips and wipe its mouth nonchalantly against a wall before tucking in again. Mr. Burgess shook his head gloomily. "I don't like it, I don't like it at all," he said. "It seems a tragedy that the Excavation Council hasn't more time to do a thorough job on this site. For instance, in front of the altar in a true Mithraeum there's generally an underground chamber with a grating over it. When the priest sacrificed a bull on the altar, the blood would drip down on a man in the crypt who was being initiated into one of the seven mystical Mithraic orders. Now, is there a crypt in this Mithraeum? I think I see what might be the top of an arch sticking out of the ground over there, which certainly could suggest a substructure." Just then, Mr. Grimes darted in our direction, and Mr. Burgess managed to greet him and to introduce me. Mr. Grimes was being trailed doggedly by two journalists and a group of visiting archeologists who had just arrived on the site, and he shook hands amiably but with an understandably distrait expression. He set Mr. Burgess's fears about an unexplored crypt at rest by saying that tests had shown that no underground chamber existed. Mr. Burgess looked relieved. "What is interesting is that the temple had two floors," Mr. Grimes went on. "There was the one below which the Mithras head and all the rest of the statues were buried, and then another one on top of that. So that definitely rules out our first idea about the whole place being abandoned when Christianity arrived. The temple was used again for something—maybe reconsecrated as a Christian church, or used as a secular building of some sort. We shall never know, probably."

I asked about the operation of moving the temple, and Mr. Grimes said that it was due to start in a couple of days. The mechanical shovel was clearing the rubble from around the walls now to make the job easier. The stones and timbers had all been numbered, countless photographs and drawings had been made, and the fabric would be taken up and put in storage until it could be reconstructed on Queen Victoria Street, possibly in about two years. The contractors wanted to begin pile-driving as soon as possible.

"It won't be the same thing, of course," Mr. Burgess said sadly. "I mean the whole interest, archeologically speaking, is the site—the fact that the temple existed here on this spot. It will lose all that the moment it's moved."

The party of new visitors closed in,

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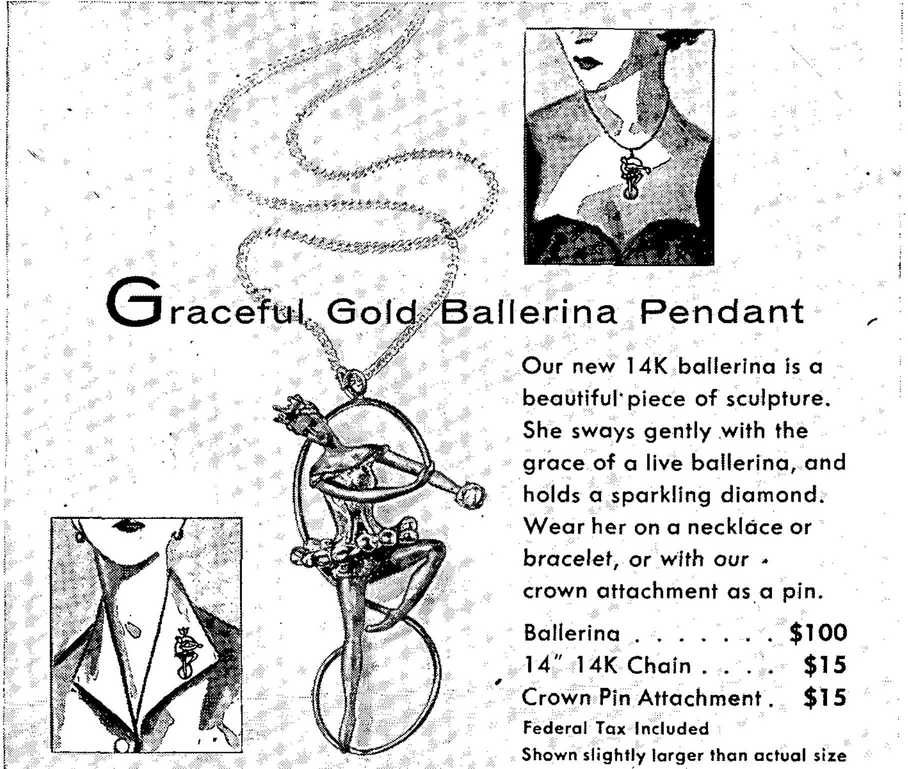

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beaming, at that moment, and Mr. Grimes turned to receive their congratulations. Mr. Burgess said that he would have a last look around before he left. He shook hands and hurried off.

I DECIDED that I would stay and look on a while longer. I had bought a sandwich at a lunch counter on my way to the site that morning, and now I sat down on a corner of the temple wall and ate it in the sunshine. Similar snacks were being brought out by the team of workers. It was the City lunch hour, too, and a stream of important-looking gentlemen, all of them presumably armed with passes, began pouring in to visit the site. They stood pointing their umbrellas about the place, and one of them hung his top hat on a convenient corner of Roman stonework while he clambered down a rough slope to examine the western apse.

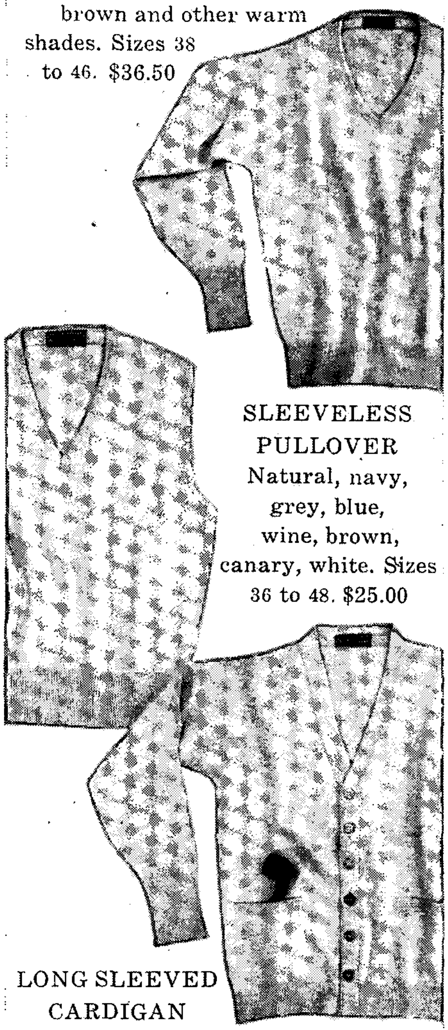
As the afternoon wore on and Mr. Grimes' team continued to dig and chip and measure, with as much calm and concentration as though they were alone in their special world, a constant frieze of visitors wound its way around the Mithras ruins. The Excavation Council was clearly not so chary about letting people in as I had supposed. Smart women came, picking their way through the rubble on high heels, and earnest young students brought out their notebooks and began making sketches. A tall, thin clergyman ran down the slope, energetically flapping his arms at a party of about twenty people; he lined them up and started talking about the Mithraic cult. The news of the discovery of the Bacchus group, with a photograph, had been in the early editions of the evening papers.

"Bacchus!" said a young woman clinging to a young man's arm as she peered down the medieval well. "It makes you think, doesn't it?"

A fierce little man who was dressed in the uniform of a messenger for one of the Whitehall Ministries and was puffing away at a large pipe said darkly, "Ar, it wasn't all religion in these here temples. Read the Bible if you doubt me. Concubines and dancing girls! If it was you and me today, they'd call in the police."

"They sacrificed animals on that altar, I suppose," an elderly lady said. "Just imagine, right here in London! They were dreadful cruel days."

"Crool days they may have been," said the fierce little man, "but there was always a nice plague—a regular epidemic—that came and killed them



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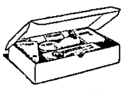

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all off, merciful." He pointed his pipe at the temple and said, "Seneca was living when this temple was being built—or, anyway, thereabouts. I read about him. He was a Roman philosopher bloke. He sat in his barf and opened his veins—suicide. Lovely!" The elderly lady edged away.

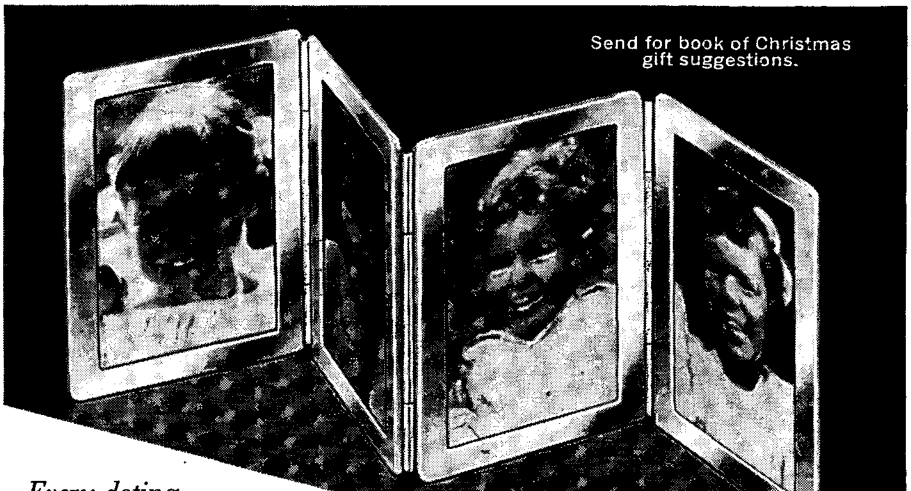
"Well," another man said, "they'll be digging all of us up in years to come, I suppose; that is, if there's anything left to dig, which I doubt."

"Ar, that's right," said the fierce man, who appeared to be a natural votary of Pluto.

The site changed quite perceptibly during the afternoon. The workers uncovered a timber floor joist, and did a lot of work levelling the north aisle. Mr. Cook appeared about teatime and greeted me in high spirits. "What a day!" he said. "The telephone has been ringing ever since you left. Poor Miss Rutter! Nothing more has turned up today, apparently—only the usual three or four bags of pot fragments, which we'll have to wash and sort out at the museum, and a couple of coins. Well, you can't expect something as marvellous as the Bacchus all the time, can you? Of course, the public does, bless their innocent hearts! Little they know what an archeologist's life really is like. Now I must dash for my train—I'm lecturing at Colchester this evening."

By the time I left, the autumn-afternoon light had begun to fade, and the men had cleaned their tools and their boots and knocked off for the day. Mr. Grimes and Mrs. Williams stood talking for a few minutes on the edge of the site, and then they, too, climbed the slope toward the gateway. I followed them and, halfway up the ramp, turned back for a last look at the temple. The beautiful day was ending in a ruddy sunset, and there was a rich reflected light on the stones. The place, now entirely empty and bathed in this strange light, looked very different, as a place always does when it has been filled with people and is suddenly left alone with itself. I should not have been surprised to see Minerva's owl sitting on the apse. I thought of the lovely little Bacchus locked away somewhere in the Guildhall Museum, and of Mr. Cook's saying that Isis must be somewhere down there, too. Out in the street, the corner newspaper seller was hoarsely informing the hurrying crowds that poured out of the offices toward the Cannon Street tube station, "New find in the City! Bacchus in the City of London! All the latest from the temple!"

—MOLLIE PANTER-DOWNES



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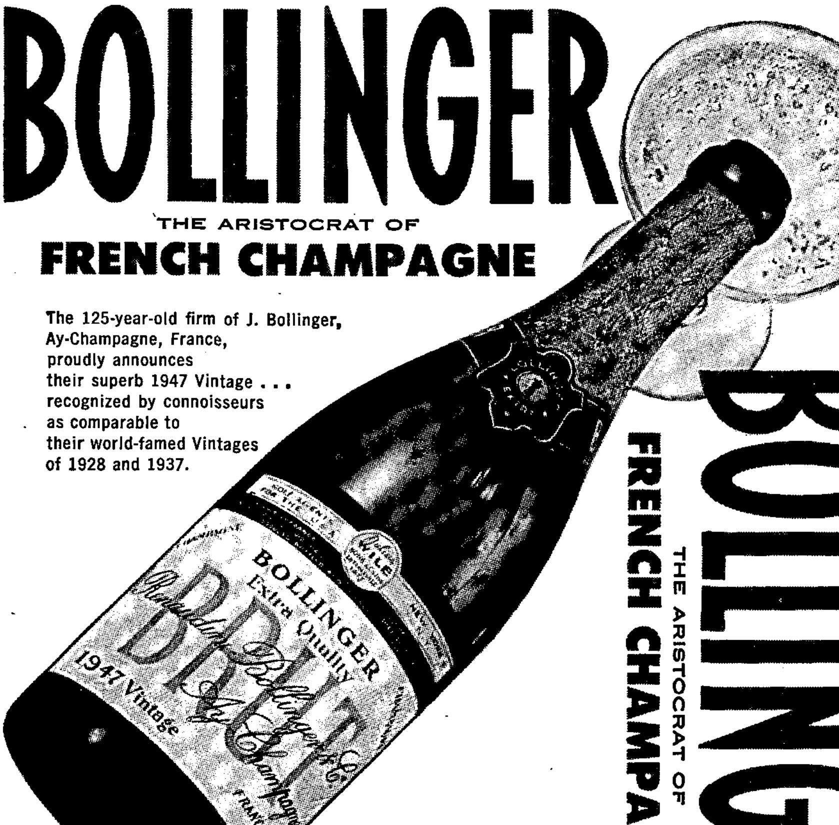

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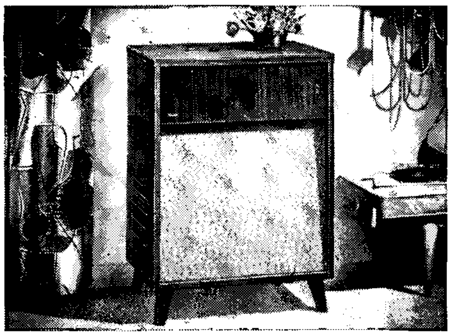

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TELEVISION

Ginger

As I've mentioned before, I have a friend who owns a color-television set. It's a nice big set, and he's a good old friend, and when he asked me around to his place a week ago Monday to watch Ginger Rogers make her first television appearance, in "Tonight at 8:30," I eagerly accepted. "Naturally, being television, 'Tonight at 8:30' goes on tonight at eight," he said. "But it sounds promising. They're doing three Noel Coward sketches—'Red Peppers,' 'Still Life,' and 'Shadow Play.' " I went over shortly before eight, settled down in front of the screen, and let him do the work of putting the set in action. He has fingers as sensitive as Jimmy Valentine's, and he twisted and turned the numerous dials with what appeared to be consummate skill. Colors—clear, bright, and varied—hove into view. Otto Preminger, the guest producer-director, put in a smiling appearance. His face was pink, but, for all I know, Otto Preminger's face *is* pink. He told us how delighted he was to be associated with "Tonight at 8:30," added that Noel Coward writes "of simple people," and stepped aside for Sketch No. 1—"Red Peppers." There was Ginger Rogers, wearing a bright-red false nose, and there was Martyn Green, similarly ornamented. They were dressed in white sailor suits and had on orange wigs. As I suppose everybody knows, "Red Peppers" deals with a husband-and-wife team who play the provincial music halls of England. They put on a gay act before the curtain and a complaining act back in their dressing room, where they fight with the conductor, the manager of the theatre, and the elegant, decayed female (Estelle Winwood) who has the leading spot on the bill. When their onstage call comes again, they dance and sing like troupers, withholding their animosity until the finish, when they get their revenge by throwing their hats at the conductor. "Red Peppers" is a representative piece of Cowardiana, and Rogers and Green did their best with the truncated version of it they were handed. I must confess that I was less interested in the sketch than in the colors. It was immediately apparent that closeups show to great advantage on color television, while long shots lose what I believe is called "definition." The colors hold fast during long shots, all right, but something happens to the performers' faces. They tend to disappear, leaving the shapes of faces but no features. This is disconcerting.

Between Sketch No. 1 and Sketch No. 2, the Ford automobile people (who were sponsoring the program jointly with R.C.A.) put on a stunning exhibition of some of their wares. The cars were shown in closeup, and the colors came through true and fast. I have no way of knowing whether more care is taken with the lighting and camera work for the commercials than for the entertainment portions of a program, but in any event these commercials were knockouts. As for the second sketch itself, it was "Still Life," that splendid Coward product about the middle-aged doctor and the middle-aged woman who meet in a railroad station outside London. Her train goes north and his train goes south, but before they head back into their placid, routine, suburban lives, the doctor takes a bit of grit from the lady's eye. Romance ensues—doomed romance. Mr. Preminger, it seemed to me, directed the playlet with so much emphasis on understatement that the enterprise almost came to a standstill, but he was fortunate in having the services, as the doctor, of Trevor Howard, who can elevate understatement to a commanding position. Miss Rogers (whose coloration in this one was breathtaking) did very well indeed, and was quite earnest, but some of the poignancy of her role seemed to escape her, and her attempt at an English accent might better have been abandoned at the start. Philip Bourneuf, Lucy Lancaster, and Ilka Chase were also on hand, and they were all fine. The set, a combination lunch counter and waiting room, appeared entirely too flimsy for so ambitious a production.

Sketch No. 3, "Shadow Play," was the most elaborate of them all. In this one, the color technicians went wild. Miss Rogers wore a brilliant green dress and then a brilliant red suit, and she displayed the brilliant turquoise interior of a cigarette box. Unfortunately, the performances didn't have quite the same brilliance. In the role of the young and troubled wife who tries to recapture some of the happiness of her honeymoon, Miss Rogers made out all right, but she did so against fairly overwhelming odds. Her husband was portrayed by a young man named Gig Young, who acted, on the whole, somewhat the way Edgar Bergen acts while Charlie McCarthy is talking—that is, he maintained a semi-frozen expression and barely moved his lips. You could tell that he was speaking, but you couldn't be sure that he was the one who was actually saying the words. When it came to singing some of the gentle Coward songs, Miss Rogers was professional and melodic but Mr. Young was hopeless. Gloria Vanderbilt turned up on "Shadow-Play," too, looking very fierce and interesting. Her diction was splendid, and obviously her own.

C.B.S. has inaugurated a new series of half-hour documentary-like filmed programs, called "The Search," on Sunday afternoons at four-thirty. I watched the first one and found it fascinating. Each week, "The Search" focusses on a research project at some educational institution and attempts to translate the work being done into popular terms. The program I saw concentrated on the extraordinary work of Dr. Wendell Johnson at his Speech Clinic at the University of Iowa, and the subject was stuttering. Dr. Johnson was on hand to guide the program's narrator, Charles Romine, through the clinic. The result was a penetrating exposition of the problems encountered by stutterers (there are a million of them in this country), and the clinic's approach to their difficulties. I learned a great many things the other afternoon, including the startling fact that when an apparently hopeless stutterer cannot hear the sound of his own voice, he speaks clearly and without halting. "The Search" was presented with dignity and intelligence, which is a lot to say about a television program these days.

—PHILIP HAMBURGER

•

Intoxicating liquor indirectly caused the death of a cow owned by William Bialecki of Easthampton, Mass., the other week. It seems the cow was pasturing and lay down on a broken beer bottle, which severed an artery and brought about Bossie's demise.—*Springfield (Mass.) New England Homestead.*

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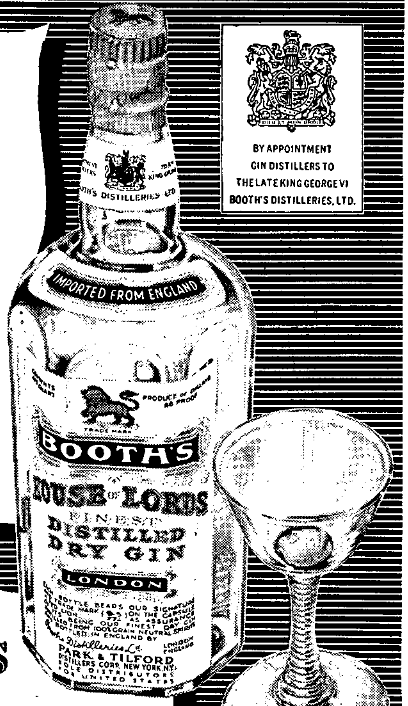

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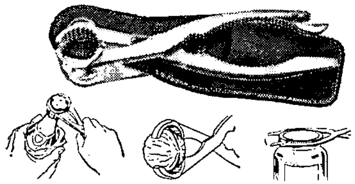

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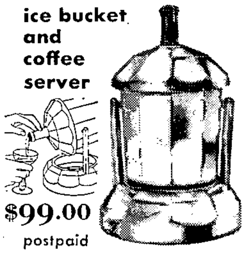

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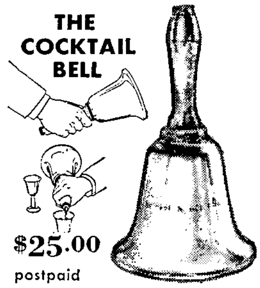

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TRICK OR TREAT

Norman Crocker was mixing a short drink for himself when the doorbell rang. It was, he estimated, the fifteenth time it had rung since nightfall, and as he walked resignedly into the front hall, he called upstairs to his wife, who was dressing for dinner. "I'll get it," he said. "Is there any candy left?"

"If there is, it's in that box by the door," his wife called back. "If not, you'll find some apples out on the back porch."

When Crocker reached the door, he saw a cardboard box on the hall table, and in it was a single candy bar. He picked up the candy and opened the door. The light shone on a small figure wearing a gorilla mask, a battered silk hat, and a torn and muddy sheet, and clutching a crumpled paper bag in one hand. Crocker held out the candy bar.

"Here," he said. "This is all we've got left."

The child made no motion to take the candy, and for a moment Crocker stared in fascination at the mask, which was almost too lifelike for comfort. Black stringy hair hung from beneath the top hat, and the mask pulsed slightly from the breathing behind it.

"I'm not kidding," Crocker said. "This is all there is." He heard a muffled choking noise inside the mask, and leaned down to hear better. "What did you say?" he asked. "I can't hear you."

There was a silence and then a rattling sob, and a small, hollow voice said, "I'm lost."

"You're what?" Crocker asked. A low, mournful wail echoed from the mask, and Crocker stood back and opened the door wider. "I guess you'd better come on in," he said. The child walked slowly into the house, and Crocker closed the door behind it and said, "First off, let's get rid of that mask, so I can hear what you're saying."

The child put the paper bag on the floor, then removed the top hat and put it beside the bag, and then, with some difficulty, peeled off the flabby rubber mask. Crocker saw a boy of perhaps six or seven, his hair matted and his face red and streaked.

"All right, now, let's get this straight," Crocker said. "You say you're lost?" The boy nodded. "Where do you live?" Crocker asked.

"New York," the boy replied, sniffing.

"New *York*?" said Crocker. "What are you doing all the way out here?"

"We're visiting for the weekend," said the boy. "We were asked out."

"Who is it you're visiting?" Crocker asked. "What's their name?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Smith," said the boy.

"That's great," Crocker said, half to himself. "Do you know their first name?" he asked.

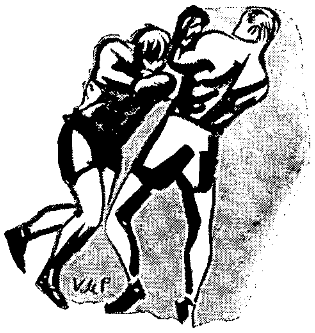
"Pop calls Mr. Smith Smitty," the boy replied, with another sniff.

"Do they live far from here?" Crocker asked. "Do you know the name of the road?"

The boy shook his head.

"Well, tell me how you got lost," Crocker said. "Where were you, and what were you doing?" He had begun to feel slightly helpless, because he knew of no Smiths who lived within twelve miles of his house.

"Freddy Smith and I went out with some other guys," the boy said. "We went to a lot of houses, and then the other guys said let's go somewhere else, and they went across a big field, and when I got there, they were gone. I called and called, but they didn't answer me, so then I just walked until I came here."



"Well, we'll get you straightened out," Crocker said. "I think the best thing to do is call the police." The boy's eyes widened, and Crocker explained, "That's where your family will call when they miss you, that's all."

They went into the living room, and Crocker picked up his drink and sat down by the telephone. "Oh, by the way," he said, "what's your name?"

"John Ashley," the boy replied. He wiped his sleeve across his nose and looked with mild interest around the room.

Crocker called the police station and explained his problem to the officer at the desk.

"No calls so far, Mr. Crocker," the officer said. "But it's one hell of a busy night, I can tell you that."

"Well, if an Ashley or a Smith calls, tell them I have the child here," Crocker said. "Oh, my God," he added. "I al-

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most forgot. There won't be anybody here. My wife and I are going out for dinner." He paused and looked at the boy. "I guess you'd better tell them we'll be at the Morton Thorndikes'," he said.

"The kid, too?" the officer asked.

"Unless you have a better idea," Crocker replied.

"Not tonight, I don't," said the officer. "I'll tell them."

"Thanks." Crocker hung up the phone, and took a big swallow of his drink as he heard his wife coming down the stairs. Then he stood up, cleared his throat, and ushered the boy into the hall. "Dear, this is John Ashley," he said. "He seems to be lost."

Helen Crocker looked at the boy. "Oh," she said. She hesitated a moment, then said, "We really ought to be going. We're late now."

"I know," said Crocker. "I guess he'll have to come with us."

His wife stared at him. "Are you out of your mind?" she asked.

Crocker described the child's predicament. "We can't leave him here," he concluded. "What do you want us to do? Turn him out into the night?"

"Of course not," Helen said. "But to take him to the Thorndikes', of all people. Can't the police come pick him up?"

"This is Halloween," Crocker reminded her. "They've got more than they can handle right now."

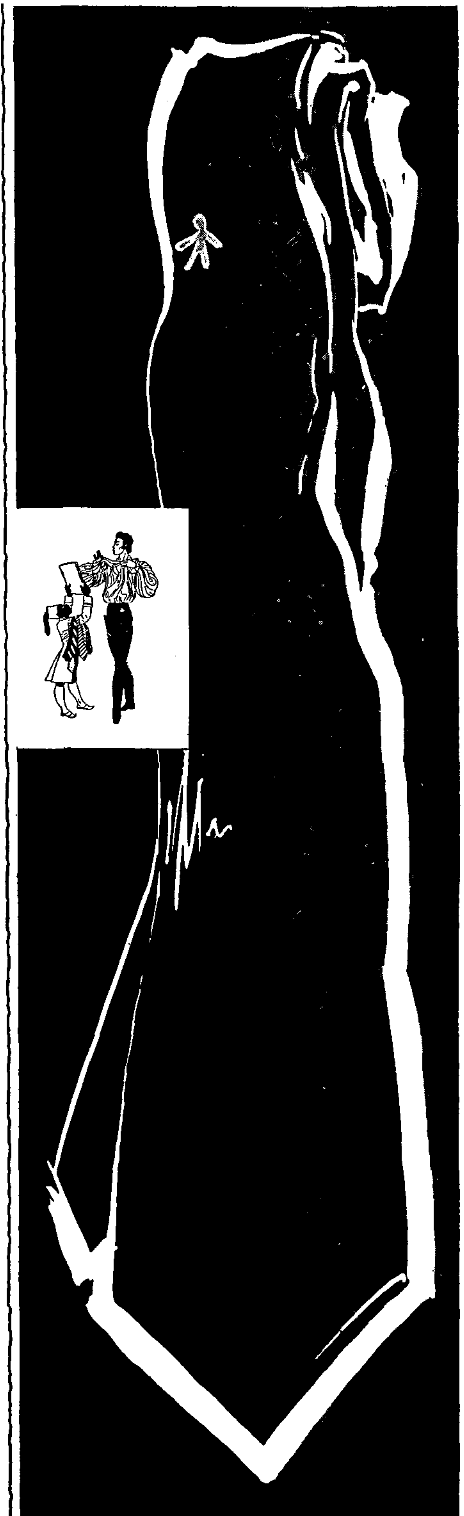
"But *really*," Helen said. "I mean . . ."

Crocker went to the closet and took out his topcoat. "Come on," he said. "Maybe he'll see something he recognizes along the way."

THEY drove slowly to the Thorndikes', examining every house they passed, but the boy recognized nothing. He sat in the back seat, wearing his hat and clutching his mask and paper bag in both hands, and each time Crocker said "How about this one?," he either shook his head or said "No, that's not it." He had recovered from the first panic of being lost, and accepted things calmly—almost happily, Crocker thought. When they reached the Thorndikes', there were three cars in the driveway, and Crocker had to park over near the edge of the lawn. He and his wife and the boy got out, and when they came into the light by the front door, Crocker saw that the boy had put on his mask again.

Helen saw it, too, and stiffened. "I don't think we really need the mask, do we?" she asked.

Crocker laughed. "I don't know why not," he said. "It's not everybody



OUT OF STEP

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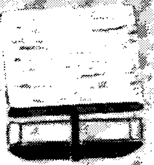

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who gets to see a gorilla in a top hat." He rang the doorbell. "Who knows?" he said. "It might be just what the Thorndikes need."

"Sh-h-h," said Helen. "How many drinks have you had, anyway?"

"Three-quarters of one," Crocker replied. He took the boy by the hand. "And a short one at that." The door opened, and Estelle Thorndike looked out at them.

"Well, good eve—" she began, and then stopped as she saw the figure that was holding Crocker's hand.

"Happy Halloween," Crocker said. "This is John Ashley, of New York, and he's—"

"I couldn't be sorrier about all this," Helen interrupted him. Between them, Crocker and his wife explained the situation while Estelle Thorndike stood aside to let them in. She closed the door behind them.

"Why, of course," she said, without enthusiasm. "The poor child . . . Here—let me take your coats." She looked at the boy. "Would you like me to take your—ah—things?" she asked. The boy shook his head, and she looked at him for a moment longer, then turned to the coat closet and hung the Crockers' coats inside. "I guess you can just"—she hesitated—"just play, then," she said. "I'm sorry we don't have any toys in the house."

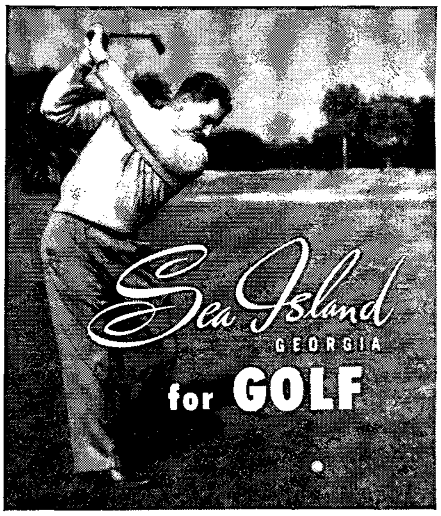
"I'm sure his family will be calling for him pretty soon," Helen said nervously. "They're bound to miss him before too long."

"Yes, I'm sure," said Estelle. "Of course they will." She led the Crockers into the living room, where the other guests were sitting with their cocktails. The Crockers knew two of the three couples, Burt and Lucy Williams and George and Gladys Hennick, and Estelle introduced the other couple as Mr. and Mrs. Grafton Lambert. Mrs. Lambert was tall and thin and laughed easily, and her husband had yellow teeth and wore a goatee. Morton Thorndike, who was prim and round-faced and was wearing a smoking jacket and patent-leather pumps, went to the bar and poured two cocktails from a silver shaker.

"A cocktail?" he said as he handed one to Helen Crocker. She took it, and he walked across and gave the other one to Crocker. "I hope they're not too watery," he said.

"I'm sorry we're late," Crocker said. He glanced around the room but saw no sign of the boy. "As a matter of fact, a rather odd thing happened—"

"Oh, that's perfectly all right,"



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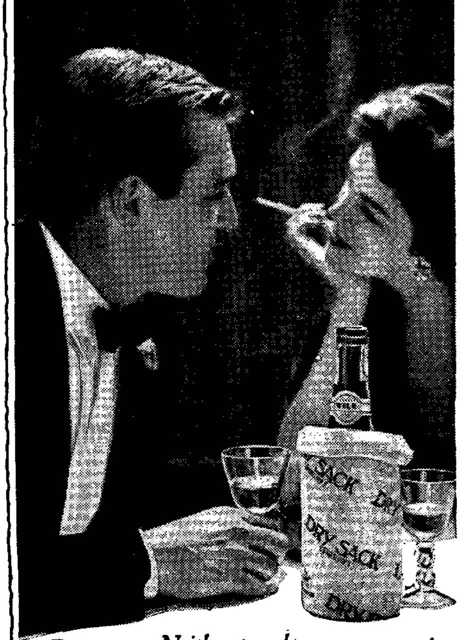

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Thorndike cut in. "You're not late at all." He walked to the fireplace and picked up his drink from the mantelpiece. "I was just telling a story when you came in," he said. "About the time I met George Bernard Shaw in England. It was really rather amusing, because although I'd written him once or twice, I'd never received an answer, and I presumed that my letters had either been lost or that he'd simply—" He stopped and stared. "In God's name, Estelle, what's *that*?" he asked.

Everyone turned and looked. The boy, still wearing his mask and hat, was standing in the doorway and quietly surveying the group.

"That's what I was trying to tell you," Crocker said. "He's lost, and we're waiting for his family to call the police. I gave them your number."

"That's the God-damnedest sight I've ever seen," said George Hennick, from the far corner of the room. "Come here a minute, Sonny, and let's see that mask." The boy crouched forward and shuffled across the room, swinging his arms loosely in front of him. "Damnedest mask I've ever seen," Hennick said. "For a minute, there, I thought it was the real thing."

"Yes," said Thorndike. "Isn't it?" He looked at his wife. "Estelle, isn't there someplace else this child could play?" he asked.

"I'm terribly sorry about this," Helen said. "I'm sure his family will be calling any minute now."

Estelle rose and took the boy by the hand. "I know what," she said. "Suppose you go in the kitchen and ask Martha for some cookies. Tell her I sent you in." She led the boy out of the room and pointed the way to the kitchen, then came back and sat down.

"As I was saying," Thorndike began, and a faint scream from another part of the house made him stop.

"I guess that was just Martha," Estelle said. "He probably surprised her." She smiled thinly, and Thorndike's lips tightened.

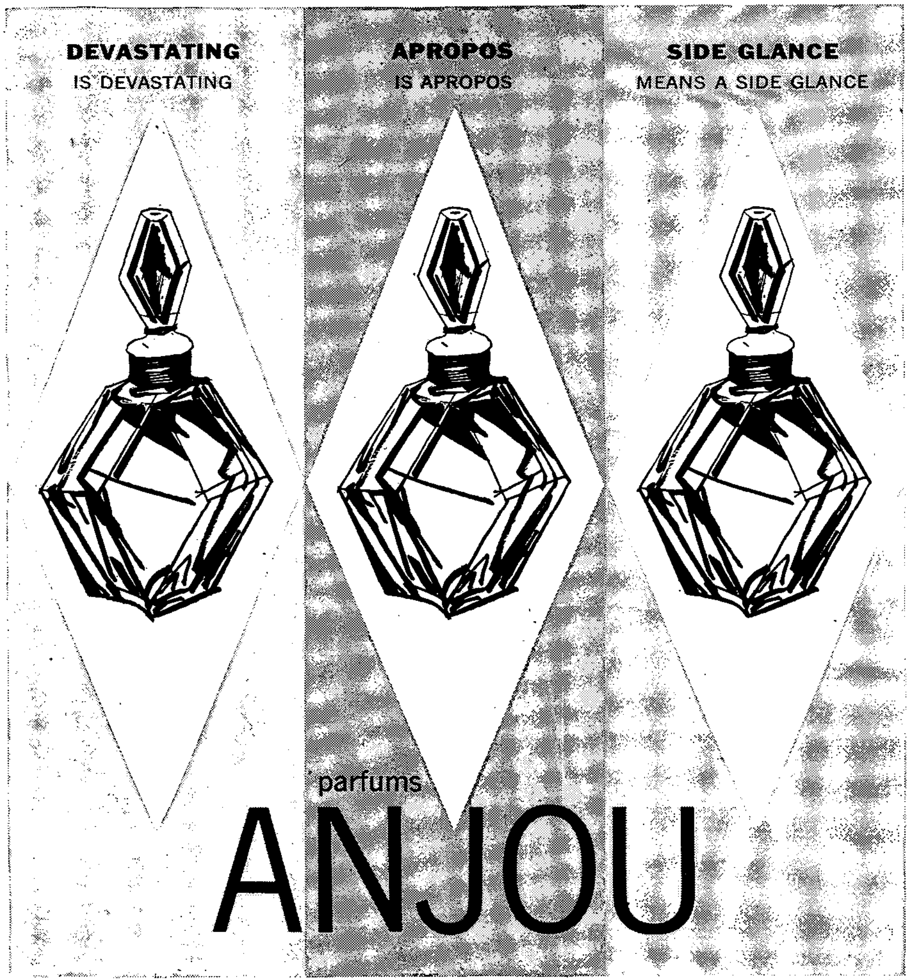
"That's the first time I've ever seen a gorilla mask for Halloween," Hennick said. "What's a gorilla got to do with Halloween, I wonder?"

"Nothing," said Burt Williams. "There isn't the faintest connection."

"Well, it was a gorilla, all right," Hennick replied. "You can't deny that."

Thorndike cleared his throat. "I'd written him these letters," he said.

"Halloween is the eve of All Saints'



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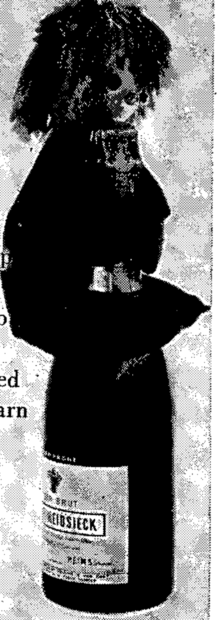

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Day," said Williams. "The day set aside by Pope Boniface the Fourth to commemorate all saints and martyrs. The introduction of witches and ghosts is simply a modern—"

Grafton Lambert, the man with the goatee, spoke up. "As far as that goes, it's perfectly easy for a gorilla to be a martyr," he said. "I remember once in 1933, when I was in Africa, we ran across a pack of baboons, and the leader had evidently—"

"Grafton, *really*," his wife said. "I don't think this is the time for that story, do you?"

"I see no reason why not," Lambert replied. "I think we're all old enough to know about baboons."

"Sure," said Hennick. "Let's hear it."

The cook, looking pale and shaken, appeared in the doorway and said something inaudible to Estelle.

"Thank you, Martha, we'll be right there," Estelle said, and rose from her chair. "Bring your drinks with you, everyone," she said, in a voice that was just a shade louder than normal.

CROCKER drained the watery remains of his cocktail and stood aside while the women went ahead. He tried to catch his wife's eye as she went past him, but she stared straight in front of her, as though she were looking at some object on the horizon. Hennick sidled up to him and took him by the elbow. "It was a goddam inspiration, that's what it was," Hennick whispered. "Somebody should have thought of this years ago."

"Oh, now, wait a minute," Crocker began, and then he sensed that Thorndike was directly behind him, and he decided it would be better to let the subject drop. Hennick winked at him, and moved on into the candlelighted dining room.

They were seated, and there was some desultory conversation during the soup course. Crocker had half finished his soup when, out of the corner of his eye, he saw the kitchen door open. The small figure in the hat and mask sloped through the dining room and disappeared through the far door.

"And please see what that child is up to," Thorndike said. "I thought he was supposed to stay in the kitchen." Estelle rose and left the room, and Thorndike looked around at the guests. "I'm sorry about the soup," he said. "I'll have it sent back if you want."

Hennick, who had been unconcernedly eating his soup all the while, finished the last of it and dabbed his lips

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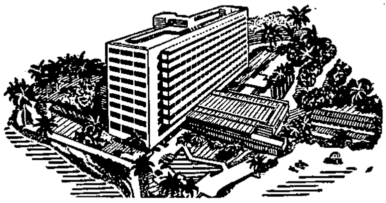

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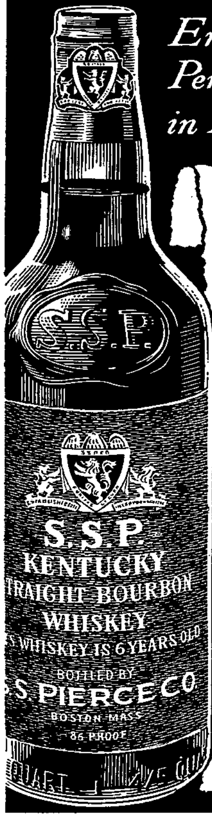

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with his napkin. "I thought it was fine," he said. "For me, it was just right." Two or three other people said they thought it was fine, too, and then everyone went on eating. Thorndike picked up his spoon, then put it down again as Estelle returned to her chair.

"He said Martha told him he was in the way," Estelle said. "He's just sitting in the library. I guess he'll be all right there."

"In the library?" Thorndike said. "He can't stay there. All my first editions are in there."

"Well, I don't think he's going to do much reading," Estelle said tentatively. "After all, I don't think he's very—"

"And all the Sandwich glass, and those Copenhagen figures— I really think you'd better put him somewhere else."

"The only other thing I can do is let him sit in here," Estelle said. "That way, we can keep an eye on him, if that's all right with you."

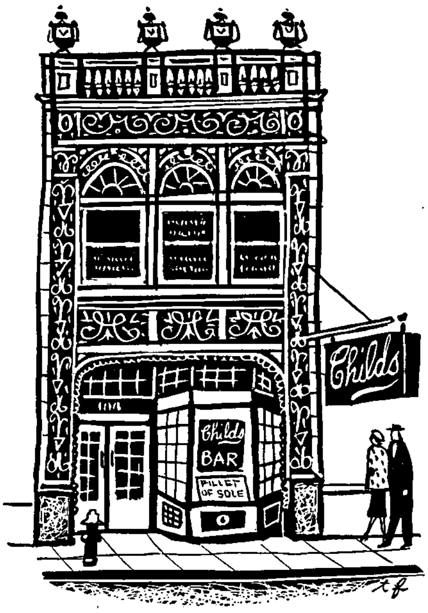
"Very well, then," said Thorndike. "Wherever he'll do the least damage."

Estelle left the room again, and Crocker's wife gave him an agonized look. "Norman, don't you think you might try the police once more?" she asked. "His parents *must* be looking for him by now."

"I told them where we were going to be," Crocker replied. "I don't see that there's much else we can do." He put his napkin on the table. "I'll try them again, though."

"You don't need to bother now," said Thorndike crisply. "I think we should all enjoy our dinner first."

"I read an interesting thing the other day," Williams said. "They've



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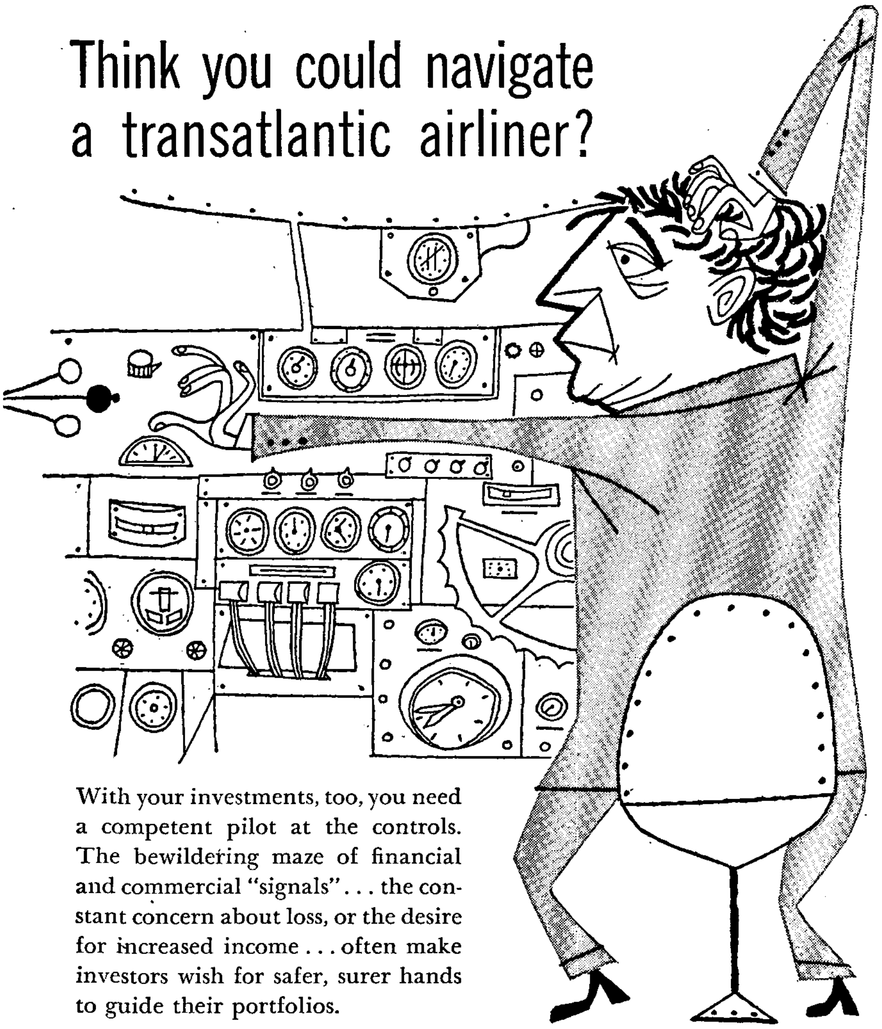

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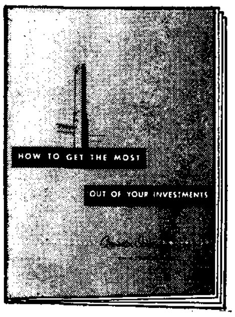

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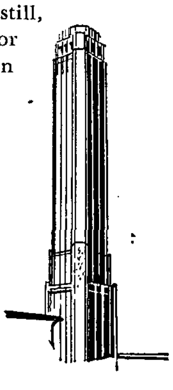

been excavating in Assyria—or Iraq, as it's called now—and they came across a three-thousand-year-old palace at a place called Nimrud. The water jars in the bathroom still had water in them. Seems incredible, doesn't it?"

Mrs. Lambert laughed, and Thorndike's face brightened and he said, "That reminds me of a time when I was in England, up by the old Roman wall. I'll never forget it, because I'd just had a chat with—"

"Ah, there's my pal," said Hennick as Estelle brought the boy into the dining room. He had removed his mask and hat, and, with his hands, was trying to plaster his hair into some kind of order.

"Just sit in that chair by the wall there," Estelle said, indicating a chair near Thorndike's end of the table. "Be very quiet, and maybe Martha will give you a candy later on." The boy walked over to the chair and sat down, and everyone turned to look at him. He looked back without expression, and folded his hands in his lap.

"What became of your mask, Sonny?" Hennick asked.

"It's in the other room," the boy replied.

"I guess that's about the greatest mask I've ever seen," Hennick said. "I'd like to have a dozen just like it."

The boy slid off his chair. "I'll get it for you, if you want," he said.

"Not right now," Estelle put in quickly. "You just sit in the chair, like a good boy, until we're through our dinner."

The boy got back onto his chair, and Thorndike turned to Williams. "As I was saying about the Roman wall," Thorndike said, "I'd just had a chat with Somerset Maugham, and he'd been kind enough to—"

"Say, that mask reminds me," Hennick said to Lambert. "Weren't you going to tell us a story about some baboons? Sounded damned interesting, from what little I heard."

"George, watch your language," Gladys Hennick said quietly.

"What did I say?" Hennick asked, surprised.

Lambert cleared his throat. "I think, under the circumstances, we might save the baboons until later," he said.

"Estelle, will you see what's keeping Martha?" Thorndike said. His wife jingled a small silver bell, and Martha appeared and began to pick up the soup plates. "That soup was stone-cold, Martha," Thorndike said. Mar-

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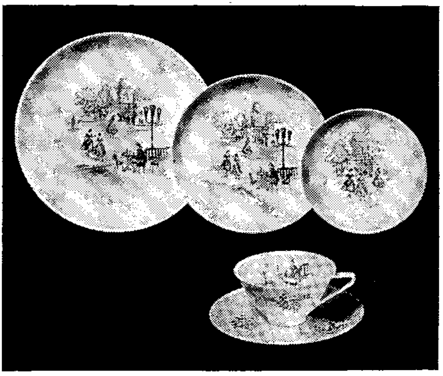

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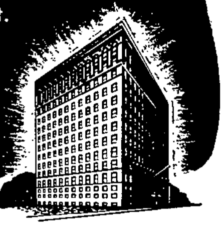

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tha said nothing and disappeared into the kitchen.

"You were saying about the Roman wall," Williams prompted.

"Oh, yes," said Thorndike. He smiled, and started the story in a voice that commanded the attention of everyone at the table. The story was long and had very little to do with the Roman wall, and near the end of it the boy, who had been listening in uncomprehending silence, began to swing his feet back and forth slowly, clicking his heels together at the end of each swing. Thorndike's eyes became the slightest bit glassy and a strained note crept into his voice as his wife, from her end of the table, tried unsuccessfully to signal the boy to be still. She finally resorted to snapping her fingers, and after a while the boy looked at her, stared for a moment, and then stopped his feet. There was a silence, and Thorndike said, "Actually, that's all that happened, but I think that, everything considered, it was a rather valuable experience."

Mrs. Lambert laughed, and Williams said, "Quite," and Thorndike grimly started to carve the roast that Martha had set in front of him.

The boy began to swing his feet again. "My father cuts meat the other way," he said.

"Oh?" said Thorndike. "What other way is that?"

"He cuts it across," the boy said. "He says you can cut it neater that way."

"I see," said Thorndike. He cut a thick, jagged slab of meat and put it on a plate. "And stop swinging your feet," he snapped. "You'll get the chair legs all scarred."

The boy stopped abruptly and was silent. Thorndike tried to make the next slice of meat thinner, and succeeded only in shredding it into two pieces. A potato skidded off the platter and rolled onto the floor, leaving a dotted line of gravy on the tablecloth behind it. The boy dropped off his chair, crawled under the table, and retrieved the potato.

"Here," he said, putting it on the edge of the platter.

"Thank you," said Thorndike.

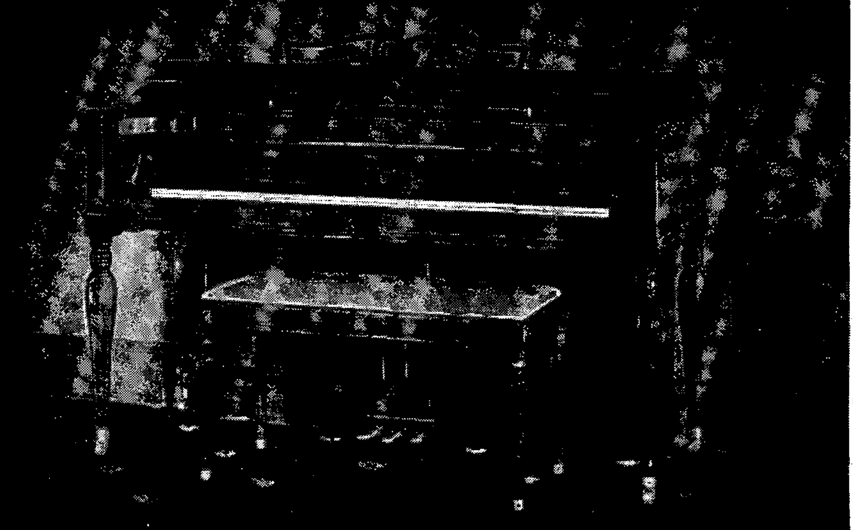
The boy wiped his hands on his sheet and climbed back onto the chair.

"That was nice fielding," said Hennick. "Do you play any baseball, Sonny?"

"Just a little bit," the boy replied.

"Well, stick around," Hennick said. "We may need you."

"Before we sign him, we'd better see how he judges them in a high wind,"



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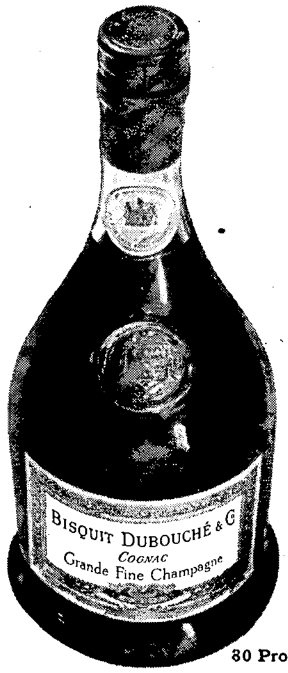

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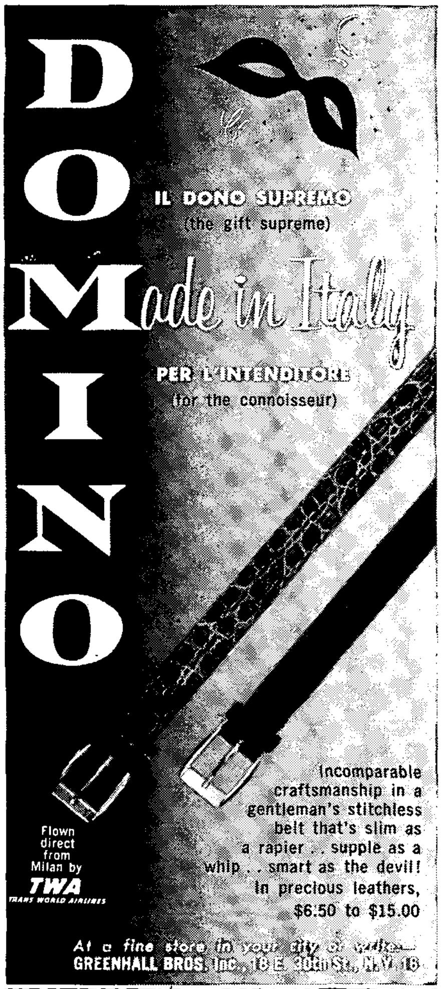

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said Lambert. "Potatoes do tricky things when you get them in a high wind."

Hennick laughed, and the boy put his hands over his face and laughed with a high, breathless laugh that shook his entire body. He rocked back and forth, laughing and squealing and gasping for breath, and Hennick and Lambert looked at him in amazement and then they, too, began to laugh. The others at the table smiled nervously and watched Thorndike, who continued to carve. Hennick and Lambert stopped laughing, but the boy kept on, although his laughter had developed a slightly artificial note and his movements had lost some of their spontaneity.

"All right, that'll do," Thorndike said suddenly. The boy took his hands from his face and lay back in the chair, breathing deeply. "I said that'll do!" Thorndike repeated, and the boy sat up straight and was quiet.

"Dear, don't you think it would be better if he went into the living room?" Estelle said. "I don't think he can harm anything in there."

"Whatever you say," Thorndike replied. "I don't care where he goes."

The boy got off his chair and walked quietly into the living room, and for a moment nobody spoke. The embarrassment that Crocker had felt earlier had given way to a strange combination of anger and pleasure, and he felt quite friendly toward both Hennick and Lambert. He looked at his wife to see what her reactions were, and she stared back at him without changing her expression.

For some reason, conversation became more difficult with the boy out of the room than it had been when he was in it. Thorndike and his wife only half listened to what was being said, and when they themselves were talking, it was obvious that they were at the same time listening for any sounds of trouble in the living room. When there was silence in the living room, the silence in itself seemed ominous, and when, as occasionally happened, they could hear the boy's footsteps as he wandered off the rug and onto the polished floor, they stopped whatever they were saying and waited, anticipating the crash that they were sure would come. The guests, most of whom were more familiar with children than the Thorndikes were, did not share their hosts' nervousness, but they were unable to ignore the fact that a child was loose in the adjoining room. The fact reverberated through the air, like the echo of a Chinese gong, and it had the same effect upon

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the conversation that a gong would have had.

The effect it had on Thorndike was to make him increasingly irritable at everything that happened. Crocker and Hennick and Lambert were the most nearly relaxed of all the guests, and they talked more to each other than to anyone else; this annoyed Thorndike, and he made little effort to hide his feelings. He complained about the wine, and when Williams started a dissertation on vineyards and vintage years, Thorndike cut him off, saying that he knew perfectly well what the wine *should* have been but that something seemed to have happened to it in transit.

Finally, after what seemed like several hours, Martha cleared away the dishes and brought in the dessert, a lemon soufflé. The top of it was brown and softly crusty, but it sagged toward the middle, as though a basketball had been resting on it.

Thorndike looked at the soufflé and then at his wife. "Estelle, this is inexcusable," he said. "If she can't make a soufflé that won't fall, she shouldn't have tried it in the first place."

Martha set the dish down with a clatter and wheeled toward the kitchen. At the door, she stopped and half turned. "Mrs. Thorndike, can I see you in here?" she said.

"After dinner, Martha," Estelle said, with a ghastly attempt at a smile.

Martha slammed into the kitchen, and there was a short silence.

"I'm afraid you're going to have to talk to her, dear," Estelle said. "It won't do much good if I try to explain."

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said Thorndike. "She's the one who should do the explaining."

Quietly, the boy appeared in the doorway from the living room, carrying in his hands a small glazed-china figure of a horse. "Is it all right if I look at this?" he asked Estelle, holding the figure out for her to see.

"Good God Almighty, be careful of that!" Thorndike shouted, and leaped from his chair. The boy shrank back against the wall, and Thorndike snatched the figure from him, almost dropping it as he did. "Now, go on in the other room and sit down, and don't you touch one other thing!" he said. "Nothing! Do you understand?"

The boy backed slowly through the doorway, and Thorndike stared after him, then turned and resumed his seat. Carefully he placed the china horse on the table in front of him and began to spoon out the soufflé.

The palms of Crocker's hands were

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wet, and his throat was tight. He tossed his napkin onto the table and stood up. "Excuse me a minute," he said.

His wife also rose. "Maybe I'd better come with you," she said.

"It might not be a bad idea."

Crocker went into the living room, and Helen followed him, but the boy was not there. "You find him and see what you can do to comfort him," Crocker said. "I'm going to try the police again." He went into the library and called the police station.

"Nobody's called in so far," the desk sergeant said. "I guess maybe they're out looking for him. I'll tell them, though."

"Well, you'd better forget about the Thorndikes' number," Crocker said. "Tell them we'll be at our house."

He hung up, and as he turned away from the telephone, he felt a cold draft across his ankles. He looked into the front hall and saw that the door was open. Crocker ran out into the night and called the boy's name three or four times, but there was no answer, and after a minute or so he turned back and walked slowly into the house. His wife met him at the door.

"Could you find him?" Helen asked.

Crocker shook his head and went to the hall closet. "I'll get your coat," he said. "You can say good night for me, if you want to."

"Never mind that now," said Helen. "Come on, let's go before he gets too far away."

—NATHANIEL BENCHLEY

•

A second group of 1,100 immigrants from Okinawa is expected to arrive by the end of September. They will be instructed in breeding and will be equipped with all things necessary to start their new life. —*The Times.*

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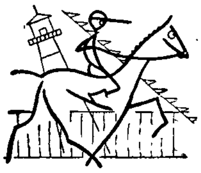
Scattered Returns



THE return of racing to Jamaica let everybody down with a bump after as pleasant a sojourn at Belmont Park as I can remember, but people who like to travel had a fine time last Saturday. At Jersey's Garden State Park, where they always put on a good show, the attractions were the Trenton Handicap, which brought out eleven of the better three-year-olds and upward, and a race for two-year-olds that was a tune-up for the quarter-million-dollar Garden State Stakes this weekend, while at Laurel, in Maryland, there was the Selima Stakes, one of the cherished prizes for two-year-old fillies. The best Jamaica could offer, besides Indian-summer weather and the greenest infield I've ever seen there, was the Correction Handicap, a sprint for fillies and mares, which drew so many entries that it had to be run off in two sections. In the first section, Canadiana, an old pet of mine, wasn't nimble enough to take a long early lead, as she usually does, and finished third to Banta, a 10–1 chance, and Outsmart. In the second section, Good Call, fresh from the Chicago tracks, won handily.

I must say that I was impressed by Helioscope in the Trenton Handicap (which I caught on television), for he beat Subahdar more easily than High Gun did several weeks ago in the Manhattan Handicap, at Belmont, and at exactly the same weights. If the Clementon Purse, the public trial for the Garden State Stakes, proved anything, it was that the Cain Hoy Stable is taking dead aim at the big purse, which it picked off a year ago with Turn-to. No doubt it will start both Racing Fool, who won the Clementon, and Flying Fury, who I think is one of the top two-year-olds. I daresay there will be as many runners as the track will hold. If I were betting—and I probably won't be—I'd take Summer Tan, with a saver on Flying Fury.

AS was more or less to be expected, since our topflight racers are so brittle, Nashua's ailment wasn't as trivial as it was first reported to be. He developed a virus infection, and his stable has decided to retire him for the season. He'll rest up until he goes to Florida in December. Luck hasn't run out entirely for Jim Fitzsimmons, his trainer, though. High Voltage, another of Mr. Fitz's charges, galloped off with the Selima Stakes and $50,810 in prize money, running the mile and a sixteenth in 1:45—the fastest time on record for the fixture. High Voltage is easily the best of the two-year-old fillies, and I'll wager she could beat a lot of colts—Georgian, for one. He finished tenth in the Breeders' Futurity at Keeneland last weekend.

STEEPLECHASING on the big tracks is over for the season, and perhaps the less said about most of it the better. Still, if we had half a dozen jumpers like Lawrence R. Troiano's King Commander, there would be fewer complaints. Anyway, King Commander's performance in the Temple Gwathmey Steeplechase, which wound up the United Hunts meet at Belmont Park last week, was something to remember. He not only carried a hundred and sixty-four pounds and led for the two miles and a-half—no easy trick under such weight—but did the distance in four minutes and thirty-nine seconds, equalling the track record, set in 1931. It was King Commander all the way, but Neji made a try in the last quarter that had the crowd cheering like crazy for both horses. Some aficionados were pretty unhappy because Shipboard unseated his rider at the thirteenth fence, but in my opinion the result would have been the same if Shipboard hadn't stumbled. By the way, both King Commander and Neji fell in the Grand National the week before, and Shipboard came in first. The Temple Gwathmey sort of evened things up. Giving King Commander all the best of it, he is as plain an animal as you're likely ever to see on a race track (he looked positively woebegone before the Gwathmey), but in action he's a champion. As you may recall, he was voted the best hurdles jumper last season, and I'll be surprised if he isn't voted the best steeplechaser of 1954. Speaking of prospects, I liked the way C. T. Chenery's Permian won a hurdles race at Belmont Friday afternoon. But hurdle racing will never take the place of steeplechasing. —AUDAX MINOR

•

The document was signed in the ivory and gold state drawing room of Lancaster House, where Mozart once played the piano for Queen Victoria.—*U.P. dispatch in the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

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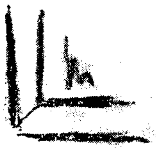
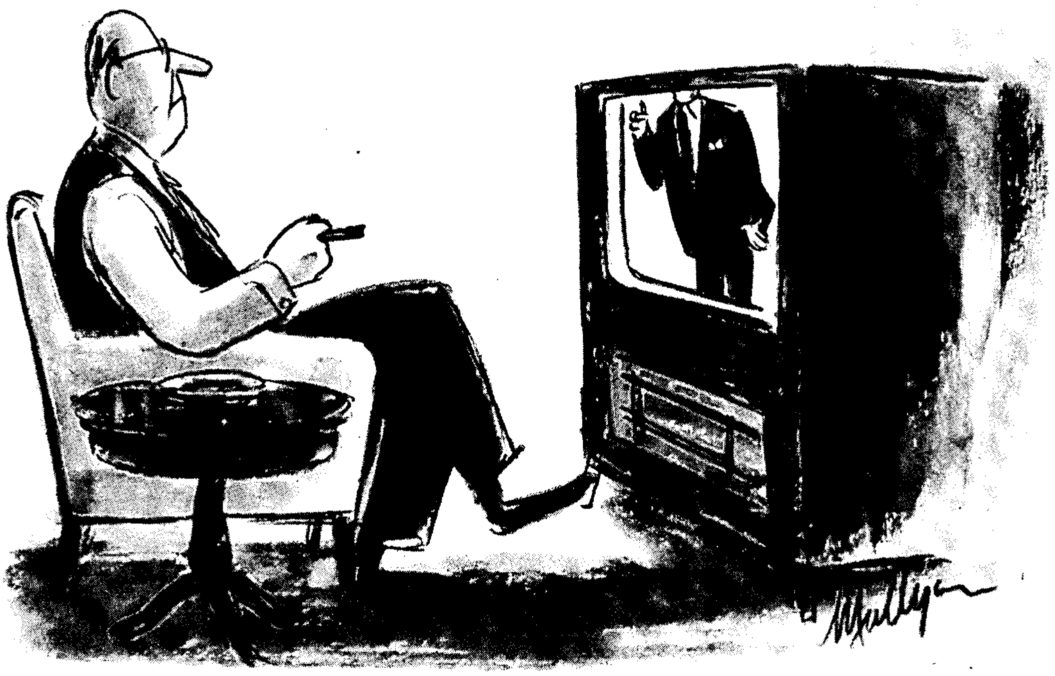
FEMININE FASHIONS

EVEN the most luxurious fabrics have been adopting a deliberately wayward attitude toward formal design, and furs are doing the same thing. Nowadays, the more formal the pelt, the more manly, sporting, and casual the viewpoint. Beautiful minks of carefully planned ancestry are taking on almost a campus look; this is especially true of the masterly double-breasted coats Gunther Jaeckel has been putting forth. The hollow square of buttons that adorns the front of them may start well below what was once considered the bustline, and thus suggest a lower waist. And some of the enveloping sports greatcoats at Bergdorf Goodman, whether they derive from European antecedents or from the establishment's own Leslie Morris, might also give one the quaint idea that furs are now being designed to make the owner not just beautiful but warm and even comfortable. Brooks Brothers has been an unwitting influence, too, for neat, set-in, masculine sleeves are replacing bulky dolmans, and long, narrow revers are rolling down to a point well past the stomach, below which there is snugness. It all goes under the heading of understatement in the fashion business. Not only that, but there are little fur cardigans and fur suit jackets everywhere in town. Esther Dorothy, Bendel, and Revillon are three notable promoters of this style. The cocoon shape, narrow top and bottom and burgeoning slightly in the middle, is the most recent silhouette, and there are often deep slits, as in Chinese skirts, at the bottom to make the narrowness practical for walking. In general, a top-heavy look is accomplished by breadth across the shoulder blades instead of by huge collars. The Dior designs for Saks are good examples of this treatment. He uses mink with a lavishness that is close to abandon, and employs all manner of long folds and inverted darts, front or back, from the shoulders to the hipbones to get extra fullness above the hips and make them look narrower by contrast. Most houses prefer the tapered shape only with flattish furs, however.

What are known as the novelty furs—sheared and dyed in new hues, or simply old favorites, in their native state, that are enjoying a revival—also are being cut along sports lines. (Revillon has done a coat of natural raccoon with a shawl collar that should stimulate a simultaneous revival of the Stutz Bearcat—and why not? Just as sporty and confining as a racing Jaguar.) There is a tendency, too, toward elaborate combinations of furs, and in the presence of this phenomenon I am subject to sudden attacks of dogma. A mating of black Russian broadtail and white mink or ermine can look correct and luxurious to my eye, but more contrived pairings are apt to bring on a spell. Take De Givenchy's hipbone-length jacket, on view at Bergdorf Goodman, and made of ocelot with a white ermine band around the neck and down one side. They've copied it in black Persian with Alaska seal banding, and it looks elegant that way, but I still feel touch and go about the original. Revillon has many, many combinations—plenty of them soothing, some fussy, but all interesting. Most of the examples that turn up in my ensuing treatise are custom-made on the premises; some are done to order by outside experts who are fortified with your measurements; and a few are ready to wear.

GUNTHER JAECKEL's distinguished but merry collection contains the double-breasted beauties I've already referred to, in such furs as Matara seal, natural beaver, or sheared beaver dyed putty or gold, and on lots of them the buttons start well down on the stomach below a narrow, rolled collar. This touch is part of the shop's informal approach to the likes of Royal Pastel mink, whether the coat is full-length or mid-thigh, a length whose nonchalance makes the wearer look as if she were born rich. The grandest *grand-luxe* in a combination of furs is a reversible full-length coat, shown to the customers in Royal Pastel mink lined with beige Indian broadtail lamb. The cuffs are mink, no matter which side is outside. There's nothing else to it, really, except that the





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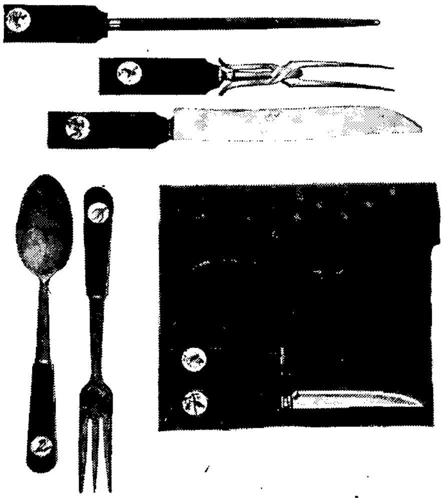

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collar rolls forward below the shoulders in a pastry twist before descending into a tuxedo front. This collar is in keeping with the Gunther sentiment for roundness and softness on the shoulders. A ten-skin stole of dyed American sable is rounded and plump, and twisted to make it cling at the top, and there are so many apertures between the skins in the front that a wide choice of drapery is possible. (It costs a mere and incredible $595.) The edges of some stoles are actually stuffed so they'll stand away from the neck, and the furs in them are worked so the stoles will blouse in back when they are huddled around the body. There is much crisper design, too, such as a cocoon coat of black Russian broadtail with a wide turnover collar and a self tie, and a cocoon of black seal with jutting pockets emphasizing the taper. They are again bullish on black Persian here, using it, for example, in a fitted reefer with a white mink shawl collar. Sometimes the mink collar is detachable and can be clipped on for after sundown. The long, narrow collar on a bellhop jacket of black Persian has a little mink overcollar that goes around the back and clips high at the sides of the V neck. Black Persian also makes a stole with a cape tier across the upper arms. A low back belt appears on a reefer of Persian lamb with sharply peaked lapels and on a fitted coat of black Russian broadtail with a mandarin collar curved to nestle against the neck at the sides and then split in front. The Russian sable of a "restaurant" jacket is worked around and around on the sleeves; among its other details is a long roll collar, and there are slits at the sides in front that are deep enough to produce a stole effect. They love to make this one in mink, too. Golden Sable, a fur Gunther Jaeckel introduced to a fairly agog world, is dyed a tawny, golden color. It looks good in a waist-length cape with actual, not fake, stole ends descending the front. There's engaging nonsense around, too, such as a "hunting" coat of golden muskrat (furs that glow are very big this year) with a wide sailor collar; $962. And raccoon coats that are distinctly not of the Clara Bow stadium type are sheared and dyed blond, putty, gold beige, or caramel; $654 to $874.50, in case it's time to start Christmas hinting around the house.

THE daring, dashing spirit of the late Maximilian still dominates the thinking in his salon, which has concocted a silhouette for long fur coats that I've seen nowhere else—plumb

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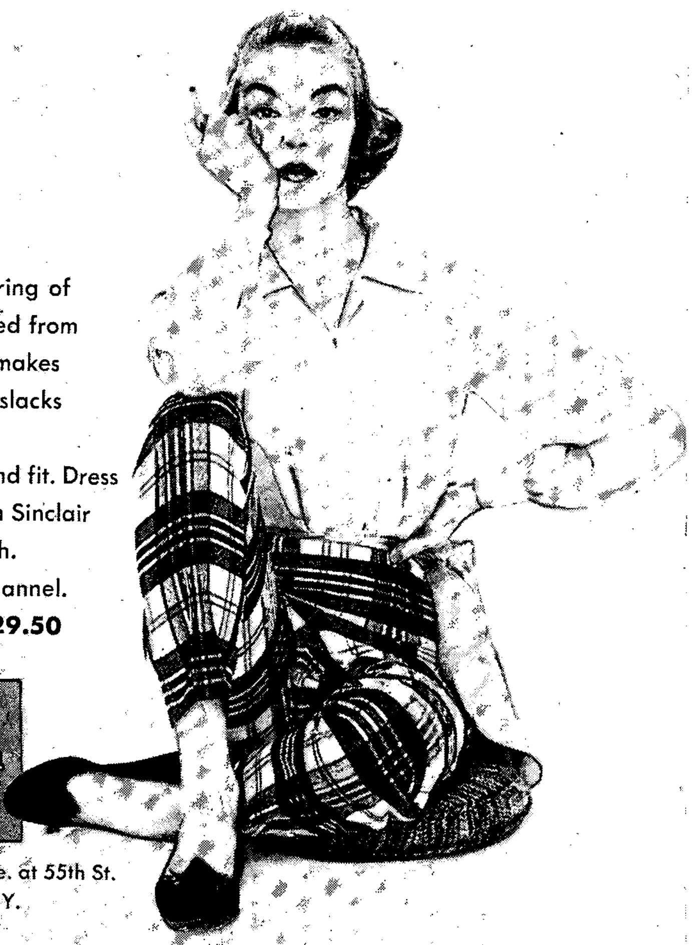
straight down to the hips and belling slightly below. This is shown in Russian broadtail, with a wide, high collar that is all outward tucks, and in natural broadtail the color of *marrons glacés*, with very high, wide revers and an inverted pleat in back. Black seal is also given this silhouette, but there the folds in the broadtail collar, which wraps highish around the shoulders, are upward, not outward. A pewter broadtail is cut double-breasted, and at the hips it increases the Peter Thomson illusion by breaking into box pleats all around. They have even used this line for ermine. (Full-length ermine, by the way, is another revival—in this shop, at least.) Another specialty of the house is the way they work their Emba mutation mink into wide panels, as though it were sable. In one superb coat, these skins are a good three and a half inches wide. This is buttoned right up to a shawl collar that dips and slants outward in back in typical Maximilian fashion. Other fanciful touches occur in a full-length coat of an Emba mutation called Cerulean; the deep collar is shirred halfway down across the back on a velvet drawstring ribbon that emerges from under the deep forward folds of the collar in front to tie in a bow. More grandeur appears in a costume of Russian broadtail—a semi-fitted, round-necked tunic buttoned down the back; a straight skirt, also buttoned down the back; and a tailored black satin topper, fingertip length, lined with white ermine. Empress chinchilla is used not only for small fur pieces but for a peggyhopkinsjoyce full-length tubular coat, the fur worked horizontally, with little sleeves building out from the body in cape-coat style. But the Maximilian furs can be casual as well as magnificent. The house's own Diamond River otter, dyed a deep slate, makes a sleek, huddly coat with up-and-down side pockets and set-in sleeves; charcoal-dyed sheared beaver makes one with a turnover collar, immense patch pockets, and buttoned band cuffs. And black Alaska seal appears in a cocoon that becomes tight just above the knees and then has an inverted pleat below them in back.

THE wrappable sports greatcoat is supreme at Bergdorf Goodman, for the firm's Leslie Morris is turning out Lutetia mink coats with wide, notched collars and other mannish overcoats in every feasible mutation of mink. Sleek brown river otter, now a favorite fur here, is made into a coat with revers of fluffy Canadian sea



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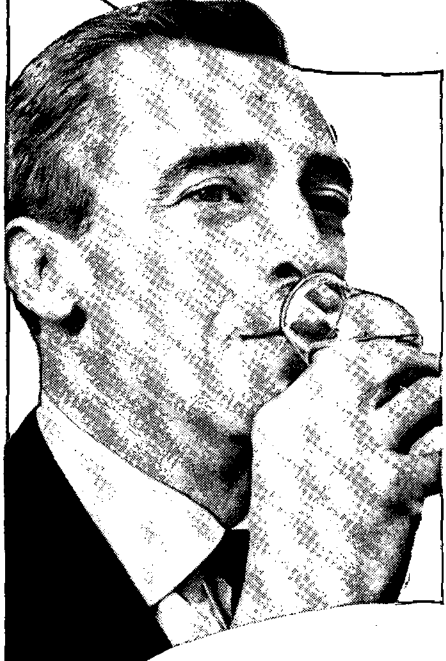
otter; there are polo-coat buttoned bands at the wrists, and a belt goes across the back. Here, too, is the present darling of most of the major furriers—sheared and bleached snow-white beaver, soft as butter in a four-hundred-and-fifty-degree oven. Long, narrow shawl collar, set-in sleeves, a wrapped, tapered look—I'll just say that I love it, for every commendatory phrase I can think of has been overworked. Among the reversibles is a coat of Royal Pastel mink lined with beige vicuña. Its cuffs are medium and turned back. Leopard and winter-white wool are combined in a three-quarter coat with a casual, wrapped closing. From Europe comes a Fabiani design for a coat, executed in broadtail or mink, with a double collar that makes charming sense—the body of the coat comes up to the base of the neck, which is surrounded by one collar; the second collar, placed a bit farther from the neckline, can lie flat or rear up to frame the head. The coat is full but straight. Paris is the origin of the idea for the straight coat of Russian broadtail with mandarin slits at the hem. It is faced with white ermine. Leslie Morris, like Balmain and Fath, admires jackets with deeply bloused backs. Hers is shown in Royal Pastel mink with a straight front and the most informal, open-at-the-throat shirtwaist type of collar you ever saw. A broadtail jacket designed on the premises has a small, overlapping shawl collar of mink and a back that hangs straight, though they beg you to pull it taut around the hips. There is an upward fold across the back of Bergdorf's pet mink stole, coming over the top of the arms to melt into the body of the stole in front, creating a slightly "different" look. Drama is provided by Heim's dance-length coat of red mouton, collarless and round-necked, with a deep, oval yoke below the tips of the shoulders. The coat is gathered on this yoke at the rear—unbelievably bulky, joyous, and News.

THE Dior designs that Saks treasures have a silhouette all their own. The blown-out-in-back look at the waistline, below which there's a suggestion of a broad, snug band around the hips, is especially emphatic in the Saks jackets, among them a bell-sleeved barrel of black broadtail, cut very wide across the back under the arms, and equipped with a wide collar and tie. It all looks like a deliberately ill-fitting middy. A coat of brown Persian broadtail also has this odd bloused back, plus a pleat that slants forward from under



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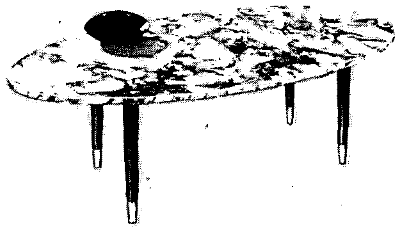

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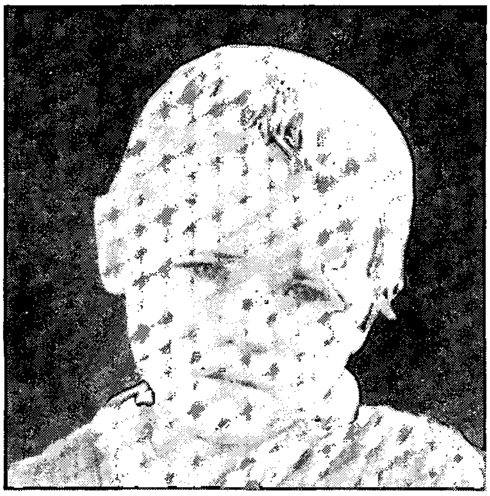
each arm almost to the hem, thus adding to the bulkiness. The simple expedient of attaching the ends of a single mink skin at the front of the shoulder blades on a coat but allowing it to ride free as it goes around the back of the neck solves the problem of achieving the easy curve downward in back that is a graceful fashion of the new season. A tapered ranch mink is only one Saks example of it. Another interesting approach to the tapered look occurs in a full-length coat of white beaver with folds turning inward at the sides in back and a belt placed very low between them. In coats of Cerulean mink or brown broadtail, there are more inverted folds down the sides from the shoulder to the back of the hip, to make the top seem fuller; in a coat of black seal these folds are in front (this one, a major production, has man's-suit sleeves with three buttons above the cuff, and a vent back); a coat of topaz mutation mink has a really deep fold going down the side front and doubling as a pocket. And deep, inverted pleats below the hipbones in a coat of iridescent brown broadtail enhance the middy look of the top. All pretty marvellous and many quite extreme at the moment. But such is the Dior influence that the likelihood they will go out of style in a hurry is minimum.

STEIN & BLAINE's revivified custom fur department is thinking like Dior. It favors, for instance, deeply bloused backs, a high look to the set-in sleeves, and so on. An extra skin is attached at each side in front on a mink stole but is detached in back so that it can rise up like a tiny cowl, for both becomingness and anchorage. There are beautiful coats of Russian broadtail, one of them with a detachable sable shawl collar and long, outward tucks down from the elbows to snug wrists. Other coats have a straight, full back, tapering sleeves with small split cuffs, and a particularly nice collar—flat at the base of the throat but with a cuff edge turned upward all around to give the effect of a frame away from the neck, but without any sacrifice of warmth. Another important trick is actual bolster padding to give a lift to the narrow shawl collar of a hip-length jacket of Lutetia mink. In a notable mink jacket, a dart inward below the shoulders helps give great width above the snugness through the hips that is, I would say, already In. Ranch mink and tan cashmere make the shop's favorite fingertip reversible coat, with mink cuffs showing no matter which side is out;

Thanksgiving



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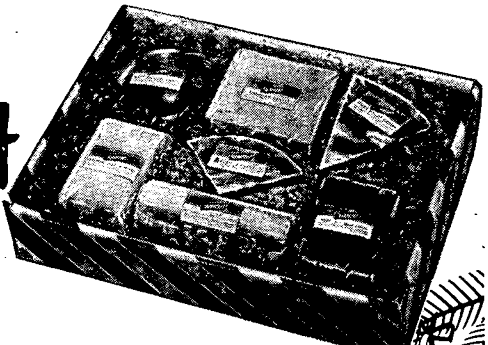

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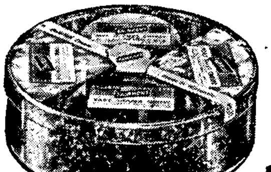

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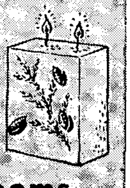

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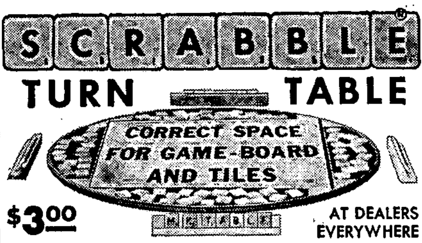
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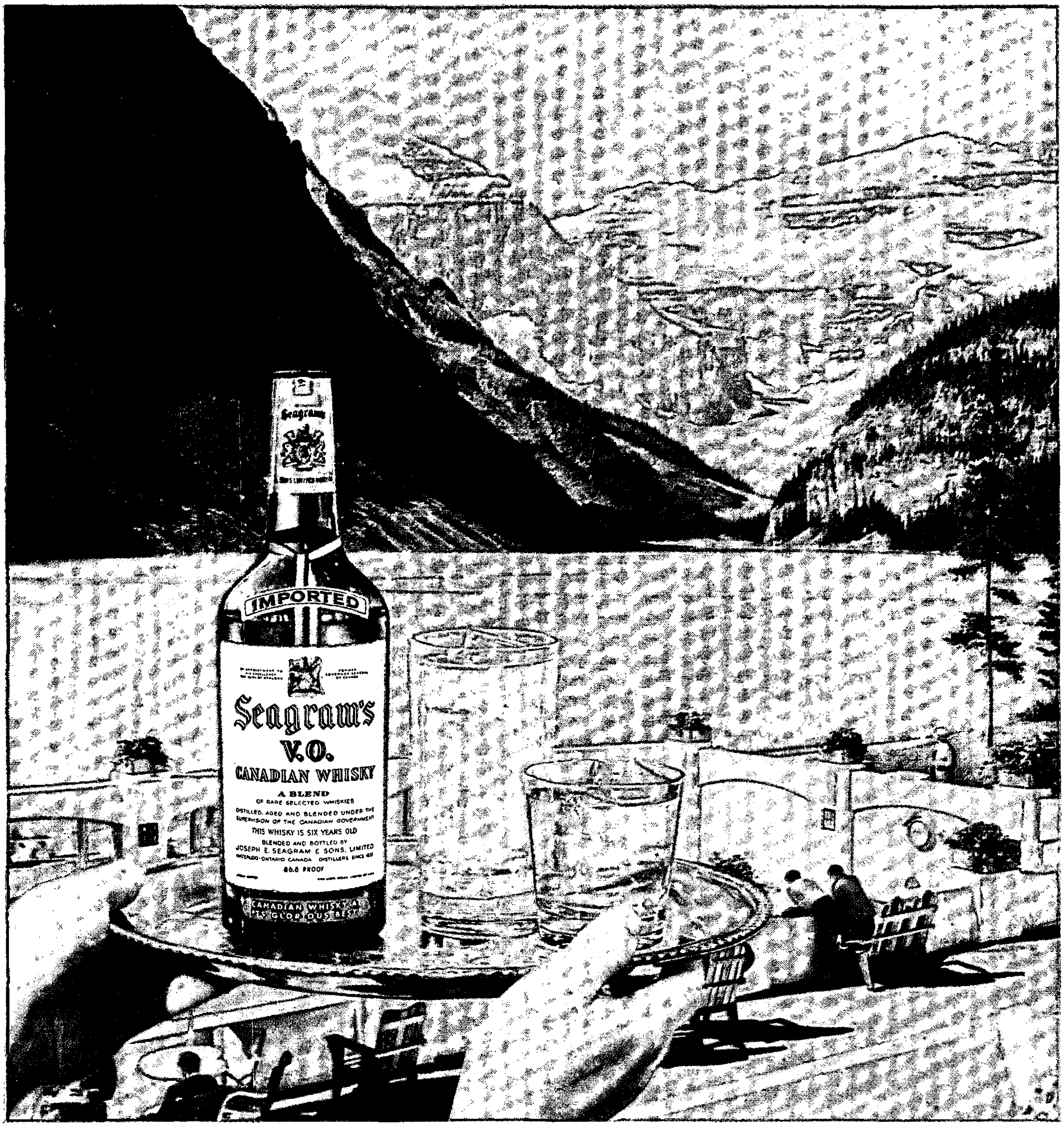
a full-length coat of Persian lamb has an overlapping petal collar and buttons down the side seam on the reefer-style bodice.

EXAGGERATED width below the shoulder blades, though not as decisive or involved as M. Dior's, rules at Bendel, too. A hip-length jacket of ranch mink with a flat, wide collar is supposed to be huddled around you well below the waistline; a straight coat of black Russian broadtail is so arranged that the back looks like one enormous box pleat. This has a crossed shawl collar of broadtail and colossal sable cuffs. The broad-box-pleat look is incorporated into a day-or-night hipbone Persian jacket with a slight barrel look. Three-quarter cocoon coats of Persian or nutria boast sharply flaring hip pockets, which make the taper below even more pronounced. Greatcoats of Lutetia mink with huge cuffs fasten their collars to give a loose turtleneck effect, and the outer half of a double collar makes a wide flare upward around the more modest inner half on a noble creation of Royal Pastel mink. The new Golden Glory fox (which should be the redhead's latest delight) is made up at Bendel into an enchanting three-skin cape tapering to little pockets built into the ends of the pelts, which huddle in front. One of the nicest fur suit jackets I've seen would *have* to be of Russian broadtail. It has slender, set-in sleeves and a moderately flaring peplum below the taut waistline. A row of trim buttons ascends the front to a self tie.

REVILLON is the real fur-on-fur enthusiast; it goes as far as to combine the most distant cousins of the Clan Mutation. There's a stole of ranch mink lying flat around the base of the neck and white mink arching away from it; there are hip-length cardigans of ranch mink with Royal Pastel mink making a flat band around the neck and a panel down the center front. The stunt of persuading collars to stand away from the head while the coat clings is again demonstrated in a straight nutria coat with Russian lynx going around the back and making a panel down the side front. More fur-on-fur merriment appears in a greatcoat of gray Persian adorned with what is virtually a cape collar of black-dyed fox. Black fox also decorates a narrow leopard coat with more of those mandarin slashes in the hem. Revillon likes the fluffy mixed with the flat; jackets of natural Russian lynx get black Alaska-seal trim, for instance. Cardigans with stitched wool edges are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made of India lamb that is dyed purplish navy or bright citron. For sports in really cold climates, unusual, durable furs are used; snow leopard from the Himalayas (a sort of beige yellow with irregular gray splotches) makes a warm, shaggy beauty of a coat. It's $990, and bids to the Dartmouth Winter Carnival are practically assured. Then, Greenland hair seal, which is nice and flat and blue gray with a silvery shimmer, produces a straight sports coat with a part of the fur that is beige white (probably the belly) fashioning a buttoned front panel, the cuffs, and a crossed and buttoned tab collar. For more formal moments, there's a coat of black seal with a sweeping skirt and a tiny mink collar; another is of Russian broadtail, with side panels to make it appear that a loose coat is being worn over it. Revillon's most triumphant reversible is a jacket of black broadtail and white ermine, with a deep, turnover collar.

Alfred Rainer is another who approves the Paris fondness for double collars. He uses them to get a wide-topped look in his coats. A handsome one of mink, all narrow vertical bands of the fur, has a small shawl collar, and surrounding it is another collar that builds out of the second vertical stripe on each side of the front closing of the coat. Both collars can stand straight up, both can lie flat, or each one can go its own sweet way. A more elaborate performance is a coat of black Alaska seal with a sailor collar of heavy ribbed silk ottoman. A small collar of seal lies over this, and you can do all kinds of tricks with this pair, too. Rainer is also enthusiastic about the revival of Persian lamb for day and/or evening. A full-length fitted coat has a fold going across the back and across the top of the arms to suggest a coachman's cape, and a mink ascot is folded inside the V closing. Another fitted Persian has a velvet underlay beneath a wide collar that is folded so it is standoffish at the sides of the neck. And there are many jackets and stoles, too, for day and night. An unusual stole is of Russian broadtail. The appliquéd band of velvet ribbon that goes across the back is released low in front, so that it can tie the stole down at the waistline. A hip-length jacket of broadtail has a crossed collar and facings, all of white mink. The sleeves are sort of telescopic in effect; three downward tucks diminish them in tiers from the elbow to the wrist. Rainer was a pioneer in using that sleek, brown Brazilian river otter, which other designers are

Pronunciation Guide to FRENCH Wines

From a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec

Note: Phonetic English can only approximate Parisian French!

Beaujolais	*Bow Joe lay*
Chablis	*Shah blee*
Chateau Yquem	*Shot-oh Ee-Kem*
Chateauneuf du Pape	*Shot-oh Neff du Pop*
Chambertin	*Sham bear tan*
Graves	*Grahv*
Haut Sauternes	*Oh So tairn*
Macon	*Mah kon*
Medoc	*May dock*
Montrachet	*Mawn Rah Shay*
Pommard	*Poe mahr*
Pontet-Canet	*Pon tay Kan nay*
Pouilly Fuissé	*Poo yee Fweesay*
Prince Blanc	*Prance Blahn*
Prince Noir	*Prance Nwahr*
Sauternes	*So tairn*
St. Emilion	*Sant Ay mee lee on*
St. Julien	*San Jeu lee en*

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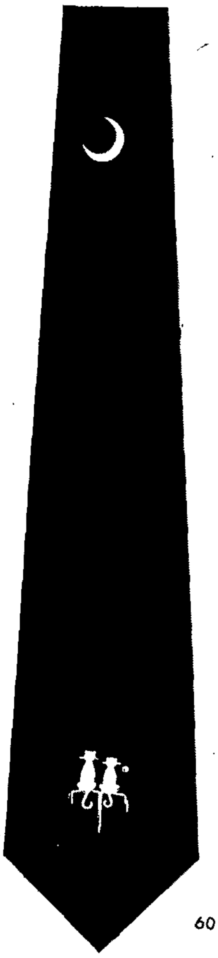
now suddenly taking to, and he still has a special cunning and authority in handling it. Witness a hip-length jacket whose collar (this part is black Persian) has notches coming so low that the thing looks unbelievably long-waisted. Or witness his fitted, full-length coats with soft leather belts, notched collars of ranch mink, or little oblong yokes and tiny shawl collars of black Persian. Some houses consider this otter a sports fur, but Rainer thinks it is much more cosmopolitan than that, a theory he proves with a tapered cocoon shape that has a vent in back and high revers of nutria.

AND, speaking of pioneers, Esther Dorothy was one of the first to make a lady of bright-colored furs, and she was doing feminine adaptations of men's chesterfields, now a commonplace of woman's world, in the most majestic furs some years ago. In color, she has just come up with a cocktail coat of lacquer-red American broadtail, involving a Chinese collar, deep slashes at the hem, and slashed sleeves that can turn back to show the black velvet lining. There is also a greatcoat of ruby moleskin with four brass buttons arrayed in a hollow square below the waistline, and a vent in back so large that you needn't sit on the fur at all. There are big wraparound coats of that wonderful white beaver or of sheared beaver dyed Silver Blu, loosely belted in back. Leopard makes a coat with fourteen amber buttons down the front. (Esther Dorothy is peculiar about liking buttons that actually button, instead of merely hanging around looking decorative.) The sleeves of this go around the elbows in wide curves—a favorite trick of hers. She also believes in the suit jacket and jackets of the shirt type (she's been doing them for years). An example of the suit jacket is a "smoking" of gray Russian broadtail with Lutetia mink at each side of the long, rolled closing; another is of gray Persian, and darker gray Persian faces the lapels and makes the buttoned panel down the front. A third is of Royal Pastel, with brown bengaline and braid facing and her typical split, small cuffs. Her shirt jackets are done in practically any fur, but she shows them in ermine. For complete splendor, she loves big flat stoles, slightly curved through the middle. There's one of Russian sable, eighteen by a hundred inches, with no visible seam at the center; the skins just roll along from one end of the stole to the other without apparent interruption. Finally, there's a fitted coat of Russian broadtail, with a



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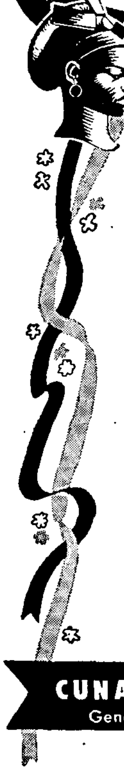

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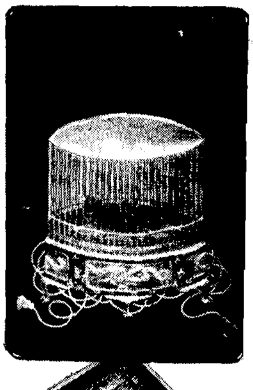

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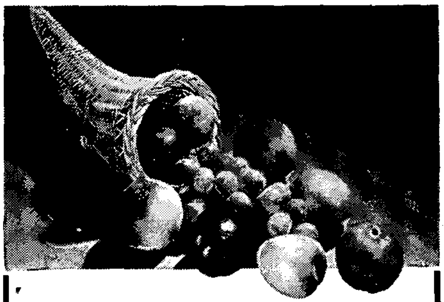

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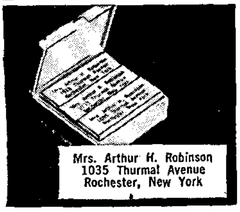

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modest band collar of sable and a show-off hemline that's a hundred and fifty inches in circumference.

JEAN HERMÈ has resumed his custom and ready-to-wear operations, and is ensconced in Sada Sacks, a Madison Avenue dress shop (at 61st Street) that has recently changed hands. He, too, admires hundred-inch stoles. One of Royal Pastel mink is a matter of twenty skins gliding together without any noticeable center-seam interruptions. More prankish are his huge straight stoles of Russian lynx dyed a strawberry-ice-cream pink, or of fox that is blue or dyed pink. (Bet he would make you bootees for the baby to match.) For sports, he likes a sheared blue fox (weighs no more than a sweater) dyed caramel or bisque, in all lengths and styles, including short jackets with hand-crocheted cardigan edges to match; $750 gets a full-length honey. For more formal occasions, he uses Creole mink (a mutation almost as dark as Labrador) in a straight, full-length coat whose skins are worked *horizontally* at each side of a three-and-a-half-inch vertical buttoned band in front. This suggests the twenties in the pleasantest sort of way. His fitted Russian broadtail has pleats at the rear of the skirt, below a dipping back belt, and a collar that can rise up to frame the face, or hook and turn over at the top like a turtleneck.

—LOIS LONG

•

AUTUMN SONG

Now read November in the raven's eye;
spell the time's crisis in hollow bones
that quaver a wing in the falling wind.
Sodden leaves line the hunting trace
where the sudden fox tracks its musty
prey.
The season falls with the falling sun,
and the river slows to a shallow wave
as the sea rides away on a withering tide.
I walk the weathering autumn wood
in the ring of hollow and juggling winds
that round the change of the season's
fall.
Green voice, brown leaf, and bright
wing quiver
all read November in the blackbird's eye.

—WILLIAM J. REDDING

•

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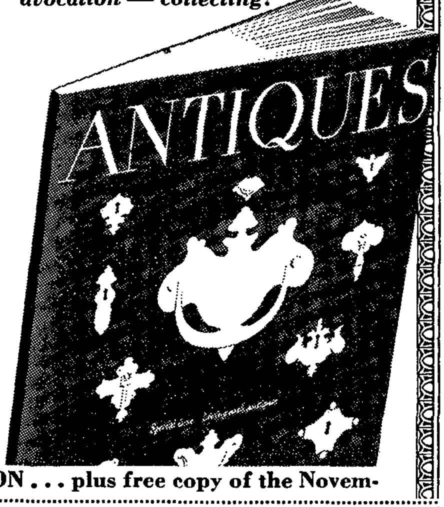
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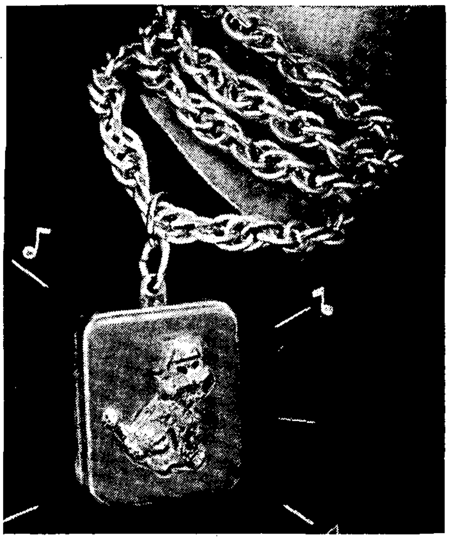

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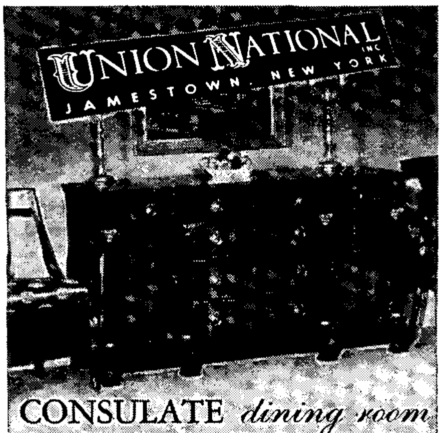

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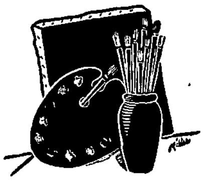
THE ART GALLERIES

Archipenko and Tibet



CONSIDERING that he is one of the few really important figures of the early Cubist era still alive—and the only one living in this country—Alexander Archipenko has had remarkably little attention in recent years, and the big loan exhibition of his works now at the Associated American Artists should be all the more welcome in consequence. I must quibble at the outset, however. Though it's billed as a retrospective, and ranges from as far back as 1909 to the present, no attempt has been made to sort out its hundred and sixty items, including photographs, either chronologically or according to phases of interest or development, and the presentation, always so important in the case of sculpture, boils down for the most part to lining up all the smaller pieces neatly on shelves, with their backs to the walls, and putting the larger ones on pedestals in the corners—a method of display favored in Christmas-gift shops but hardly suited to bringing out the full values of a three-dimensional art. The result, at first (and even at second) glance, is chaos, and the fact that Archipenko's career has, particularly in the past few years, been curiously inconsecutive, too, doesn't help matters either; to get any real idea of the man's artistic development, you will have to do most of the hunting down and sorting out of periods and sequences yourself. In this instance, it is worth the trouble.

Archipenko, who now, aged sixty-seven, lives in Woodstock, was one of the very first to attempt to add sculpture's third dimension (of depth) to flat-pattern Cubism's primarily two-dimensional attack, and from around 1910 through the nineteen-twenties, he was just about the boldest and most imaginative of the experimenters in this new field. The exhibition, I'm glad to say, is rich in examples from this era, and scattered here and there are several pieces—such as the "Woman Combing Her Hair," in hydrostone, done in 1915; the lovely, swirling "Silhouette," in bronze, of 1910; and the intricately balanced "Geometric Figure," of 1920—that illustrate the range and the vivacity of his approach at the time. The show also reveals, even more fully, his constant interest in new techniques and new materials. He was the pioneer, so far as I know, in using voids and perforated areas in compositions (as in that "Woman Combing Her Hair," in which the head of the figure is actually empty space outlined by an arm curved above it), and if he wasn't the artist who discovered the illusionary value of presenting convex forms as if they were concave, and vice versa, he was certainly the one who developed the device most assiduously. His purpose, of course, was to "flatten" his figures by reducing their rounds and recessions to roughly the same plane, and though Boccioni and other Italian Futurists may have used the device first, it soon became Archipenko's trademark.

His interest in new materials and textures has been unfailing, and it is this that gives most of the value to the later work in the show. For the fact is that around the middle nineteen-thirties a good deal of the true inventiveness went out of Archipenko's work, and the notion one gets in looking over the show is that since then he has been engaged in what seems almost a scramble to regain it. My own glancing feeling is that his lengthy experiments with polychrome sculpture (he included abstract patterns in color along with his forms, and thus immeasurably increased his compositional problems) may be the root of his difficulty. At any rate, there is something very nearly frantic about many of his later attempts, in which one sees him striking out first in one direction and then in another in search of solid footing; one feels a steady straining for effect, and the ensuing product often varies (in such pieces as "Concave Figure, Seated," on the one hand, and "Venus," on the other) from the overly simplified to the merely garish, while in "Woman Draped in Fur," for example, it approaches perilously close to the grotesque.

That's not by any means true of all Archipenko's work, however, for this effort is only one facet of the man's artistic development. His importance in the history of modern art has for a long time been secure, and there's a sound core in his later work that has kept it generally both perceptive and authoritative. Best of all, he still experiments, and if what he accomplishes is occasionally disastrous, it is in other instances strikingly rewarding. Among his later pieces, I shall cite especially "Seated Woman" and "Religious Motif," both done in plastic, both severely simple and yet powerful in their conception, as well as the white plaster abstract study of a woman's torso called "Relief"—a thing so harmonious in its flowing, interlacing design as to be almost musical in its connotations. And there's "Hindu Princess," done this year and rather flagrantly polychromed, which, after its startling first impact, gains in reasonableness the more one looks at it. All in all, I wouldn't start selling Archipenko short just yet.

THERE is more than mere curiosity value in the exhibition of Tibetan religious paintings—unfortunately, on only through this Saturday—at the Wildenstein. One has to look hard indeed to get all there is to be got out of the show. In the first place, the influence is not, as I had expected, Chinese. Instead, in the earlier work (roughly from the fifteenth through the seventeenth century), it is principally Persian and Hindu, while in the latter, or eighteenth-century, section, there's an admixture of the Japanese that I found disconcerting. It's the earlier work that interested me more. Yet there are difficulties here, for the Persian and Hindu disciplines impose an intricate geometry of pattern that to the Western eye seems at first monotonous, but there is also a vast amount of remarkably fine work that is hidden—with true Oriental scrupulosity—in the background, and this is worth searching for. As a starter, I'd mention the tanka, or holy scroll painting, called "The White Tara," in which the dominant figure of the goddess, is repeated, almost microscopically drawn, and so delicate in outline as to be nearly invisible, in hundreds of tiny replicas all over the gold-leaf background. You might look, too, though, at the eighteenth-century "Sadaksara-Lokesvara" (the patron saint of Tibet, apparently) and "Akshobhya" (one of the five Buddhas of Contemplation), in both of which there are similarly fascinating minor motifs to be discovered.

—ROBERT M. COATES

•

Anderson recently completed an instruction course in use of the array of electric woodworking tools manufactured by the Porter-Cable Machine Co. at Syracuse, N.Y. He will have charge of all instruction and promotion for the fools in this area.—*Meadville* (*Pa.*) *Tribune.*

That's a pretty big order, isn't it?

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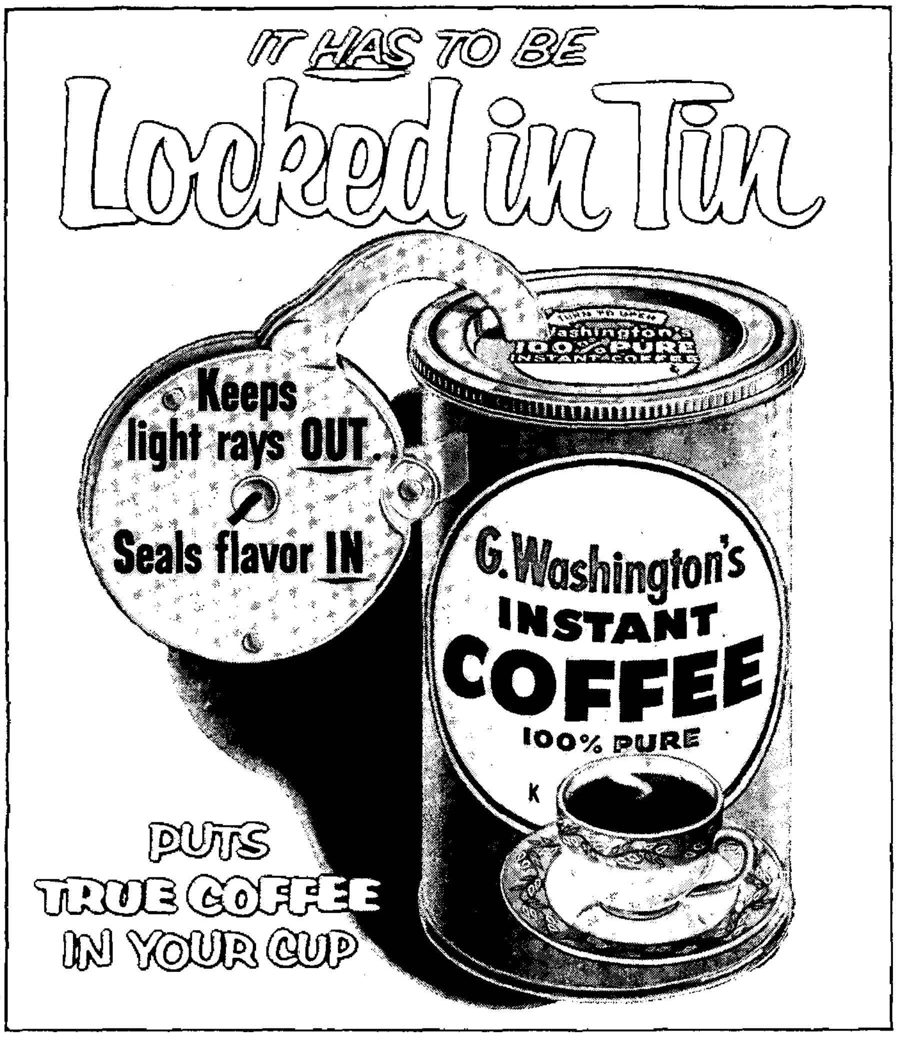

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Bridge will always be an excuse for the girls to get together. What they talk about afterward, however, is seldom the game . . . but what went with it. For instance, at our Tuesday "club" not long ago, our hostess served a divine little dish . . . that we all chatted about later . . . a shortcake of Cresca Brandied Black Bing Cherries (right out of the jar!) with slightly sweetened whipped cream. And instead of a muffin or sponge cake . . . which are so much trouble . . . she had used those wonderful Jacob's Golden Puff Biscuits as a base. Of course, I've always used them for patty shells with Cresca's Tiny Peeled Norwegian Shrimp curried . . . but this was so unusual and so delicious. Then, we had no sooner gotten back to the game when we found a simply out-of-this-world assortment of Swiss chocolate before us . . . the Lindt "Taster." Each tiny bar is so prettily wrapped, and the flavors! I particularly relished the bittersweets and the milk chocolates. They made it a really festive afternoon . . . and another Cresca treat.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Music for Murder

SOME years ago, I saw a movie called, I believe, "Pépé le Moko," in which a murder was committed while a broken-down player piano thumped out a particularly racy and lightheaded tune. The scene has always stuck in my mind as an especially gripping bit of melodrama, because of the way it set off the serious business of death against a background of frivolity, thereby making death itself doubly poignant and horrifying. This trick of depicting murder to the accompaniment of trivial music is also to be found now and then in opera, though it is not by any means the rule there. The rule is, of course, for the orchestra and the protagonists to groan and wail in an attempt to underline the dreadfulness of what is taking place on the stage, and generally, I suppose, this is the appropriate thing for them to do.

Certain theatrically gifted composers, however, have used the "Pépé le Moko" method, and have been rewarded in nearly every instance I can think of with an unforgettable moment of operatic drama. One such moment occurs in Verdi's "Rigoletto," when the aging jester, carrying the body of his dying daughter in a sack on his back, hears the voice of the man whose corpse he thinks is in the sack singing the notably tawdry strains of "La donna è mobile" offstage. Another such moment is the murder of Carmen, a passionate, bloodthirsty affair that takes place against the bright, martial music emanating from the bull ring. The incongruity in each case intensifies the dramatic action almost incredibly, suggesting, as it does, both the awful irrevocability of death and the potential joy of the life that is being snuffed out before the eyes of the audience. The very triviality of the music is an important ingredient of the mixture, for it indicates that the death is not a heroic one but merely the extinction of a rather pathetic human being who asked little more of life than the shimmering and inexpensive dream of happiness evoked by the melody. In these moments, the curious art of opera demonstrates one of its numerous paradoxes—that great dramatic climaxes can sometimes be reached more effectively through music that is intrinsically cheap and shallow than through music that is profound.

Jacques Offenbach's durable opera "The Tales of Hoffmann" also contains one of these moments, in a scene so haunting that I have made two trips to the New York City Center in the past two weeks just to witness it. As far as I am concerned, "The Tales of Hoffmann" is otherwise a somewhat dreary and dated thing, with a first act that is a trifle silly and a third act that is more than a trifle boring. But sandwiched in between the two is the famous "Barcarolle" scene, laid in Venice, and here, accompanied by one of Offenbach's most sensuous and cajoling tunes, there is a bit of bloodshed that I shall always rank as my favorite operatic murder. The murderer is, of course, Hoffmann, and his victim is the gloomy, passionate character known, rather unhappily perhaps, as Schlemil. The cause of the murder is a woman of easy virtue named Giulietta, with whom both men are in love, and the scene is dominated by a third man—a formidably diabolical and cynical fellow named Dapertutto—who eggs the two on to fight and, in the end, laughingly keeps the girl under his thumb. Dapertutto is a realist, and he certainly succeeds in proving that romanticism doesn't pay, especially when it is a question of women of easy virtue. But it is not this fairly commonplace moral that gives the situation its magic. Instead, it is Offenbach's frivolous tune, coming from the Venetian lagoon offstage, which embodies the yearning of Hoffmann and Schlemil and seems to mock the sordid events we are witnessing. In an extra stroke of theatrical genius, Offenbach has given his three principal male characters spoken lines that sound rather harsh, flat, and desperate in contrast to the happy tune issuing from the distant gondolas. Although the whole thing is a trick of stagecraft, it rarely fails in effect, and it is, I think, the main reason this overstuffed old opera has survived as long as it has.

There were several additional points of interest in last week's performance, which was given on Thursday evening. For one thing, it showed that "The Tales of Hoffmann" is still one of the best and most lavish productions currently being offered at the City Center. For another, Frances Yeend, one of the company's better dramatic sopranos, appeared in all three of the opera's feminine roles—a tour de force that is successfully attempted only by very gifted singers, since it requires coloratura and lyric resources that few dramatic so-

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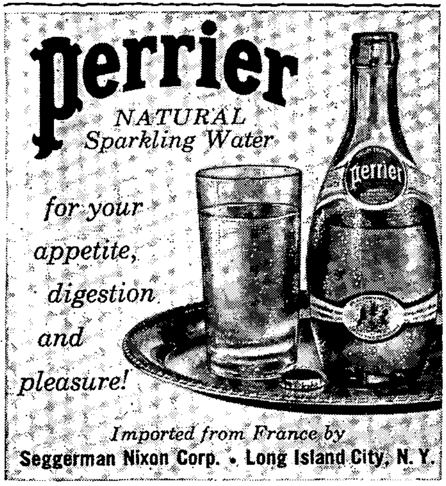
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pranos possess. Though Miss Yeend did remarkably well, I did not think she quite brought it off. She seemed far more at home in her accustomed role of Giulietta than with the cold, rippling cascades of notes that fell to her lot as Olympia, the mechanical doll of the first act. The remaining roles were, for the most part, excellently sung. They included a ringing and youthful performance of Hoffmann by Robert Rounseville, and a notable one by Walter Cassel, who, aside from a faulty high note at the end of his main aria, proved to be as impressive a Dapertutto as I have heard anywhere.

On Wednesday evening, the City Center company revived Richard Strauss's "Der Rosenkavalier," in a production that I can also recommend as one of the most rewarding items in its current repertory. The infinitely subtle quality of Strauss's orchestral score was perhaps not developed as smoothly and lucidly as it sometimes is in larger opera houses, with larger and better-rehearsed orchestras. But it came through pleasantly enough, and the theatrical and vocal doings that went with it occasionally gleamed with real authority and inspiration. To me, the most memorable thing about the evening was the performance of the American soprano Wilma Spence, who sang the difficult role of the Marschallin with beautiful musical style and with a rare understanding of its dramatic values. William Wilderman, as Baron Ochs, also showed himself to be an accomplished actor, and though his voice did not have the low notes the role requires from time to time, he sang, on the whole, with great spirit and conviction. Frances Bible, as Octavian, and Laurel Hurley, as Sophie, also turned in performances of some distinction. Altogether, this revival of one of the most highly enjoyable of operas succeeded in being a highly enjoyable affair.

—Winthrop Sargeant

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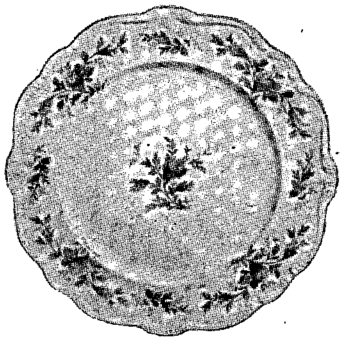

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BOOKS

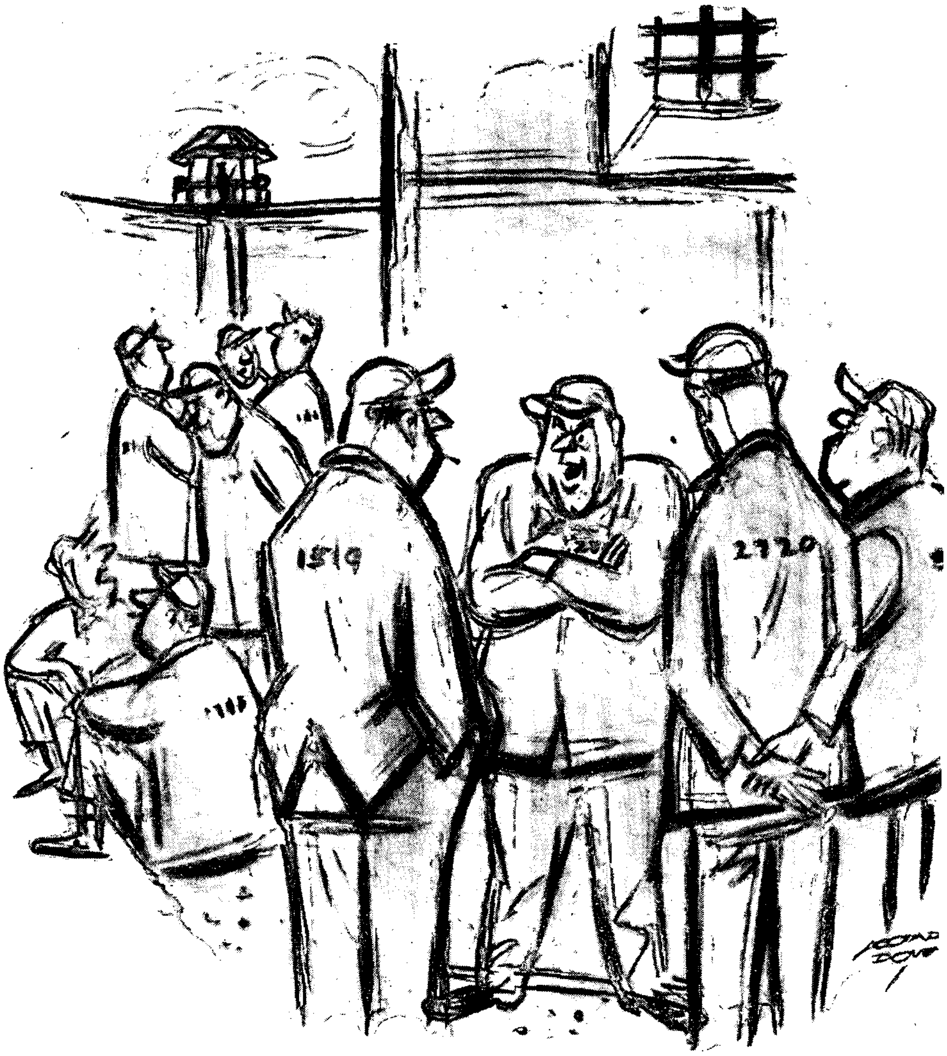
The Lost Rebel

WHEN Ellen Glasgow, the Southern novelist, died, in 1945, she left in manuscript an intimate memoir, "The Woman Within," which she indicated was to be brought out only when it could no longer embarrass the principals. "But," she requested her literary executors, "do not destroy it." This book, begun twenty years ago, has now been published by Harcourt, Brace. No one saw the manuscript during her lifetime. She refused to allow a copy to be made, and she kept it in brown envelopes inside a briefcase that was locked, marked "Private and Personal," and stored in her safe-deposit vault in Richmond. She left instructions that the manuscript was never to be entrusted to the mails, and that if anything happened to her, the executors were to come to Richmond and take charge of it. Once, after the executors had visited her and heard her read one small passage from it, she put the manuscript inside still another envelope, marked it "Original Rough Draft of Autobiography," and added "Only Copy. Preserve Carefully."

The pains she took to preserve the book and to shield its contents are easily explained. At the age of sixty, Ellen Glasgow was not only a distinguished novelist, with a great body of work already in existence and a still growing reputation, but also almost the last of what had once been a large and well-known Virginia family. She still lived in the famous gray house at 1 West Main Street, a house that had a picture-book magnolia tree outside it; she was, in fact, a leading Virginian, with a famous social tradition behind her. And despite the great body of work, the growing reputation, the admiration of certain critics; despite the famous gray house at 1 West Main Street (which anyone in Richmond could have told you about); despite the tradition, and all the rest, Ellen Glasgow was an agonizedly unhappy and isolated woman, who, when she began this book, was as desperate as she had been when, in her childhood—this was the most vivid memory of her life, and it colored all the rest of it—she had been terrified at seeing in the sunset "a face without a body staring in at me." She was as excruciatingly sensitive as she had always been; she was alone in the house where once a family of twelve had lived; she suffered constantly from nervous depression and had once half-consciously tried suicide; and she was deaf, and had been more or less so since she was a girl.

This, then, is why she wrote the book—to speak out for once, to cry out, as she had never done in her novels, though at their best they mock the ignorance and unfeelingness and smugness of her own class. This is the book of a great sufferer who inside that gray house felt all her life the emotional bitterness of someone who has never had her due, who knows that life has deprived her of her rights, who could still record meticulously, like an adolescent, that her mother had let her down by dying. If there is something moving in all this, there is something pitiable about the unrelenting way in which she returns to her theme in remark after remark that was wrung out of her for this book: "My big sisters, of whom I was terribly afraid," "I was still a child when I learned that an artificial brightness is the safest defense against life," "Why was it people made you do things that would break your heart always?," "But I knew at seven, as well as I know now, at sixty, that the happiest time of my life was already over, that I had crossed the bridge between childhood and the grown-up years when you have to have trouble, I told myself, and more trouble as long as you live."

This is the refrain, the purpose of the book, told as the history of a family. Ellen could never feel that she had much sympathy at home except from her mother, who became ill, a "nervous illness," and was away from Ellen a long time before she died. The father was an industrialist and a cold Calvin-



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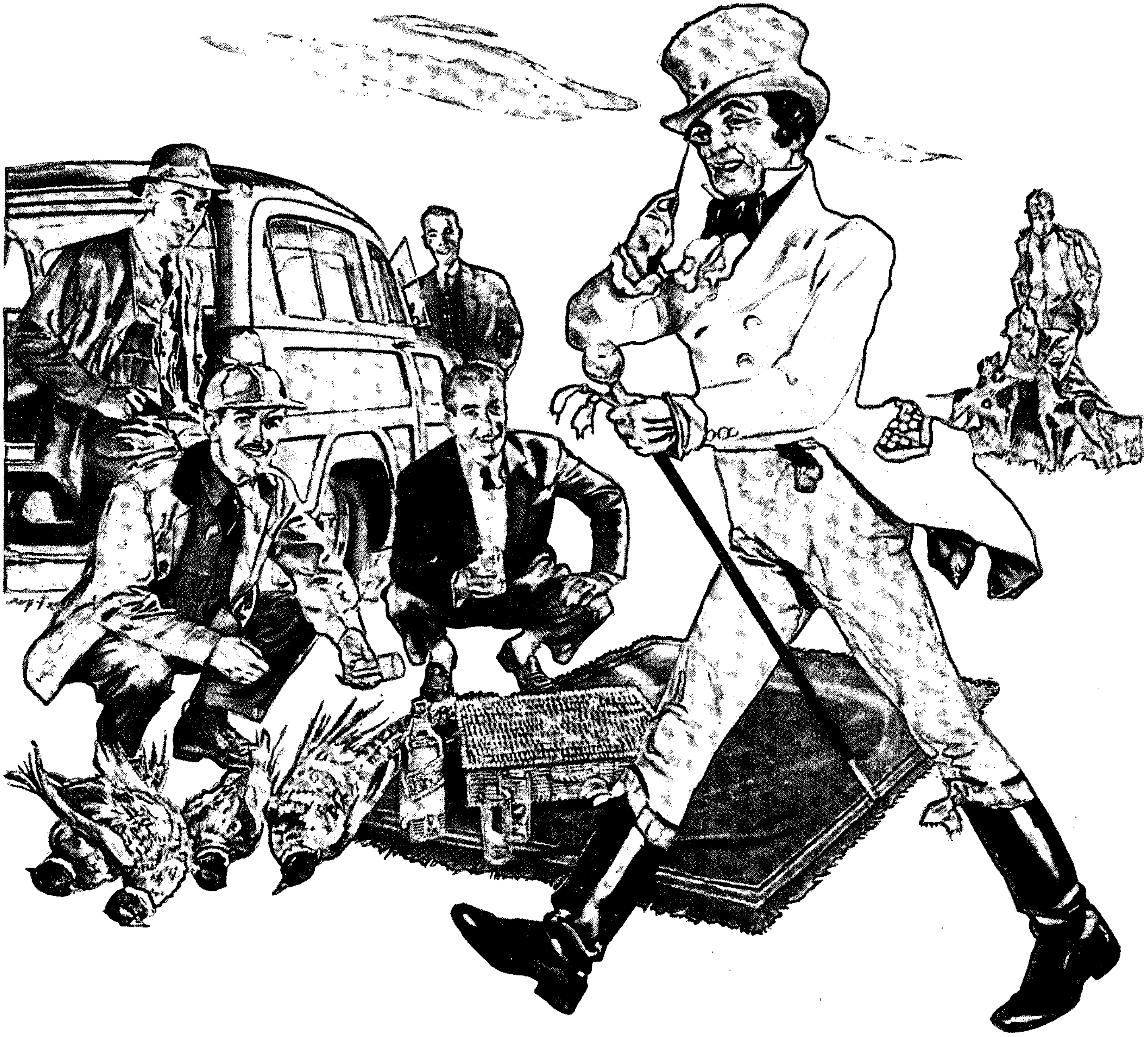

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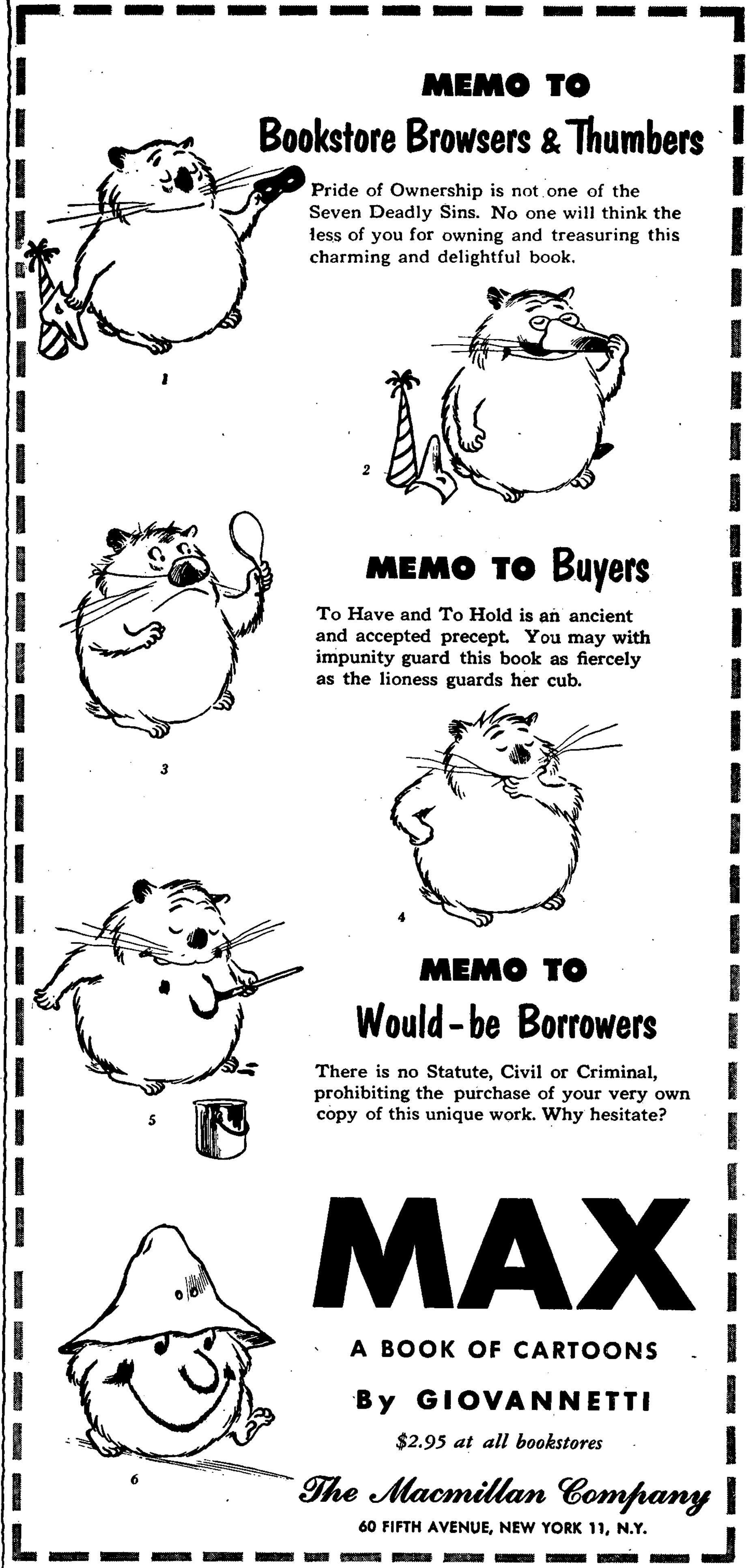
ist of the old school—he even ran an ironworks, like the harsh father in an old-fashioned novel—who could be moved to tears by a sentimental work of fiction but never by his children. Though his son Frank found that riding was the only thing that could cure his terrible insomnia, his father ordered him to stay home on the Sabbath. Eventually, the brother, like all the other members of the family Ellen cared about, came to a tragic end. Even her deafness, she felt, had been passed down to her by the family. On every score, wherever she looked, she considered that she had grounds for complaint. Of the ten children—Ellen, born in 1874, was the ninth—two had been born before the Civil War, and one of the constant refrains of the book is the distance and cold antagonism Ellen felt in her older sisters, especially Emily, who frankly appears over and over as an enemy. On discovering Ellen's first literary efforts, she derisively read the verses out loud to her friends; she hid books that Ellen wanted to read; she retrieved from the local postmaster a letter Ellen had written their mother, ill and away from home, telling how Emily had got rid of a favorite pet. When Ellen moved out of the family circle, in 1911—for good, she thought—she left manuscripts of her novels, and a number of letters she treasured, on the top shelf of a closet. In 1916, she returned to find that "my housekeeping sister had burned every manuscript and every letter, and that the highest shelves of the closet had been scrupulously scrubbed and cleared of all literary associations. . . . At the time I was too ill to care or to feel annoyed; but I can wonder, as the years pass, whether that particular incident could have occurred anywhere except in the South, where, throughout the centuries, valuable records and innumerable interesting diaries and letters have been treated as so much waste paper."

In short, this is the story of a family as told by the proverbially sensitive and younger child in it, and it is above all the story of a schism in a family. "And a man's foes shall be they of his own household." We do not get very much of this, which is the real note and the best, in Southern writing any more; even Faulkner, who portrayed family antagonism to perfection in "The Sound and the Fury," and who in the old days suffered from it himself, long ago gave up this kind of youthful rancor, while Southern writers have been treating us for years to that sweet young sufferer who is the principal figure in



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Tennessee Williams' plays, and who lives amid her fantasies, her glass animals, in a little world of silent yearning. The deepest characteristic of Southern writing is the contention with the past, the struggle with the gods of the household. As Ellen Glasgow records her efforts to write, her need to keep her writing secret, the contempt her family felt for it, the passion in the South for "sweet stories," and the wonderful remark made to her by a close friend (that she was dying to read one of Ellen's novels but couldn't find anyone to borrow it from), one catches a note, and more than a note, of what is best in the formal but sprightly satire of her work, with its bright variations on a climate where "social charm prevailed over intelligence." Even the great love affair of her life, with a married man, which lasted seven years and gave her her deepest happiness, is only a prelude, in this book, to her strange but often hilarious liaison of twenty-one years with a Virginia lawyer and politician whose pomposity, as she describes it, belongs on the stage, and who, when he busily headed a Red Cross mission to Rumania during the First World War, spent much of his time making eyes at Queen Marie—an affair reported here with catty but understandable malice and amusement.

In any event, even so mildly illicit an affair as Ellen Glasgow's turned, among the F.F.V.s, into a slightly overdrawn farce. And the rebel who had had to keep her first novel a secret, who felt that no one around her could understand her, who knew that she lived in a culture utterly without ideas, surrounded by the hostility and indifference of her family, found herself, it is obvious in this book, writing it in her private night, now that everyone else was dead, like a woman who is shrieking but cannot be heard. This is the real pain of the book, that it recounts a rebellion which in a sense came to nothing, which could never find anything in Virginia itself to rub off against, which could give her no ally. One of the most touching things about her first love affair is that the man seems to have been one of the very few in that society who could understand her work, who felt any real sympathy for her. And it is this that makes Ellen Glasgow's struggle appear more like self-protection than a writer's open fight, for it describes a rebellion that got lost amid the vapors and the teacups, with only James Branch Cabell in Richmond for friend, and a secretary in the house who, as Ellen complained, felt no interest in what she wrote. This final loneliness is,

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after all, the story of what happened to Ellen Glasgow the writer, whose novels, though they figure respectably on the shelves, possess too little real force and nowadays serve mostly those tiresome spokesmen for gentility, like J. Donald Adams, who are always warning us against modern literature.

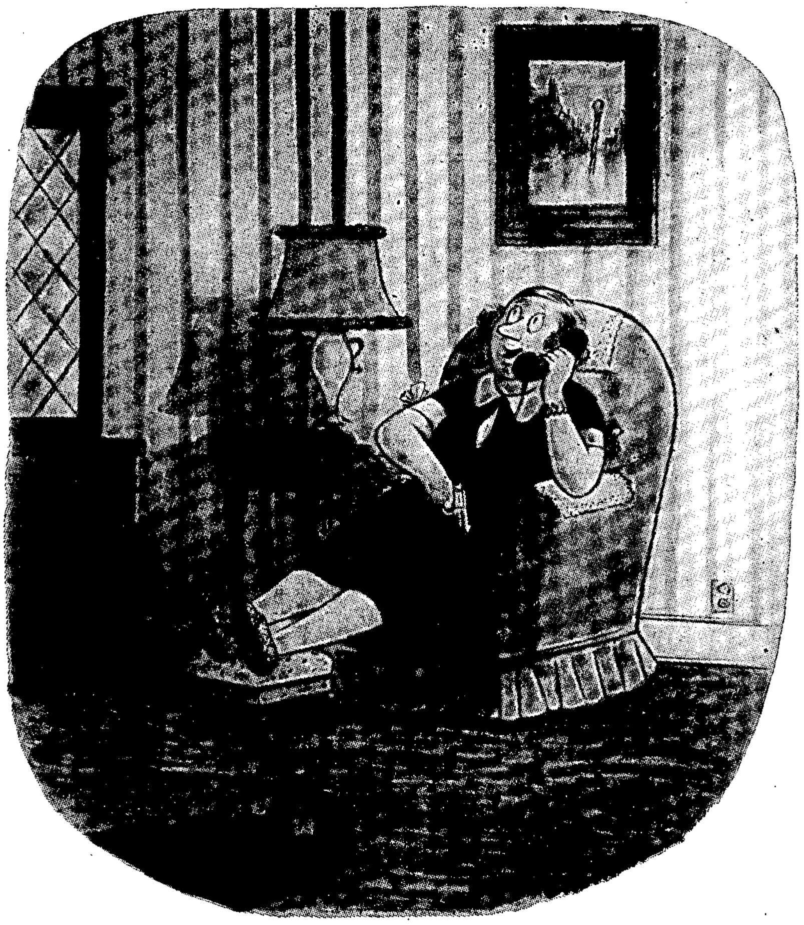
She was a lost rebel. But so, when you think about it, were even better writers of her generation, such as Cather, Lewis, and Anderson, and so many others of the next generation, who also ended bitterly, feeling that life had strayed away from them, that the new generation—which, after all, is their generation—had betrayed them. This is an attitude to which Ellen Glasgow, as she makes clear in several tedious passages, was not averse. Can it be that the real content of so many American books has been just that first rebellion, against Winesburg and Main Street and Richmond, and that once liberation is won, there is nothing much left except the personal pain? Can it be that this tendency to rebel only against one's family, one's town, one's own, so as to open the door, explains why "there are no second acts in American lives," why American writing is so short-lived? This, it is obvious, was Ellen Glasgow's tragedy, and she certainly did not rebel very much. But what shall we say of the really up-to-date American writers of today, whose subject is not the rebelliousness of youth but the lostness of it, and who are careful not to have strong feelings about *anyone*?

—ALFRED KAZIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

MY BROTHER'S KEEPER, by Marcia Davenport (Scribner). Two eccentric old brothers, recluses for many years, are found dead in their rotting, shuttered house in the once fashionable Chelsea section of New York. The house is so piled with hoarded rubbish that the police have difficulty getting in, and a series of ingenious homemade booby traps make their job of searching the place almost impossible. Richard Wycherly, a young member of the bank handling the brothers' property, finds a snag in their will that obliges him to probe back into their lives, and then interest drives him to examine, as far as he can, their earliest childhood. Mrs. Davenport's work is fascinating for about two-thirds of its length, but once the brothers have closed themselves into their disintegrating home



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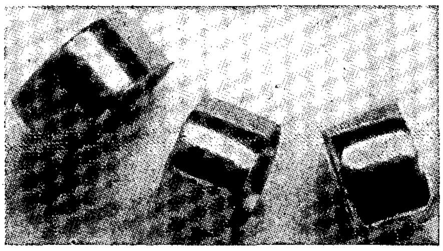

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and yielded to their madness, the account becomes—perhaps understandably—monotonous. A Book-of-the-Month Club selection.

GENERAL

THE LIFE OF JOHN STUART MILL, by Michael St. John Packe (Macmillan). A full-dress biography, and altogether a superior piece of work. Mill's "Autobiography" is still read, of course, but it leaves many basic questions unanswered—for instance, what kind of human being was he?—and Mr. Packe has succeeded in answering a number of these and in taking the chill off a man who to most people, including generations of schoolboys, has seemed remote and rather forbidding. Mill was a child prodigy, and his precociousness was consciously nurtured by his brilliant and famous father, James Mill. In his early twenties, the younger Mill was already known throughout England as a radical journalist and a political polemicist with a sting. Around this time, he had a mental crisis that he himself could never explain, and later, he had a long and agonizing love affair with a married woman, whom he could marry only after twenty years, when her husband died. He established himself as the English "saint of rationalism" and as the champion of labor unions, woman's suffrage, and proportional representation, and he produced some of the most influential books written in the nineteenth century. Mr. Packe puts these facts, as well as more trivial matters, like Mill's bitter falling-out with Carlyle, in focus, and he clothes Mill with a full personality. Illustrated.

AROUND INDIA, by John Seymour (John Day). Writing books about the new India has become a sort of literary sport. This one, by a rolling stone who has been a rancher and miner in South Africa and who arrived in India as a seaman on a schooner with a Moslem crew, is pretty good. Once on the subcontinent, the author, who travels without the usual tourist encumbrances, including preconceptions and money, simply followed his curiosity around. It took him to the conventional places—bazaars, temples, and the cocktail salons of New Delhi—and into the backwaters. He sought out the White Jews of Cochin, who came to India in Biblical times and by some miracle of inbreeding have preserved their racial purity; he saw some wonderful

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Indian dancing of a kind now proscribed by the government; and he talked to Indians everywhere and about everything. Mr. Seymour's wit and open-mindedness make up for what he lacks in scholarship and in the ability to organize a book. Photographs.

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY CAPITALIST REVOLUTION, by A. A. Berle, Jr. (Harcourt, Brace). These five lectures, delivered at the Northwestern University School of Law, conceive of the modern corporation not as a business organization but as a quasi-political institution that legislates, taxes, engages in foreign relations, administers justice, and does just about all the other things that George III did in America, including quartering large standing armies on the populace. Professor Berle, who finds in these powers some reason for hope as well as fear, says he is attempting to meet what he calls the 1870 argument of Karl Marx not with the "theories and descriptions of capitalism propounded by Adam Smith in 1776 [and] developed to a high point by Ricardo in 1817" but with a first-hand analysis of how the system actually works at present. In this he is highly successful, although his account of the checks and limits that hold off absolute corporate power tends to dissolve mistily at the end—a failing we may perhaps expect to see remedied in the "more substantial study to come."

THE TREASON OF THE PEOPLE, by Ferdinand Lundberg (Harper). Mr. Lundberg is angry. He says that the American people are ignorant, corrupt, frivolous, wasteful, mentally slothful, and, what is worse, hostile to intellectual activity in others; that they duck responsibilities like voting, serving on juries, and paying taxes whenever they can; and that they don't really give a hang about democracy or freedom. As readers of "America's Sixty Families" will remember, Mr. Lundberg is not a very original thinker, and, like most self-appointed scolds, he often overstates his case. Still, he has a case, and his bill of particulars is occasionally devastating. Just why he wrote this book, though, is not clear; if Americans are as benighted as he says they are, what makes him think that they will leave the television set to read a three-hundred-and-fifty-two-page tirade against themselves?

IN THE NAME OF SANITY, by Lewis Mumford (Harcourt, Brace). Mr.

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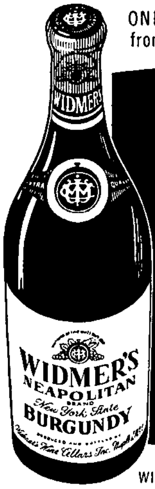
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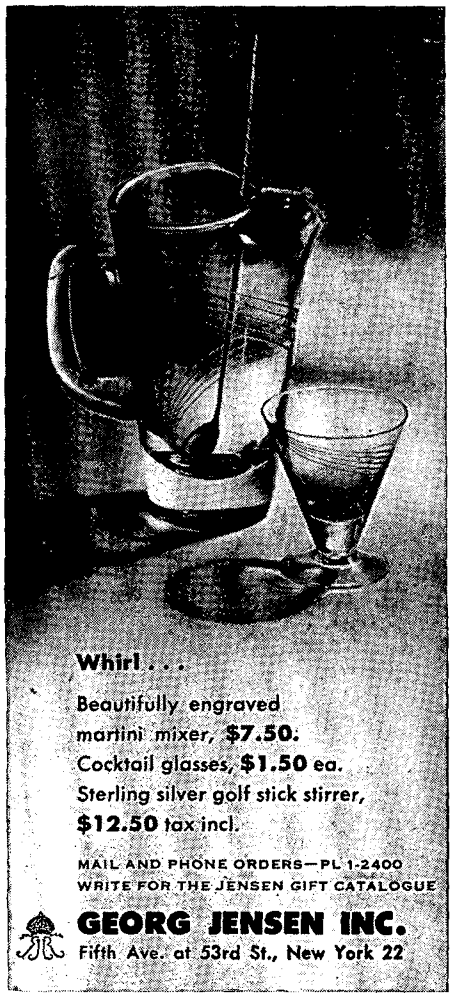

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Mumford has assembled a number of essays and addresses he has composed over the past eight years, on the common theme that we are all racing toward catastrophe at a lively clip, and would be well advised to put on the brakes. Few writers can match the quality of his moral indignation at the forces of nastiness in modern civilization, which he personifies as Caliban, but the hopeful vision he calls Prospero seems less convincing, whether he identifies it as "love," the "Everest ascent" of the Sermon on the Mount, or "workfellow" calling fraternally to "workfellow" across the Iron Curtain. Even when he packs things together a little too tidily, however, Mr. Mumford's tour through his own informed and humane mind is well worth the price of admission.

ODDLY ENOUGH, by Paul Jennings (Macmillan). Mr. Jennings writes a column every week for the London *Observer*, and in recent years has won quite a reputation for it. This sampler, which contains forty-seven comic essays, is his first book to be published in America. A humorous man with a mind that wanders into many a wild surmise, he is at his best when he is wondering about things—why adulterated leather and dead bodies are on the official list of articles that cannot be taken into South Africa; what the sign on a building near Victoria Station that reads "Activated Sludge" can possibly mean; and what would happen if two motormen got on a streetcar at opposite ends and both started to drive. In one essay, he speculates on the "Loss Force"—"One of the mysterious ways in which the material world reminds us that we do not control it is by abstracting personal possessions from us." All very pleasant. Drawings.

A CLERK OF OXENFORD, by Gilbert Highet (Oxford). A sequel to "People, Places, and Books," and, like it, a collection of radio talks on literary matters. This is the better of the two, perhaps because Mr. Highet has ceased to fear his audience; now and then, however, one still gets the impression that he is not addressing himself to grownups. The spread is wide; there are thirty-one pieces, on such subjects as the Gettysburg Address, the meanings of words, the sanity of Hamlet, the sad state of the art of invective, and the uses of poetry. He also has an essay on the late George Orwell that would probably have

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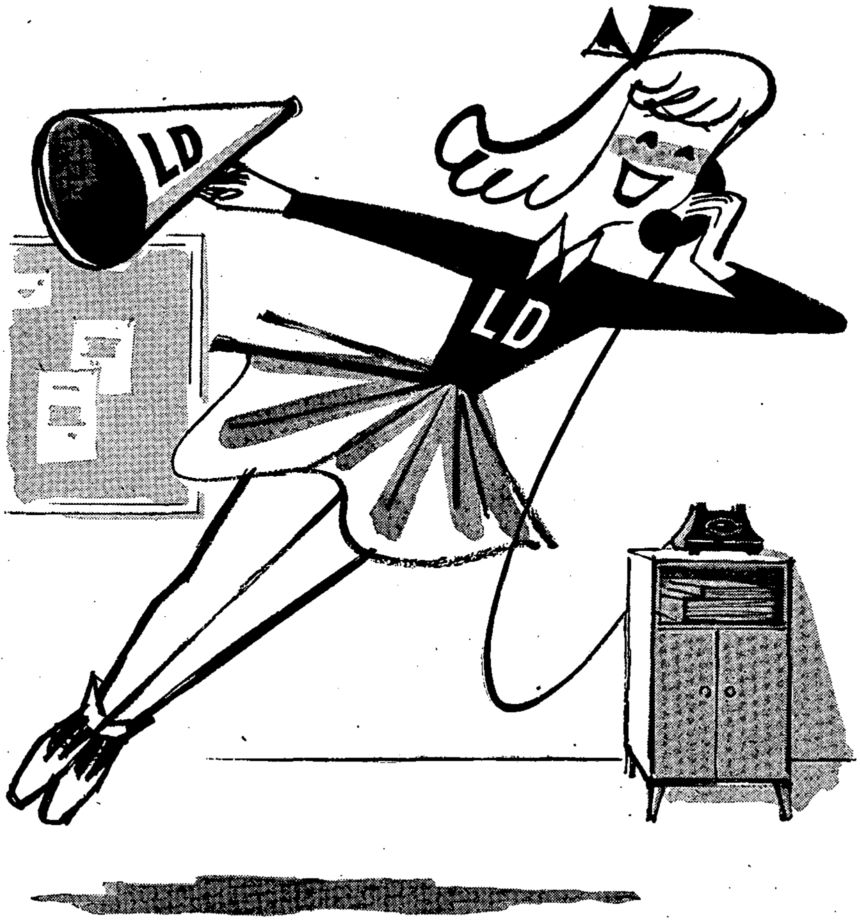
brought Orwell out snarling. Mr. Highet is learned, witty, and urbane; it is the urbanity that is sometimes a bit hard to take.

The Freedom of Doubt, by E.-Alexis Preyre (Pantheon). This philosophical journal, kept during the past thirty years or so, and now translated from the French under the author's supervision, chiefly records the development of his skepticism into religious mysticism, which he sees as a doubting so complete that it is nothing less than total affirmation. More than half the journal is an anthology of extracts from other works, ranging from Tibetan sacred books and Saint John of the Cross to Lewis Carroll and a nine-year-old poet identified only as Jenny. M. Preyre's own entries are sometimes as succinct as "Saw Gandhi" and sometimes lengthily obscure, but for the most part they are the product of a thinking mind that recalls Gide's except for the total absence of irony. Not for everyone.

Men, Women and Pianos: A Social History, by Arthur Loesser (Simon & Schuster). There are six hundred and thirteen pages in this book, and one idea—that pianos have always been bought by middle-class families for show. The instrument rose to prominence in the eighteenth century when businessmen all over Europe, coming up in the world, began to want daughters as sensitive and accomplished as noblewomen. Music seemed to be the answer, and the piano, which permitted a ladylike posture and made more noise than the harpsichord, seemed to offer the best value. Battalions of bad pianists were created immediately, and to feed their poor technique and worse taste, businesslike musicians composed quantities of hack pieces, which were happily forgotten until this book was published. Mr. Loesser, having exhumed two hundred years of mediocrity with care, seems heartily disgusted by what he has found.

Fifty Centuries of Art, by Francis Henry Taylor (Harper). This book, put forth as "the first general survey of art, from the early Egyptian to modern times, ever to be published in full color," is certainly a laudable project, and the fact that it was prepared by the Director of the Metropolitan Museum, with the Museum's full coöperation, should have assured it distinction. Where it fails is in its effort to give too much in too little space. In the text, completeness is sac-



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rificed for compactness, and the whole thing reads more like an outline for a history of art than a history itself. Though there are close to three hundred and fifty illustrations, all indisputably in full color, the exigency of getting that many in has forced the reduction of the majority of them to little more than postage-stamp size, seriously limiting their intelligibility. The main value of the book, which is still considerable, is as a kind of syllabus, in which the student can search out the subjects he finds interesting, preparatory to fuller exploration elsewhere.

EGYPTIAN PAINTING, by Arpag Mekhitarian, translated by Stuart Gilbert (Skira). Egyptian paintings, mostly funerary, are found in a variety of places, but the great majority—and those on which this book largely concentrates—are in the great necropolis at Thebes, and our knowledge of them, fairly scanty at best until now, has depended largely on sketches, water-color reproductions, and the like. This is the first attempt to photograph them directly in color, and it must have entailed almost superhuman difficulties, for the paintings are so delicate that, as the author tells us, even the removal of a spider web required infinite care, lest some flakes of the paint pull away with it. The results are truly magnificent. Surface textures are reproduced with an almost uncanny fidelity, and the color treatment is apparently exceptionally faithful, as well it might be, since the book costs twenty dollars. The paintings themselves, particularly those of the earlier epochs, from around 2500 to 1300 B.C., have a strength and vivacity that are all the more striking for being so little known.

•

Q—Who was the first graduate of the United States Military Academy at West Point, New York?
A—Christmas Island was discovered by Captain James Cook in 1777; Easter Island was so called because it was discovered on Easter Sunday, 1722.—*Greenville (S. C.) Piedmont.*

Next question.

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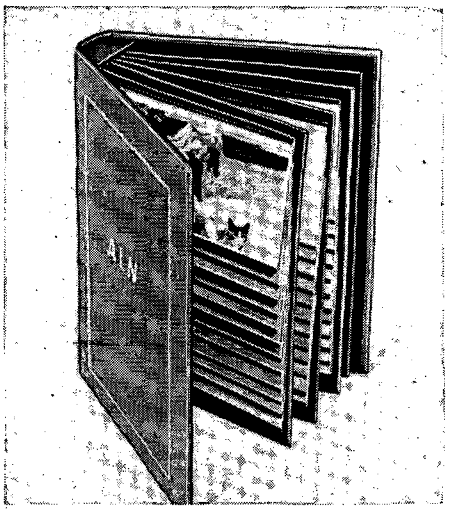

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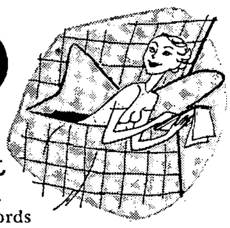

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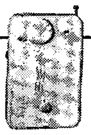

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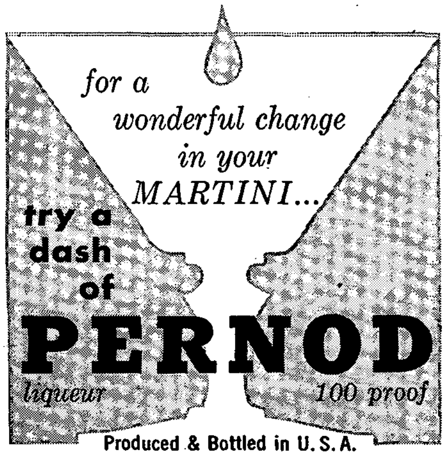
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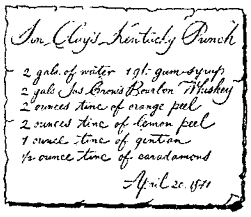

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2 ounces tinc of orange peel
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1 ounce tinc of gentian
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April 20. 1841

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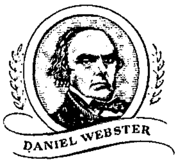
> —JOSH BILLINGS



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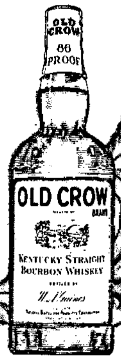

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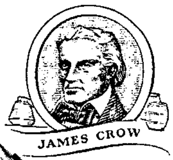

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